

my heart follows this silent leap
in the opposite direction

Sharon

walking through the snow

zha

She's walking through the snow with her head down. Arms straight, hands deep in her pockets. Walking farther than she's ever walked before, walking to a new place in this forest. She doesn't recognize this part, but she keeps walking still. The snow comes down at a slant which she moves against. Her baby blue hat is covered by a thicker, darker one. Her head is plenty warm.

She's flexing her fingers in those pockets. Noticing footprints of a bird. Hearing water swirl over rocks in tiny subpools of pools of pools of running time. She's taking a step onto a patch of frozen earth.

She's walking slowly.

Looking upward.

Greeted by moonlight. Face bathed in reflections of a cosmic fire. Cheeks warm after each deep, inward breath. She widens her eyes. They water. Somehow, she stops walking.

Her world stops moving closer on that last step.

She turns only her head to look around.

Everything is quiet, and she's thinking.

Warmth is swelling inside her. She's thinking about fingers in mittens and a fur blanket she has now. Wind howling and shadows of branches projected on her walls. Rolling to her side under thick fur. Breathing chilly air. Remembering sleeping together, holding in unconscious arms.

Waking up in sunlight.

Closing her eyes.

She's thinking of a time they woke up together in summer, in a warehouse, in sunlight. Sleeping on that down comforter. Thinking of how they slept on that huge painting before it was done. She's thinking about waking up on a roof, in drops of rain. Tossing blankets up and down through a window. Climbing barefoot up a ladder with a pillow in one hand. Thinking about holding hands and looking out over a sleeping city. Softly dancing silhouettes, tender nourishment. Those deep eyes.

She's taking a step onto a patch of frozen earth.

She's walking slowly.

Looking upward.

She's thinking about her baby.

Walking through the snow.