

Ice

Where the river sluices under a sheen of ice
come weeks too early (months, years) –
what I still can't bear –

 it knocks
me out the door,
to the brink.

Orange lamps
from the opposite shore
bar the black.

Moonlight cuts.
Far below, water hisses.

Take one step forward –
pillars rise – shafts of mist
on the river's spine.

One step back –
they drop – no more
than cracks in ice.

 Forward –
back – forward

listen –
who whispers there?
 (too late –
 too soon)

 moonlight shifts
 (almost lips –
 almost arms)

 I step back –
turn.

Glitter breaks
beneath my feet.