

Valentine

sometimes in the morning
I build a fire
sunlight streaming over snow
blinding the interior
I turn my back to daylight
the room and all its contents
resolving themselves again
you are here
and the heat of the fire
and silences
we visit separate worlds
the world we reveal ourselves to
could never know
this secret we keep
between us

it is dark
the mind gives way to
shadows memory
invented shapes dancing in a glass
each night as I lie sleeping
rehearsing uncompleted stories
to recover what I lost
to help me with this business
between us your stories
entwined with mine
halfnight dreams in daytime
we never knew
without
burning
in darkness