

FADING FLURRIES

Sean Wiebe

It is not the grudge but the grief that matters.

~SHAMUS HEANEY

Winter's weather has firmly
settled in, with thick freight
train efficiency rollicking
over the lines, even the stop
signs are up to their necks
in sheets of white quilt
pulled up tight, as if
promising a cozy night.

I write to take a holiday,
huddled close to a few photos
framed over the mantle,
shadows dance around them,
flick and twitter in the candle
light. For one irrational

impalpable moment, I
want to believe that you
are there, travelling in reverse,
swept into my album of unkept
promises. I brush off the dust
from this page, waiting for
a new thought that has been
slow in coming.

