Winter Heart

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The wild geese fly through the pearl grey skies,
Winging their way on Winter's breath.
Gulls cry and squawk in the mud
Of the estuary's banks,

Pecking and picking for decaying morsels they may find.

The leaden tide rises, slow and heavy,
Silent until fingering waves slide their fronds up the mud flats,
And then rush scouring sand in torrents over them,
Bringing flashing glimmers of silver clouds beneath their surface.
The ache of the brine brings solace upstream,
And the echoes of my heart
Wish to find solace in your arms.

But ice has fingered its own way here too,
Curls and ferns of feathery crust
Are spread over the tide line,
Showing the limits and boundaries
Of where Mother Nature will let the weight of Neptune roam.

Once I was ripe for the taking,
Full of joy and warmth and delight.
And now I find myself ice-bound above the tide line,
Seeking the tang of the incoming seas.

Just as the ugly mud flats await the rising waters,
Only to find the spring tides gave up
And left the neaps in their place;
Just as the icy earth awaits the kiss of the dawn
On its salty skin,
As the falling moon brings in the oceans,
So I wait for the rising sun of your growing smile
On my frozen face.

And I wonder, shall I ever be free to love, and laugh and be full?
Or shall I wait in this perpetuating winter
For a day that never breaks?
Would you ever let your smile break through
This empty shell of ice,
And fill it with teeming life?

This winter heart is cold.
Let dawn break me

And bring me death or resurrection.

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