

Rapunzel

It is as if the sky disrobed
himself before me of all

this futile snow. Like a lover
he allows me the simple
pleasure of making my footprint,

of caressing his silken body
with a cool wet touch. This is

what I have:
a mastiff that doesn't move,
a house that shouts from all corners

like an antichrist, & a clock
that reminds me every fifteen minutes

that my skin will turn to leather.
Some see the grave with
jellyfish & coral reef.

Others with passion and sorrow,
a tower far and distant

untouchable as Rapunzel,
that sweet hermit with the golden hair.

My tomb is this house.
It stills my breath & seals me
from the world of touch.

Even when my hair was short
you'd say, *You're beautiful,*

& wink your eye
& wave like a white gloved prince.

I let down my hair
& even the snow melts away.