

A BRIEF CONFESSIONAL

(1)

Dear snow white child,
 Through summer's mist,
 By lake,
 I see you now:
 Your brow so bare,
 Touched with a kiss,
 Soothed by
 A muted howl.

The icy cool
 Drained at my tongue;
 The pendant to the ground,
 Fell in times
 When we, both young,
 Like pups about the pound,

Gracious in our fresh scrubbed lives,
 With lines on love and
 Compromise,
 Would weight the door
 In soft disguise,
 And whisper, "You are wrong."
 And whisper, "You
 "Are wrong..."

(2)

It was so silent
 In the night,
 I walked as with the plague,
 My trail ran bare,
 Its markings bright,
 And I, the prince of woeful sights,
 Appeared in shackles
 And afraid.

My trembling, transformed
 Vision
Saw
 Us, by our barter, bade
 To sweat with
 Limbs of fevered hot;
 It touched our masquerade,

And lingered on the nearest wall,
 There caught a bright-clean
 Phrase;
 I'd never lost my sense at all
 At least, until
 Today.

— Steve Kilby