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"your ribbon tied the days"

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fish in green waves
we walked our naked fin-toes
through the silver tongues
of poplar leaves

windless heat whispers
cheeks and whitened to jasmine
lips kissed between time
the petals as clear as birth

awashed with summer’s tears
a breathed blue moment
grief’s rite below the tide
bones howl with a throat of dust

every footprint drowns generations
where even gulls can’t cry
and pours godlike
quicksilver on green briar

MARGARET ROSE CHAMPION

your ribbon tied the days
purple as Easter and white
with winter’s nails like flakes
of love melting through my flesh

placenta frozen-deep
drifts snow and brazen bells beat through
my barren streets tolling white angels
out of the Christmas log

caroling grey into the earth
radiant air pains frosted hands
and beads unsaid blaze
unwanted tears flaming singe my face

your bow untied by some ancient rhyme
burned a Christmas red

MARGARET ROSE CHAMPION