

# POEMS

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## Love is a Skipping Game

My love

I remember as a child I played the skipping game,  
tying the cord end to a fencepost or gate  
when only two of us played together;  
one curled the rope, the other skipped.  
The rhymes we chanted I have now forgotten,  
and only recall the rhythm of the rope's turning.

My love

in our skipping game I was a pivot of the rope's arc,  
curling patterns through which you leapt.  
I rope turned in rhythm to your call,  
you skipped to the tune of my turning.  
Interlocked in the rope's constant sweep  
together we skipped and turned, each to our purpose.

My love

you dazzled and leapt in the skipping game we played,  
dancing within the ropeline's dome and well,  
twisting from rope flick or touch.  
Now you no longer jump or skip,  
the rope is slack, the skipping game is over,  
and I only recall the rhythm of the rope's turning.

## Summerchild

summerchild,  
the temperate, lush curl of wave  
and fishflecked sea is your season.  
honeywinds puff,  
and saltwords rattle  
in the cans of heartbinned reason.  
    winterhood, breaks the softboned smile  
    and sundross weary dolls, bare hostile  
eyes, that shout death.  
winterman,  
hauls down your sunkite heart  
and bayonets the wistful, paperwinged toy.  
cloudmasks sneeze,  
and rainwounds bleed  
across the winding sheet of salt tinged joy.  
    winterhood, breaks the softboned smile  
    and sundross weary dolls, bare hostile  
weapons, which will kill.