Thick With Comfort

Mark Henderson

Grand Valley State University

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Our imaginations run wild
through a night filled with burning candles
by open windows where
wind blows the flames and lifts the curtains
one way then another,

like being out by heavy woods
in a country house with hardwood
floors on a warming day
where heat makes your hair
mat to the sweat on your neck

and against your face; all this
against the sun against old
flowered wallpaper
by an old bed
thick with comfort.

Last spring we sat beneath
the stand of cottonwoods
on your father’s land. The white
flew like snow. Now it’s December
and the snow is flying like cottonwood fleece. The wind blows
in laced patterns
this way and that like the gauze
curtains in your room. I look
a long time into the sky
but still can’t see your image:
so much as a quiver in the air.