

Between Sleep He Wakes

by Katelyn Delvaux

and pulls the day through
frosted shutters.

One boot, two, his
calves straining to lift

the weight of morning
in all its sunken shadows,
the first loon to drag the lake
but he does and buttons

to the chin, all coffee
and cream in the gloves
unwrapped last Christmas.
He eases the door

open, gentle in his departure.
And I pull myself from the night's
burrow of blankets, his
piquant ghost lingers on lavender

sheets, pressing my nose to ice
woven into window pane,
a winter veil shrouding the artist
who sculpts a car out of snow.