

Cynthia Hardy

You, Walking

Birches stir
the restless air;
you walking
away, dog at your heels.

Your coat
drapes your shoulders
billows slightly
gray as spring clouds.

I pause, watching
in the car mirror
your slow steps
over packed spring snow.

The sorrows of others
hang on you, but
imagination is vast,
cris-crossed with dreams
of flying, of horses running,
of tomatoes, sweet
and warm on the palm.