

What She Believes

She has this theory about birds;
how they gather on the power lines
above the highway during the cold months.
Squeezing close to each other as more arrive and settle in.
“It warms their feet”, she says, as she hugs me.
So they huddle there despite the annoying wind.
And I saw how they’d press together wing to wing,
on rows of throbbing current;
warming the soles of their gnarly avian feet.

She feels the same about the love we share...
forged through countless winters endured.
Despite the bleakness we have faced,
reduced at times to balancing on a mere thread
above a frantic world;
to this day she leans on the importance of the warmth of our love,
despite how thinned by the blast of winter’s maw.
It is always there, that gripped connection,
that shared comfort that pulsates between us.
And so, with a fluttering of her wings,
she lands beside me each day,
high above the fray,
wing to wing,
on our current of love.