

In Your Paddock in the Cold

In your paddock in the cold the mice still run.
All else is as still as hay, as stiff and tender
as your ardent love or mine.

And in that cold, that other cold, where you are isolated
into what must be your own life and where my entry would be as
blasphemous as Actaeon's,

deer and dogs guard the border, horns lowered, teeth bared,
for once on the same side, meaning the same thing.
In your paddock, in the cold,

can you hear the faint click and scratch of tiny nails,
the rustling of something small and unloved in the dark,
grateful for the shelter and the chance to be alone?

Fran Quinn