

**Cool Sun**

**Michael E. Stone**

The winter sun is cool,  
the car drips dawn dew,  
pines shine lighter green,  
and the air is clear.

Past is  
summer's hot heaviness,  
short sleeves and sandals,  
her illness, her pain.

She returns to herself,  
to me and to us.

Perhaps now,  
grazed by death's gaze  
I'll go elsewhere  
with her  
this winter.

**Cyclamens and Swords 10.02.05**