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Vintage

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BROWN

Vintage

Its frozen epidermis feels bone cold and numb.

My hands smooth the frosted skin of the remembered victim.

Monsoon gushes of tropical air issue forth from my pit

Blowing across forgotten tundra, loosening topsoil and becoming
moist.

Erect and true, arrows of warmth puncture the autumnal rest.

Mississippi delta blues fill the misty blue wintry lake.

Cracking the ice over and over again, I find the exact fishhole.

With pole extended I bait my xerox hook and drop it
into the waiting canyon of ice.

Fire and ice collide in the passionate dark of the cold underneath.

I await a sign of recognition from the remembered victim.

Blows go deeper and deeper until sunlight finally appears.

Spring's fertile warmth feels good as I reel in my empty line.