

The Winter from Her Leaving

William Fitzsimmons

Shove me out to see
The sea
The quiet of December
To the deep I turn
From the wreck I bless
This mess
For what I can remember
Your ghost I burn
Why do I always feel
Like I'm waiting to begin
Lay me down this sound
Unbound
The birds of spring returning
Your ghost I burn
Shall I sleep to keep
This peace
The winter from her leaving
To the bow I run
Why do I always feel
Like I'm waiting to begin