I Knitted a Dream of You

before I knew love's sweet taste

it warmed me in my wide-eyed youth
so I tried to stretch it over my womanly frame
and wound up caught

a dragonfly in a spider's web,
I was tangled up in my girlish invention

bound and blinded and left to look backwards
through loops of rose-colored yarn

December Girls

The girls are coatless in December
seldom shivering despite the snow and the sharpness of the air

They float down the street toward the bus stop, defying the elements in their cloud of frozen breath and Victoria's Secret perfume
their heads tilt at the sight of my chattering teeth and winter coat, zipped to my chin

The next day I arrive at the bus stop
breath visible like wisps of smoke from cigarettes still unheld
jaw unchattering
with my coat, like rudimentary little wings,
hanging off my shoulders