

ATONEMENT

One winter you went away
to fall like Leda.

You came home
in the grip of rape
sorry for being,
beautiful.

Twenty years on
we walk where memories gather
through sketchy trees,
clustered by the lake and early swings.

Two swans
dazzle the frosty grass
pulling towards us like the breeze.

Swung white breasts
smooth snake necks;
a snow blown sensuality.

Tentatively we break bread
feeding crusts into their open mouths.
Dark eyes avert from ours.

Great snow wings
pulled into their sloping sides,
a curving brilliant winter prow.

Whiteness spreads
whispering through the broken trees.
Children's voices drift
from the water gardens.

As if an answer, laughter breaks
filtering through winter memories,
clearing the sky of cloud.

Our snow angels turn,
move away, trailing huge sonorous V's
across the lake
splashing up the banks.

As a white balm
Slides, into depths.

