

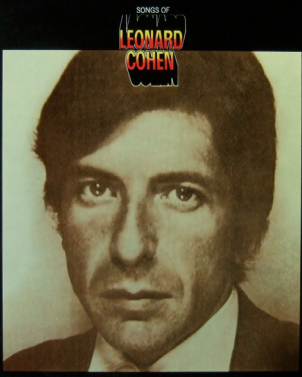
maybe thirteen winters ago

K Weber

my body
on your hard-
wood floor
was warmed
only by your turn-
table. with a pen
in my cold mouth
and your black
dog beside me
i wrote you
down from foot
rub to head
kiss.

the rug
slipped too
quickly to walk
by the little tv
that could be
the living room
fireplace mid-
january. i am never
forgetting your
chipped tooth
and rescuing
the needle
from dust.

you made me
the main female
character in all
of your poems
and your contempt
for a while. my hair
stayed so slick
well past my neck
in the frost
and among scarves
because love
didn't need
a shower.



Leonard Cohen

“Winter Lady”

*Songs of Leonard
Cohen*

12/1967

Columbia

it rained ice
in your bathtub
anyway, mirrored
the backdrop
to the junkies
of song: the left-
overs of the former
junkie tenants
& the junk
the downstairs
neighbors left
on the frozen
stairs.