

Impatience

What is like the pain of waiting for a lover?

Time is ~~h~~hackled, hands and feet,

There is nowhere to crawl, and you are thirsty,

And besides, it's been snowing for three days

In a row. I think of leaving

On the next snowflake.

The miracle of icicles doesn't move me,

Nor the squirrel on the telephone trapeze outside my window;

If roses should ~~grow from the~~ ~~ashes of my fire~~ ~~of my fire~~

I would think it's all your fault:

Authorers of a thousand ~~ams,~~

Destroyer of my sleep,

I kiss your windowpane.