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## It's Almost Winter

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## It's Almost Winter

sleep or love like it frames our faces in arms between our good bodies and the leaves spin my hair into yellow mittens //

winter isn't hard with you here and I will split the wood in your grandfather's sweater // in leaves that won't fall so we'll pick them // give them to the ground // warm the dirt before the cold comes in blue fingers we'll build a fire to keep the sunlight

beaming at you across the room when the window is open we're too big to carry it // the open breeze that ripened our stale bodies is still with us now // lifting my curtains onto my bed

we breathe like trains:

into maps and exhale stories of how we arrived with flowers woven into iron rails behind us the rails merge any desert moving with one diner ten cars each and a phone booth is where I call from to give myself away when you need it telephones don't ring // on the road

is like your head and blankets like your stories are true and lies sometimes like mine

when our faces are safe in our arms // I am at my station // I do not have walls to keep us inside 71 ashley.jerman