A longing By Sabine Hoskinson

As it creeps towards seven February mornings are blueberry blue, which makes the lamp light yellow, almost as gold as 4pm July.

Thinking summer, sliding shorts under sleep shirt, the world slides away and I savor the sliding, like lake water, chalkboard smooth.

Winter lakes are cut for ice, but now we bake on swaying docks as metal hinges sing, languid or otherwise.

In summer we know sisters and brothers by collarbones; our own limbs become foreign, shapely underwater.

Happily, smooth swells of lake water come to cup rocks and tree trunks, loving little claps and slaps.

Scooting down a dock to follow the sun I fall in love with words: "cattle," "bowl," "California," "cake," or letters like O, h, and j, and i. Last month, snow filled the world with slow satisfaction; I believe everything boils down to longing.

So,

could I drift back I would, but all morning the morning has been lengthening.