

*Winter Beach*

**By Mark Low**

I remember our beginning.  
A blizzard -  
the arc & ache of our passion.  
Us painted in thin moonlight,  
casting long shadows  
across hardwood floor.  
Two silhouettes tangled  
in your pale summer sheets,  
etched in butterflies,  
that were your compass ocean,  
would become my following sea.

Now I reach for you  
when sleep can't find me.  
My mind racing under a rising moon.  
Longing for that time  
when we slept so close,  
neither would stir,  
out of fear the breaching dolphin  
would vanish,  
our dream would disappear.



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