

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.

