

SKELETON SNOWFALL

Jordan Lefebvre

When they wake, they will be wiser; will know the difference between winter
and

the empty feeling in their chests they try to fill with each other.

They will understand that the disappearance of the stars every morning
is not abandonment but a well wish.

The moon wakes every night to hear stories of the day and when all the letters
of the word feel false, you become a tear among a flood.

They tried to be unique but, in the end, they will always be a memory of what
life was like

when we thought we had a choice.

Warmth is the naivety of a first lie or a first apology evaporating;
a cloud of smoke my arms try to anchor because my lungs are lonely.

You sleep in my bones and when we wake, I beg you not to leave
because once you do, I will forget how to move in my own skin.

Have my bones always been this close?

You are the flesh of truth and when you are gone all that exists is a possibility
of winter in July.

The flowers part the ice and fallen leaves become cobblestones.

We die in a gust of morning light.

When they wake all that is left of us is petals and the skeleton of a snowfall.