

# Sonnet 1

Skye Marzo

In dream, but half-awake, I climbed over  
a mountain range where boulders were pillows,  
tumbling down, but soft – they smelled like clover.  
Blankets became an avalanche that rose  
and fell, crushing me somewhere in the fold.  
By the time light presses against my eyes,  
I'm still. You hold me close against the cold,  
and in that morning stillness I surmise  
that you stayed with me, by my side, for that  
long journey, across tangles deep and sheets  
so cold. I turn so to place my hand flat  
against the roughness of your beard. Kiss meets  
my touch, eyes crack open. You take your time.  
We stay in bed late, weary from our climb.