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Poems

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The snowy day

by [Elizabeth Spires](#)

The last time I saw you, we met for coffee on a snowy day.
Outside the window of the coffee shop, the snow fell silently
& heavily, the traffic on Coldspring Lane blurred & vague,
each car a cumbersome dream vehicle plowing comically into eternity.

But there you were, real as day, drinking a real cup of coffee.
You were back from India, you had slept for two days, the coffee
tasted wonderful, you said. You had flown to a mountain monastery
to find in prayer and silence what you could not find in the everyday,
taking only a few books, a change of clothes, because for too long you
had carried your life like two suitcases heavy enough to kill you.

When it snows, everything is light & dark at the same time. Black coffee
in a white cup, the hours leaked away, until our cups were empty,
the afternoon gone. Then a kiss on the cheek, a door opening out
into ...

Elizabeth Spires

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