Four observations at the winter solstice

That heavy feeling
weight on her chest
difficulty in breathing and eating
it’s only her heart hardening
turning to stone
grief and anger fossilizing another layer

She doesn’t learn—
still jumps all over him puppy-like
though she (should I say bitch?)
knows such eager fawnings are unwelcome

To her the problem was he didn’t dance
She danced with others
now and then
less and less
became stiff
forgot how
and wept because he didn’t dance

The fault lies between them
red as blood or an apple
Split it that’s fair
each take consume half

Under their eyes protozoan
it divides and divides
lying duplicitous between them

Alison Hopwood