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Winter Came Twice, That Year

By Autumn Stiles

In winter's faded, flannel-gray,
I pressed my palm against your cheek,
Where rosy heat bloomed from the fray
Of winter's faded, flannel-gray.
Chiseled by wind's sharp soiree,
You seemed Bernini's - marbled greek
In winter's faded flannel-gray,
I pressed my palm against your cheek.

The scent of pine slashed through the air,
As December's doldrums lumbered on,
"A la guerre, comme a la guerre"
The scent of pine slashed through the air
"Ne me quitte pas, il faut oublier"
The bread was burnt, the wine was gone
The scent of pine slashed through the air
And December's doldrums lumbered on.