

1993

## The Thaw

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### Recommended Citation

Iven, Chris (1993) "The Thaw," *Exile*: Vol. 40 : No. 2 , Article 37.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol40/iss2/37>

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## The Thaw

She blows in the room. Sits  
in the last row back desk,

A winter maple  
covered in bark but

Light drips like sap  
from hidden cracks

March ends slow  
Twigs sprout buds

April  
leaves green

May  
now

Hiding  
looking away

Only  
open to me

Waiting  
she feels me stare

Sadness  
glowing she turns

And smiles  
into me

Her eyes yes eyes  
push air through me –

shaking my limbs.  
blowing me away.

– Chris Iven '94