By

Timing’s everything. The vapor rises high in the sky, tossing to and fro, then freezes, suddenly, and crystalizes into a perfect flake of miraculous snow. For countless miles, drifting east above the world, whirling about in a swirling free-for-all, appearing aimless, just like love, but sensing, seeking out, its destiny. Falling to where the two young skaters stand, hand in hand, then flips and dips and whips itself about to ever-so-gently land, a miracle, across her un kissed lips: as he blocks the wind raging from the south, leaning forward to kiss her lovely mouth.


Source: Borges and Other Sonnets (Truman State University Press, 2003)