

Love Poem

Caroline Gambell

You fill the kettle with snow.
The pipes were run through with poison three weeks ago.
We did not expect to be here now, conducting this experiment.
You said: “A mind enclosed in language is a mind in prison.”
I said: “I want to be quiet with you.” You promised
we would build our silence on creaking pine floors,
wind through the chimney, the icy bloom of breath. You said you could
survive for over a year on a diet of those small sounds. That, with time,
the sound of steam rising off my tea will be enough.
But all I can hear now is the rush of blood in my ears, and sometimes,
the snow warming in the kettle—settling in on itself,
relieved to have permission to be water again.