

## 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