

PRESENT at the CREATION, 2006
- Vilma Ginzberg

IN THE WARM FOLDS

I leave the warm folds of my bed's embrace
for some unremembered chore
cool air wraps me in goosebumps
hurries my step

crawling back into the featherbed softness
nearly forgotten in the cool journey
I am re-embraced by my own recent warmth
feel myself re-entering my own skin
my own life-force breathing life back into
the chilled pilgrim I had become

this is why I write:
to be amazed by my own fire

this is why I read:
to crawl briefly into yours