

Anniversary:

Beginnings and Endings, Endings and Beginnings

It was the tenth day that we met
of the month of the Roman two-faced god,
the coldest month of the year,

And it was north in my soul when
+ opened my door to you.

I remember. You entered with the dried
leaves of last summer and a push of cold
air.

I remember. You entered with a push of Arctic
air and the dried leaves of last summer.

The North-east, back to you, returned, Circat had begun.