

FRANCINE RUBIN

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Longest Night

Clouds chorusing snow.

Past the glass,  
distant chimes.

Blue-gray edges  
the window pane, the birch tree,

pink-orange sky bleeding  
through the cracks.

Linen shrouds our bodies,  
our bare limbs.

A measure of forms:

palm against palm,  
clavicle to clavicle,

edge by vanishing edge,  
we hold each other against disappearance.

Frost veils the glass;  
brumal air filters past.

Pipes dance as water boils  
in their hollows, singing sleep.

I dream about darkness.



## ABOUT FRANCINE RUBIN

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Francine Rubin is the author of *Geometries* (Finishing Line Press 2012) and *The Last Ballet Class* (a pamphlet produced by *Neon* 2015). Her work has recently appeared in *The Light Ekphrastic*, *Rubbertop Review*, *Tincture Journal*, and *Toad Suck Review*. She received an MFA in creative writing from Emerson College and an MA in English education from Columbia University. She lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and is the director of academic support at Roxbury Community College. She maintains a website at [francinerubin.tumblr.com](http://francinerubin.tumblr.com).

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