

JENNIFER SAUNDERS

Winter Passage

Foolish to rely on the braided cord
of vow, ring, child to tether us.

Twist this too into rope that might hold:
I dreamt we kissed beneath the willow tree.

You tasted like oranges and your fingers
signaled Morse code down my spine:

we have come unmoored,
our wayward boat in a narrow passage.

But still we remember trees arched above us.
We pull leaves from our hair and persist,

ash charred on our tongues
where once blossomed cherry and plum.

Now the racket of wind through rent sails
and in the night the brittle ping of love

snapping like old metal, fatigue and familiarity
cracking us like a mast, like bone,

like stale bread offered to the waters
in hope of some small mercy.



ABOUT JENNIFER SAUNDERS

Jennifer Saunders is an American living in Switzerland with her Swiss husband and their two Swiss-American sons. Her poems have appeared in *Adanna*, *IthacaLit*, *Found Poetry Review*, *Literary Bohemian*, and elsewhere. Jennifer blogs about living abroad, writing, and sometimes ice hockey at www.magpiedays.com.

