

My Love At Dawn with Dogs in Winter

by Eugenia Zukerman

His footsteps down the stairs
are soft but steady and now
I hear the clatter of claws on the kitchen floor as
his two faithful friends do a crazy dance
and his soft laughter rings like distant bells

Up the hill they go, man and dogs, toward the barn

Looking out at the frosted landscape
I watch him – overalls, cap, gloves—
and it's five in the morning
and he does not trudge,
he strides with purpose,
he moves with pleasure toward the stalls
where two horses wait for his
hands, his kind and loving hands, to offer apples

He does not trudge,
He moves with purpose, with kindness, with grace
This big man with silver hair and eyes
blue as a summer sky, this man who
makes my heart leap like a deer on the hill
where there are apple trees and brambles and red-tailed hawks
and a wooden bench where sometimes we sit,
the two of us,
saying nothing,
which is everything