

## A Winter Solstice for a Stranger's Right Hand

I know your hand like the back of my eye.  
An eye that is closed, like its partner,  
At our feet – my left toe. I would like  
to kiss you, I think. We do not speak,  
more than the one word we say, and later,  
when I'm back in town and can no longer see  
the stillness (as a cloud-thick sky has made  
all the greys beneath it – from nearly white  
to concrete – shimmer like radiation  
and I keep thinking it has snowed and wrap  
my head to protect it from cold I can't really  
be sure is out there) I still can feel your hand.

Anna Robinson