

Friendship

From across the ocean,
the one who knew my dead,
who walked beside me
through wet fields
on these Sundays
we had to escape,

writes

*... it is comfortably warm here
when it looks so cold
and inhospitable outside ...*

Beyond my own window,
the sky is now white and flat,
but in this weathered cottage,
my small heater hums.

TERESA McCURT