

# Caroline Lavelle, The Freeze

I'll meet you  
where the path meets the beach  
where the tree leans out over the water  
slender and tender  
olive green  
how can it survive the freeze?  
you smell of the trees  
you're the one of the forest  
the light died beyond the window  
and the perfume was all dying leaves  
of rain in the dirt  
and turned fields  
will we survive the freeze?  
the salt has dried at the corner of your lips  
and you laugh at me  
before you come to my bed  
heavy and hot  
will you survive the freeze?