Marie

by Gary Browe

On cold winter mornings
I would walk Marie
to school.

The snow,
piled high
along the sidewalk, …

… brilliantly white,
nearly blinding
in the sun.

That night
the wind had drifted the snowfall
as though a sculpture
had shaped it …

… with loving hands
into an ocean wave.

I was lost
in conversation,
studying
the contours of her face …

… when she took my arm
and placed it
'round her waist …

… and told me of a boy
who had hurt her
deeply.

I knew
loneliness …

… but did not know
love
well enough …

… to comprehend
what she was
going through.

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