



## Perhaps, and Yet

speckled green eyes and calloused hands  
focal points to his form  
an achromatic shadow that looms

the realization comes with foreign touches  
with his sharp intakes of the winter air

he dismantles every fragment of  
my being shattered on damp pavement

he lets his footsteps echo as he  
exits

and yet

perhaps  
a different night  
I'd have succumbed through dinner  
allured by speckled green eyes dancing  
to the flicker of burning candles  
captivated by calloused hands flowing with eloquence  
with the warmth of his endearments  
with the power he wielded  
perhaps

and yet  
such circumstances were not.

to oblivion I will carry them

speckled green eyes and calloused hands

for the realization came with foreign touches  
with his sharp intakes of the winter air



*Bitter Wind* by Signe Constable

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Related reading: ["I Know You Remember" by Christina McRae](#)