

## SIMON PERCHIK

★

It's easy to fake her shadow  
—you face each wall till its overcast  
begins to fall as snow

fills the room with footprints  
that reach for the light  
before it leaves this bedside lamp

camouflaged as the curve no longer warm  
—it's simple, turn your head and the wall  
goes along though each corner

is always winter, left open  
where the light from her breasts  
covered one hand with the other

to keep from freezing, stays  
the way each shadow long ago  
lost its echo though you forget

still listen for this door to open  
to hold this room together till it arrives  
as the same cold only colder.