

## These First Mornings Living in the Greenhouse

Waking with a fine snow of my own breath  
laced across my face, I scratch a stranger's name  
on the ice-slaked plastic. Swinging above  
my head, the wrist-thick rope from which I pull  
myself from bed. Sun crawling over the pines  
prisms through the interior frost and turns it to water  
and fog so that the greenhouse becomes a phantom of itself.  
Mist rises, ice melts, plants unfurl from their cold,  
wet sleep to stretch and finger steam  
as the sun staggers higher and shafts of light  
swell and tumble and skirr  
through the drizzle. Then the plants blink,  
fully awake,  
their veined blood beating faster,  
and the greenhouse opens like a bleached eye.