

# Silver Footprints

*Emma Lou Thayne*

Neither masculine nor feminine a powerful  
androgyny like wind surrounding shoulders  
of a crowd, drawing in, along, persuasive as scent.

Bernadine the name of one pair  
of palms and soles entreating me to follow  
the footsteps in the snow, ice silver,  
a soundless crunch, the path broadening,  
the crowd absorbed, a vacuum pulling us  
swirling in lightness, cheeks our only feature  
at the corners of smiling. Nothing to see,  
everything seen in the pulse between temples  
that rise in acceptance breathing the slow wind  
of sleep and the uncurious wafting of letting go.

Wakefulness puts coaxing arms about me;  
the soles and palms of Bernadine are mine  
resisting return, refusing the pale light of  
open eyes, the sighs of reckoning with day a billows  
on the floating, the gradual arrival where  
for another while I have to be.