

MARILYN L. TAYLOR

## The Ice Cave

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*For Rachel, after the death  
of her young daughter*

She is living here now, where the cold  
is her consort, the lover she clasps  
with her arms and legs, from whose gray  
blanket she tears each breath.

All around her, ice is in bloom—  
tiny glass buds keep swelling  
from hairline fissures  
in the stone. The buried river

cuts close, a dark ventricle  
thick with sorrow. Moisture floods  
her face, pools at her feet.  
In time, a tower of ice

will grow around her, taking  
the shape of an old woman  
and visitors will say, *Look at her,  
how she weeps into her hands.*