Adam Crothers

Joy Ride

Every mile is two in winter. George Herbert

> Oh, and to freeze this: you with your hair cut day-short, blowing a cool kiss,

prone on a white toboggan, doubling your speed, and again;

the surprise gut-punch of the snowman losing heart and losing his lunch

all over the white hillside, snow white upon snow snow-white.

This is the time of old shoes, when every step is new

and every mile is two, and I'd walk twice that for you.

This poem is reprinted from Not Averse, the Girton Poetry Group website, at http://poetry.girton.cam.ac.uk