

Clare Holman-Hobbs

Leap Year
(after *Ulysses*)

We would be twentytwo in November,
so I planned for the summer jumble sales,
while we were eating parma violet roses, and I was waiting.
You didn't like the eating part, and so
just like that you left, when
snow covered the ground on the 29th
when I was waiting, waiting, waiting
to ask you, and it would be like heaven.
Instead it felt like
hell had frozen over, with all of my heart.