



Dianne M. Buxton

Even the Distance

Ice melting on my eye
Running like spring into warm meadows

Even the distance between us is precious
In this universe
That has no space

Today's crossroads are the convergence
Of hundreds of years of dreams,
In this universe
That has no time

Snowflakes falling on my face
Melting like ghostly kisses

The stroke of a glance

Ocean and sky the same hazy blue
I draw the horizon in,
Just a guess, like the line
Between you and me

At the end of the day we say goodbye.
The night is warm. I look up.

There are those roses
Spilling from behind the moon again.

Dianne M. Buxton was a recipient of the Canada Council Grant for dance/teaching study at The Martha Graham School of Contemporary Dance in NYC. A graduate of The

National Ballet School in Toronto, she cocreated the writing/editing team of the school's newspaper. She spent the next 20 years focused on dance: teaching, choreography, theater production and acting. Her work is forthcoming in *Sanskrit* and *The Griffin* and at The Cafe For Contemporary Art Show for International Women's Day 2013 in Vancouver, Canada.