

First Frost

A girl is freezing in a telephone box
huddled in her flimsy coat,
her face stained by tears
and smeared with lipstick.

She breathes on her thin little fingers,
Fingers like ice, glass beads in her ears.
She has to beat her way back alone
down the icy street.

First frost. A beginning of losses.
The first frost of telephone phrases.

It is the start of winter glittering on her cheek,
the first frost of having been hurt.

<http://freewebs.com/burnpoetry/article-other/translation.html>