

snow

does not impress me : in my New
England blood I know its old
tricks and victories, obliterating our brown
and gray confusions : stobs rounded and eased,
light somehow changed from empty to soft
and full : so bring it on : just go
ahead and

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fabricates : abandons chunks
at the curb, unsculpted granite,
massy, igneous shapes : in each weighted one
embedded strata : a welter of cigarette butts, bottle
caps, blotches of urine, wine : crimson and gold
compensatory, next to tired two-
month-old

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packs to a slick density
inviting slips and cracks : bone
against hidden concrete, foot
misplaced on wet underneath flat
grass : a twisted hip : a smashed cheek : unless the fall
powders to laughs and an involuntary quick
bright-cheeked roll in the

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begins : sloughs down at 3 am : allows fat
slow flakes to sift everyone
into deeper sleep, puffed under the duvet's
down : lets dreams silence, a suff-
ocation, and some feeble pale
waking to the radio : no
school or work today (we hope) due to the heavy

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looks purple, irridescent lilac
in the shade : glows blue at sunset,
flushed at dawn : clings to bare
ground in buildings' shadow, stony and unrelieved
until the February sun's ascending
zenith melts the last left milky
patch of repentant

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makes statuary out of flow,
clamps a hand over the water's mouth, covers
the once-cold river : a filled blank, an *in absentia*
blur, white cipher for what might simmer
underneath, confirmed : is there anybody home :
the words *no one* have the look
and feel of you : also of