

Snap Thaw

March 2005

Change without sacrifice is not change at all—ask
the eggshell, the leafstem, the first-born. One season
ceases, another seizes the bright and blinding day
while snowmelt seeks a source it will never find, downhill
in uneasy rivulets, rivers, reversing course
at a bend in the path. These streets

* * *

run wet, I reach for *desire*
but I don't mind failing—
to be alive means to be dying. I do not claim
wisdom or ask forgiveness—that I give up
nothing is a kind of faith.

* * *

A day without clouds,
a pale, far-off sky—spring
by any measure, though cold still,
and my eyes are tired. In Florida,
a woman's body lies dying—

* * *

if she could ask anything,

if I could ask for her—

* * *

To seek dignity here is to ask the wrong question.

* * *

The word *want* says something

I do not mean. The word *have*

means something I do not want—

* * *

but outside my window, for the first time in months,

trees cast shadows

that twitch in the wind,

and stop.