

BLIZZARD

After agony had left his body to find another,
or in search of no one, just agony on its
own for once, merely cruising,
something stayed, like

a precipitate—*grief, maybe,*

that's what they said,
as if such had ever been
grief's properties . . . Why is lying
to others always so much harder
than to ourselves? Yesterday, for example,
starlings in flight, the ice of
the frozen pond beneath them briefly
containing their shadows—not

reflecting them,

not the way water does, the way
the water did, the way it will
in spring when the pond has unlocked itself
all over again with
no more regard than disregard

for the wings and faces that pass, or don't,
across it, so what,

so what? When I say

I trust you, I mean I've considered

that you could betray me, which means I know

you will, that we'll have between us at last

that understanding which is a safer thing

than trust, not a worse,

not a better thing . . . Wanderer,

whisperer,

little firework, little

not-my-own, soon enough

the non-world we've been steering for

from the start: colorless, stripped of motion, all those

pleasures you knew so well how to give to others

gone also—pleasure,

I can hear you say, what world

was that