

Archive

I am full of doubt.
The hawk sitting in the middle of a frozen field,
a red lump in white flat.

In a microfiche machine
wrapped in wood paneling,
the archive flips by.

The click of it bounces off
the white cracked tile, the buttered
leather of the chair.

In the archive an avalanche
is permanently sliding, angled,
into a ski lodge.

In the archive stiff and white snakes float.
I cup my hands together. Pines
distend the vectored sheet.