

MONTREUX ROTHOLTZ

## *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.