

A WOMAN NAMED SNOW

She and her gravy, her circuit
of verve. To say *how I love her*,
idyllically, on grass. That bending,
I mean, that supposed *bland place*.
Tramping in the verdigris. Blush
and texture. She and her peerless
ebony oats. Squadron of
flies. Our love, thusly called.
The ten stars buzzing.