

WAKING EARLY AFTER HEAVY SNOW

While we slept, the snow
fell and pinned us to the bed, sealing
our eyes
shut, filling up
the dreaming holes of our mouths.

Waking numb, we find our bodies
tangled
like wet rope, dense
as the bushes deep in the ravine,
each twig
thick as a thumb.

We wait. Slugs of light
slide through the Venetian blind,
assemble slowly
on the rug, lengthen, grow fat.

At last we stagger, tug up the window
lids, letting in the white
eyes of day. The woods
sway and start to fall apart, piece
by white piece.

We fumble with spoons, bowls, eggs
and struggle, like those crocuses
that let their saw-teeth part
too soon, and have to fight
all day to hold up
heavy yellow cups half-filled with snow.