

Composition in a Snowfield

The face bleeds and it disappears.
I close my eyes in a snowstorm.
The blade is imaginary, the blood is real.
I want to lie down, I can't remember.
The deer pass through the ghosts of the garden
And into a vein of voices.
Lights are fading along the highway.
Now this is a territory cleared
Of guns and broken glass.
A pot of water boils in the past;
Those were my Easter eggs.
I hold them in an apron now,
Years of them now
Beneath the trees that stick to the sky.
The cranial nerves are cut from their tears
and the snow and the field are one.
Whoever cried is dying in hands that slipped away.
I want to lie down in this storm
clutching my ladder of bones.
Above me, the cows driven home to Jesus Christ
Past the branches of the captives hanging there.
Now I am picked up and out of my red rubber boots.
I have wet myself and I drink tea
Brewed from white flowers pulled
From the dark holes of the head.
I think of nakedness and the dream I had
Of large meals by the sea,
Yellow school buses lined up in the rain.
A faceless God touching me with my own hands,
White sails made of milk and snow.