

*New Paper*

under a pen isn't  
snow. I see the real thing  
out my window piled up  
in cold sunlight. It just isn't.  
Isn't a lapse  
of anyone's memory though  
that might help me sleep. I'm anyone  
at night.

New paper getting inked up  
already with words. Revision: inked up  
already with *these* words.

But it is, it is  
a cold war movie  
about Russia. Lots of tundra, and little  
mustached figures bundled up  
in the corner, waiting  
to do something. On skis.  
Or dog sleds. A throw-back. Before  
the Revolution? Before the Revolution.  
Or not. I can't make it out  
for the snow locked  
back in that theater,

voices that blast  
the eardrum  
straight out, such would-be whispers  
of love. How is it

that time has  
layers and layers,  
some of which never move  
or fill up. *Meanwhile*: a favorite word  
any poem understands to be  
snow's most legendary suggestion.  
The second: melt.

The third: I need to  
freeze first.