

LAURIE SHECK

Poem

The mind is a thing deeply marked. I have bound myself to this damage.

Most delicate and difficult

Strangeness, I have abandoned the idea of being

Warm. There is a strictness in the ice charged with its distinct breakages,
Hard and beautifully detached—water once so blue polished to a sheen until
it's heightened

And unlike itself.

Outside, cold hills. The sky steel-colored, then duller in parts, the gray of
smudged newsprint.

I did not foresee

How this becoming is a reckless and incautious thing. The ice
Grows intricate where the stresses fall.