

RUTH FOXE BLADER

*The Whistler's Map*

It is where the boy just went down in.  
It is the wire cribbing  
drawn back in wet conceit.  
It is the nothing's something,  
ice fixed over puddles  
closed and frozen gravel.  
It is the plus or minus some  
eerie doubt-eye and the leaves  
rippled in their frost pile.  
Difficult of color.  
Cribbled, plunked of ice,  
the undrained swimming pool is leafed-over.  
Ice threatens to crack the concrete back.  
It's down the hill from that.  
Drain skeleton. A mustard smell.  
A smoke hole, cement pipe,  
highway laid over.  
It leads to the river.  
It is where we are always going,  
we cannot cut around.  
Here, fate is like ice, like  
purple, like hair. It is there,  
where the boys plunder, wall-less, under water.  
It is the ripple currently wasting.  
Drained, diked, dammed.  
The winter-shards. The wire roll. The host.  
There is this fixed and unfixed lack.  
The lock. The gravel under.