

*Rachel Zucker*

A KIND OF CATASTROPHE

about this snow I'd say  
little,  
less than necessary,  
it's so  
readily available for metaphor or  
melting  
which is not the same as transcendence or  
transformation, erosion—  
we're not sure what it means,  
who we might be without these—  
forms  
define us whether or not we  
willingly conform, assert some  
desperate arrogance—  
  
and speaking of moons: I don't believe,  
necessarily, there was one:

for example;

. . . when the narrator says he's lost  
consciousness or is dreaming of  
his mother maybe  
his first memory his  
birth—I tend to doubt  
his hazy reportage.

He says *and now a word about . . .*  
but obviously means more than one.

He says *a fake ceiling* and means  
a real ceiling made out of something  
other than what other ceilings are made out of.

*The snow is not going anywhere*  
doesn't mean it isn't coming down and  
even if I knew what color exactly  
the sky blanked out to doesn't mean  
I'd tell you  
or could tell you  
except by way of saying  
something  
else—saying something  
close to what I mean—  
something,  
not like a mirror to my soul  
and not like looking *at* but seeing  
yourself, the backing painted not plated  
silver, worthless, altogether—

this doesn't mean I don't remember—

( the snow a window the child we did not conceive that night  
I saw you then this is another winter that's still my picture  
the harsher elements of our beginning to love and love) you

probably remember it differently—

Whose place is it to say what happened?

The snow is not a symbol but literal.

You happened  
and happen to be here—  
where I am—  
which changes and is always,  
from my point of view, first person.

I'm not the narrator or speaker.

I make a mess of omens:

This snow

doesn't mean anything;

I suppose  
you're sleeping and may be seeing  
something else entirely  
or nothing—

sometimes, you say

*don't make too much of it.*

It is just snow.

I try putting lilacs in your dream but can't be sure you'll see them;  
they're so far out of season. I can't make them make sense.

About this snow I'd say  
you're sleeping and are  
as beautiful this night  
as that night and that night and

that night in New Haven  
when the snow came down  
and I didn't make too much of it—  
we were, in it

the moment

I made a picture of  
to look at later—

now

you're different—here—

(I never imagined)

three winters later—