

MARTHA RONK

DRIFTS SLID FURTHER OFF

Drifts slid further off the sloped roof

(I feel I know too much about her &
her white scarf), and the landscape's so much larger when the light is as it is,
reflected as it is, incidental to the utmost.

All this white is nothing out of the ordinary,
the landscape of powdery, pale, and quietly falling, except the detail
of her hands in the music, moving about in the sequins of her dress,
as her music is rising and the weather is increasing its hold—

no inside, no outside

(a bodily effort that ought to be possible if the future is as it is),
and the cold is all fingers all metallic fingernails as the piano goes on &
the snow is more painfully so, details edging away from their differences
as if one were sloped into music

now melting its liquid off all the eaves
as if, despite precaution, raw exposure were unavoidable.