

SNOW MAN OF OUR CLIMATE

from themes by Wallace Stevens

One must have a mind of rivers
to regard the sun beating down
upon the snow,

to feel the fog rising
from the earth as it stains our cheeks
with winter sweat,

and to have been warm so long
that one strips their scarf

on the radiating hill, so bright
it makes the rabbit wince;

to behold the haze that smothers
the January sun,

like a heated blanket
plugged into the wall—

and not to think of the sound
of shattering ice, but to listen,

—who is listening?—

to the wisps of nothing
that has gone,

and the nothing
still to come—

to flow
into nothing
beside

that puddle
on the muddy
ground.