

JASMINE DREAME WAGNER

Snow Has a Silent Strategy

I walk to the park and toss blanched peanuts to pigeons who scatter in terror from my gift.
I, too, have flinched.

What comes attached? Human endeavor has always been an attempt to lure and to hold.
The gaze is my tether.

I gaze until there are no details, only an arctic blue.

I gaze like a child counting to her largest number.

I gaze like a gull wrecked on land. The blur in my eye, a current, hard and cold.

I gaze and the tree is devoured by an avalanche.

I gaze into the usefulness of a white wall of washing machines.

My gaze, heavy, is full of sweetness. How the Greeks might say, *with eyes like figs*.

I eat my shadow.

I empty like a lamp shorts out.

I stream a recorded snow squall. Watching it, I am part of it.

I gaze until the screen is no longer distinguishable.