

Eskimo Snow

WHY?

All my words for sadness:
Like Eskimo snow on unmanned crosses, all
Planted in threes
In a field for living trees

Are hummed as prayers in secret
And sung through speakers in rooms
For people to hear it

Even when I'm wasted and numb
With the words for good wine
On a philistine's tongue

And I'm under something black
And thicker than a sheet for ghosts
Or the first feet of snow that old
That old clouds yield

On the crosses
On the chests of dead soldiers in a field
Then I'm

Then I'm still here
Bearing my watery fruits, if fruits at all
Then I'm still here
Barely understanding what truth that rarely calls

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