

## 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  
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Barely understanding what truth that rarely calls

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