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The Man Who Would Be a Snow Slide and The Woman Who Understood Him (Confluence)

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THE MAN WHO WOULD BE A SNOW SLIDE AND THE WOMAN WHO UNDERSTOOD HIM

Of all things you chose a snow slide.
You wanted to start from far away,
from an altitude so remote
God would be your closest neighbor.
In fact, his weary sigh would trigger
the whole thing, loosen some
unassuming piece of ice and so
begin the unstoppable chain of events.
I want to begin from a fall, you explained
and gain a wild momentum
till I’m this awesome roar.
I want without fire
to make a white smoke.
What’s more, when it was over
you’d have something that was yours—
a house or two, a ski party, a rubble
of stones and broken trees, some
pulled up from the roots—
something so buried inside you
it would be lost to you,
not to mention the world.
The judgment of people who would be butterflies
or morning mist over a river frustrated you.
Who are you kidding? you’d ask them.
It’s not like you can have anything
without destroying it sooner or later.
As for me, I could never be as sure as you
but I could see how you’d want
to be an avalanche given my own longing
to be a cavernous ship from the last century
sunk on the bottom of the sea,
fish flitting from one appalling room
to the next, each in the most perfect disorder.
Who would not kill for that
kind of peace in the house
with so many exotic guests forever
paying their respects?