Albany 30

Snow is the long voyage.

Snow is the longing

& it is warm enough

for snow there, in Albany,

the weather station informs,

so Pete, Peter, Marianne, Marie,

20 minutes from that city

banked between tree-lines

in your suburb, on your farm…

Can you feel the soft immensity

of this snow falling here?

Poignant is its lack of color

gathering hues through the blank

blankets, the textiles of stippling

weaving the air’s loom, the air’s

curtains of movement eyes find

the stillest flight in,

& gloved fingers catch

melting lozenges of

true as mouths.

Bowl round, how mine opens,

a gull call of silence

where flurrying paths stop

at a single stretch of surf

pulsing purple at the world’s curl,

its very tip, this jester’s slipper…

Upside down the pen could turn it,

& out would pour addicts, drunkards,

tourists & fish mongers…

Out too all the recluses, the artisans

& broods of pilgrim ancestry

adrift in ageless niche-work

of home, home, home…

Echo, echo, echo-----

The snow shapes my silence

tide-ferried to every highway,

every airport, every current

which might bring you my call-----

& here the snow,

and here the surf,

they deliver the familial landscapes

of antennae, vanes of compass

needles, of barometer dots,

& weather station scribbles…

Look, our screens are widening,

& rhythmic calendars

snow tick in unison

‘til you picture me as I,

umbrella now,

encompass you in return