

HALE CHATFIELD

Prose II

Now it is full of dreamings. There is a still minute when the sun seeps down and I grope for it with eyes ears tongue and the tree like a Japanese painting squirms into gentle and muted angles. Birds float here from their busy and shy remotenesses their names and their songs are legion and their colors ebb to grey when they drift into suspended momentum among so many icy colors.

Jet-trails linger on the winter like chalk lines. The sun is like a flare afloat in a puddle of mercury. Or phosphorous fired under mica. The high clouds could be peeled from the sky like lead foil.

Across the street the postman's ordinary green car bulges momentarily against the drifted snow. There is beauty in the simplest passings of things in this sharp whitened world I say trivially to myself but self-consciously, and thunder into reflections.

not only any of all that but the infinitely thin clouds *should* be peeled back so I can suddenly shock your pale neck with the sudden and clumsy brush of my warm lips.

(What should be. What should be. We are always talking of what should be but the soles of our boots nonetheless squeak confidently and sharply in the crystals of the miraculous snow.

Ashamed and saddened. What philosophy is there in the graceful and unlucious sag of our big spruce in the February wind—in the hoarse and colorless threat of the dark wind that at night gnaws aimlessly at our shingles

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Way off in the world a very big and very cold dog howls into the iciness and I look from behind the windowshade into the circular weather arrogantly and immortally blowing circles of sheen against the streetlamps.

Hair.

The hair of a wild and wintry blondness.

An icy girl in the negligee of neglect thriving on coldness; frost; your warm littleness turmoils in sleep against my thighs—

I will kiss you in your sleep. I will kiss you in your warm unawareness while the winter shimmers innocently around our vulnerable room.