

IV. THE TELLING

Blizzard months. The snow is not the tide.
It's conversation, spending little but its voice.
Like the wolf, wasting nothing. A stasis of time.
But we oiled leather, mended tools,
sewed and patched, and handed down tales.
All that we did was by our hands, these stars
hanging from the wrists. All the good it did.
The town of Krem is grass now
and one summer kitchen of stone, dark
and huddled under buckthorn and muckle plum.
I recall once the bones of a tree
insisting on itself above a shifting bank of snow.
And I remember my hands by winter light,
pale as the smudge of powder from moth wings,
holding their pain and a dream in a cloth
I tried to embroider with dawn. I left it undone.