

The Snow Man

One must *have* a mind of winter
To **REGARD** *the* frost and *the* boughs
Of the pine-trees **CRUSTED** with *snow*;

And have been cold a long time
To *behold* the junipers **SHAGGED** with ice,
The spruces **ROUGH** in the distant **GLITTER**

Of the January sun; and *not* to think
Of any misery *in the sound of* the wind,
In the sound of a few leaves,

Which *is the sound of* the land
Full of *the same* wind
That *is* blowing in *the same* bare place

For **the listener**, who *listens* in the *snow*,
And, nothing himself, beholds
Nothing that is not there and the nothing that is.

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Pine-trees, junipers, and spruces / If the wind blew / at the heart / of a wintry abyss / and there
were no needles / to move through, / would it make a sound?

The Room Ba

One must have a mind of dust bunnies
To peek under the immaculate sofa
In the snug palace strewn with marbles;

And to have lost one ball long ago
But not long enough to have forgotten,
When watching hail transform the ground

Outside into a trampoline; and to pick
One orb of ice longingly out of the crowd,
Even in the crowd of an ice-tray,

Although the mold is not spherical
It is from the same well
That is chilling the same cosmic drink

For the reader, who listens to the hum,
And, not vacuuming herself, beholds
The marble that is not there and the marble that is.

An Ekphrastic Meditation On Snow, Wallace Stevens, and Big Energy

Swiss artist Peter Fischli was commissioned to design a sculpture by a German power plant whose energy would maintain the form certain to melt over time on display and he rolled three balls of snow and stacked them & big heat kept them cool in a glass box. The focus here was on the way in which sculpture is ubiquitous and any object—even the quickest, particular flake—may be preserved for the warm-bodied viewer. No word on carbon. Nothing obvious about how new winters are behaving. No ecological impact report or one word on kitsch and almost nothing anticipating how I saw a child approach the glass and breathe on it, hoping it might melt away just a little with their warm, little steam. Better yet imagining a rotting carrot nose in the snow cell. Or Wallace Stevens regarding the piece with a body of summer. All this & cryosphere. Toddler disappointment. Frankenstein climate. Behold—the extension cord was just a tail.