

FROM A NOTEBOOK

The whiteness near and far.  
The cold, the hush...  
A first word stops  
The blizzard, steps  
Out into fresh  
Candor. You ask no more.

Each never taken stride  
Leads onward, though  
In circles ever  
Smaller, smaller.  
The vertigo  
Upholds you. And now to glide

Across the frozen pond,  
Steelshod, to chase  
Its dreamless oval  
With loop and spiral  
Until (your face  
Downshining, lidded, drained

Of any need to know  
What hid, what called,  
Wisdom or error,  
Beneath that mirror)  
The page you scrawled  
Turns. A new day. Fresh snow.

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/100

*greeting  
diary*