

“Hearing”

His pulse beats him
like a broom, the man sitting in
the circle of blood, red
wicking through the white
snow. He has one eye
closed, the other spread
into his palm.
The chainsaw chokes,
stalls still and jagged
woods glinting ice like teeth.
Dark grows between the trees.
In the silence he hears the snow
first crack, the rustle like suds
in his baby daughter's hair,
her fat legs straight in the kitchen sink
her feet pointed,
stiff as fish
before he pours a cupful
of water over her silky
skull. Steam lifts
from the snow in curling feathers
that float from his body. The circle
of blood deepens. He wants to buy
his daughter a horse. He sees
its muscled chest flicking
as it canters on the path under
the power lines. She is making
talk by the shift of hips, rubbing heels,
her fingers loose on his bridle
over a rippling jaw, her fingers
soothe the long tube of his ear.
Her whispers trickle in.