

The Drift

Snow remembers my tongue—
 how it tickles the tip,
 the tiny taste of time;
remembers my feet--
 how the overshoes plop
 up and down in a giant's tracks;
remembers my body--
 how it gives way like a lover,
 lets me sink into its sighs;
remembers my longing--
 how I'd swoon into a no-school day,
 the sifting flakes over my sleeve;
remembers my face—
 how it licks my cheeks with tears
 that trickle over them;
remembers my hand--
 how I scoop it up, roll it, shape it
 into castles I enter like a king;
remembers me--
 how I want to strip off these pressed pants,
 this tie, this starched shirt and step out of
remembering
 into the drift that sweeps across the yard.

Bruce Spang. from my book, *Boy at the Screen Door*