

Sunlight on Snow

Nate Pritts

Early morning hours and the yard is all bluesnow.

I hover

a faltering presence
in a half-lit world.

The pulse that is in me
is hardest to find because of a blasting mechanical surge:
industrial clutter, population anxiety
an absence of space.

I believe in the light
but I trust more the dark

is a proverb I believe in my heart.
Sunlight on snow & necessary danger:
two more axioms to grasp.

They disturb
my blood
but on some other frequency.

The blunt code that fuels this present residual housing
a dress or dressing to be discarded
is weak. Instead

I clamor
after the whole history of my energy—

spirited circulation through such ancient systems.

My memory
and what came before.
Visionary insight.
A creative incantation.

Words without language.

The grasses revealed as the sun melts the snow
standing where they were all along.