

Last Snow

By Heid E. Erdrich

Dumped wet and momentary on a dull ground
that's been clear but clearly sleeping, for days.
Last snow melts as it falls, piles up slush, runs in first light
making a music in the streets we wish we could keep.
Last snow. That's what we'll think for weeks to come.
Close sun sets up a glare that smarts like a good cry.
We could head north and north and never let this season go.
Stubborn beast, the body reads the past in the change of light,
knows the blow of grief in the time of trees' tight-fisted leaves.
Stubborn calendar of bone. Last snow. Now it must always be so.

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