

Snow

by Alice Friman

Let us speak of love and weather
Subtracting nothing.
Let us put your mother and mine
away for a while. Your dying father,
my dead one.

Let us watch
from our bedroom window how a slow
falling snow crowns all nakedness in ermine.
Do not look at me yet. Your face is flushed,
your eyes too love-soaked, too blue.
Outside is white on black
and still. The sky, deaf with stillness.

Don't let it frighten you.
Hush. There's time enough for that.
Be content for now to watch the maples
fill with snow, how they spread themselves,
each naked limb making itself accessible.

DRA Comment: Alice Friman is Poet in Residence at Georgia College and State University, where she also serves as poetry editor of Arts & Letters. She won the Ezra Pound Poetry Award for Zoo, and her most recent book, The View from Saturn: Poems, is due out in September 2014. The poem above is from her book, Poems of the Rotten Daughter, which deals with sometimes unresolved themes of family, to which Friman said in an interview in Image, "...there are certain things, betrayal for instance, that can't be resolved."