

POET DYING AT THE WINDOW
from Muscular Music

I have a goddamn for every blade
of snow. You're not even to the road
before it's clinging to your coat.
Said I wouldn't write anymore

about matters of the heart,
so I'm writing about the snow--
God's cryogenic rain; cold trick/le
of repetition falling quietly as ghosts.

Is this what Etheridge meant?
Walls blacker than a throat;
Poet dying at the window;
Flakes/ covering your tracks as you go.

Terrance Hayes

