

IN THE SNOW MOUNTAIN

In the snow mountain I cannot build a snowman.
I grow the bone-dry cactus.
From the dry desert I beseech all drowned ones:
One drop of water!

Born of a war, I was always aching and straining
To nuzzle myself into peace.
Peace when it came was hunted and haunted, and stayed
Just for a moment.

In stillness is the smell of treachery, and sanction
Of hunger, and therefore I shout.
But in the storm of sound I clothe myself
In a hush like fur.

Here who sins the birthday sin of the wrong
Skin or god, finds that the sin is mortal.
Tense with that idiot guilt, how could my gestures
Ever come easy?

I run towards the gleaming eyes of ports and children
But they are whole and go their own sweet way.
Who winced at doorbells, pauses sick with envy
At lighted windows.

Unmade by what has made me, I see
In blinding colors the visions of the blind,
I too being driven by such savage desire,
And saved thereby.