

RACHEL I. ABRAMOWITZ

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*Winter*

Do I have permission to tell it like this?  
The steam rose from the ice fields and I heard it, only for a moment—  
when I thought to tell I lost the sound completely.  
Swaddled in the sky, poor smudges against a darkness.  
When cold there is absence only in the abstract.  
Every year I try to imagine the green filaments  
but that tiny despair stuffs cotton in my eyes.