

# WHITE HOMECOMING ON THE GREEN

*T.K. Komura*

Faceless as a spruce I stood looking  
at a field of snow, blank and secretive,  
covering the lawn that was green and stiff  
when I left the town. Cold and glistening,  
the white tower-clock claimed its place  
in the sky, among the bloodless clouds that efface

their own past shapes, moving steadily toward  
the days after. Taking over  
the trail of my flight, the clouds were paler,  
muffling the sun and light. The road  
crossing the river froze. And an unwarming  
weather put toads into wintering

to rest their frost-bitten legs like those of veterans,  
dangling for the sake of dangling, that are  
kept as mutilated keepsake of the time before  
the injury, before the change. The blower runs,  
shoving snow aside. I look all around  
and find no resemblance of home in this whiteland.

Neither a pinch nor blink would bring  
me back the haystacks or the glow of fireflies  
that guided me when I lost my way at night.  
Instead this snow that stuck me with a sting  
of ice and buried all sign-posts is utterly  
indifferent to what I was or will be.

What I want back is what I had  
before the frost, before the wind  
swept all myths and fables my mind  
had learned to trust in childhood.  
Snow falling on the ridges,  
stitching a time past, opens a blank passage.