

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.