Drifting into Snow

David James
DRIFTING INTO SNOW

1
Another day of snowing
drifts up my porch, kicking
at the screen like a drunk
at the wrong house. This is
the third day without sun.
The barn, only five steps
from the back door, lies
on its face and slides down
towards the woods.

2
That same night I chip the ice
off the door and walk outside.
It is barely snowing. Two stars
rise out of my breath and lose
themselves into clouds.

The barn is gone. So is the
chicken coop. The trees, collapsing
with ice, fall to both sides of me
sending up bushels of snow. I keep
walking. In the distance, lights
smolder over Alpena like a flock
of white heron.

3
So this is all I am:
two footprints carving
the earth in half.