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## Our Questions About Time Cleared

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## OUR QUESTIONS ABOUT TIME CLEARED

and I could see the sum of you  
each of your red hairs changing in my mind—  
first Aurora, then Macedonia, now women  
scraping ice from an old car

cold snapping its jaws round their necks  
claiming their faces. They throw snow  
and pull things tight in my mind, one  
shakes a glove, a heavy question, wet snow

falls to the curb, to her tracks. How  
can I look forward and away from the ice  
in my mind? I take more than my share  
of an orange lying split between us.

*Skin and flesh, you say, transparent food.*  
I hold a slice to your face, sweet and good  
in the light. Citrus, think of apprehension,  
death, truth, mundane truth asking day and day

and every day about sun, oranges, freezing rain clinging  
to the blind windshield waiting to be cleared.  
As you scrape, I can see your breath blowing white  
rhythms, the mastery of time in your step,  
the women under your coat waiting cold and fresh.