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Ski

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SKI

When she fell they cut the pink nylon
from her leg with shears. Her skin steamed.
Though advised against it she looked down,
saw bone piercing flesh. In a silver cloud
she bit her tongue. There were hands,
a cup of air pushed like a hunk of cake
at her mouth.

A man died that day. Not where
she was but over on the next ridge.
There was talk of a small bomb. A frozen ravine.
But he was mixed up in something.
His jet was lifted and searched.
They dissected its interior,
ripped its blue silks into shreds.

Next night the laughing was loud.
Board game tokens flew from tables
to the shag. Despite her little pills
she drank what they brought her.
Sweet amber, tufts of cream.

At first it looked like an animal
moving in the courtyard, through the
blanket of snow. Then it looked like a man
but seemed to move too quickly, leaping and falling.
She heard herself speak. *Out there,*
she was saying. *Under the ... lamps,*
but just then a pan of lamb slid on linen and flipped.
The women screamed. She smelled the meat
behind her, rank with pepper and bay leaves.
The cooks tongued each other over latticed flan.