Our Questions About Time Cleared

Shaun Gant
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.