

Dirty Snow

Michael Aird

It wasn't what you said so much as how
You got across what you had wanted
to

Since day one. The loudspeaker broke
up,

So I felt sorry for you in that sense.
Somehow you knew everyone
understood

What you meant nonetheless—which
made

Repetition seem out of place. Words
were

Falling all around their intended use;
If you raised your voice it was only
because

That was as white as any truth.

I kept an inventory of these things
That happen to us, as though putting
names

To a past tense smooths over a certain
Anxiety. My photography album
Says: "happiness" or "the long wait."

Here's my dog's spot—which is also
Luckily what he is called. There is
A favorite bush he likes to mix it up
with

And keeps coming back to. If only
Everything else worked out so well.

On second thought it is the blank spaces
I like the best, the ones that don't
Ask too much. It's been some times
since

You threw a question out, to catch us
Off-guard I guess—except it's no longer

A matter of fact/response anyway,
When I tried so hard to be that
complex

Manual on climactic forms of doubt.
Other layers added to the depth.
If it couldn't be the same old stuff,
You wanted whatever you meant by
fresh.

My dog is tired of the arrangement
and
Saunters off. He is looking for new
ways

To get a leg up—but all he got was
lost.

Luckily for me I still have
His photograph to show friends from
time to time.

That's what I made out through the
crackle and the hiss,

Besides the fact the kids packed it in
And went home for a hot drink. These
were all

Signs that something better might
come along

Perhaps. I couldn't deny you that
much.

It seems we have the same ideas, just
A different approach. No one was
there though

By the time we arrived, but I thought
We planned it like that. Despite
abundance,

We made our own angels out of what
was left.