There’s Nothing Black

You and I are out in the sunny, snow-covered park.
Our steps crackle like freshly-baked bread.
The silver sturgeon spawns everywhere:
the caviar of ice rings on the black glazed branches,
and we, in no hurry, walk on and on...
Our hands sleep in the pockets of our coats like field voles.
The fog of our breath is dense and sluggish;
it freezes in the prickly air,
and on the foggy glass of our steaming breath,
I draw two graceless hearts with my finger
and sign our moments like photos, on the back
(the date, the name, the smile).
And the soul flies out like a genie released from an amphora, or from a flask.

But there’s nobody around,
and my soul is its own master, its own Marcel Proust.
Our shadows play snowballs, snort like Labrador retrievers.
There’s still hope, and the street lamps come on childishly early,
with the shaggy magic of overgrown dandelions.
The snow—blue-green, marbled, granular—
comes to life, like everything touched by the quill of a creator does.
And I dip my quill, made from an arrow,
to the inkwell of my heart,
where there’s nothing black any longer.