Cold

Siobhan K. Phillips
Dickinson College

Follow this and additional works at: http://scholar.dickinson.edu/faculty_publications

Part of the English Language and Literature Commons, and the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
http://scholar.dickinson.edu/faculty_publications/600

This article is brought to you for free and open access by Dickinson Scholar. It has been accepted for inclusion by an authorized administrator. For more information, please contact scholar@dickinson.edu.
Cold sometimes is like putting in contact lenses:
even the finest furthest branch is plain
and particular, cleansed and bare, thin camouflage skin
of the birch like an advertisement. Cold is the rinse
of an ice-sheer blink or frost and assigning names
to a drift of blur and cold is disclosing rifts
down each sharp nicked-off eave in a mass of roofs.
Cold is finding the space banked tight in between
three sides of an A with the start of a wondering stare
from a stranger whose name one knows but can’t quite muster.
Cold is the training to crank one’s focus
clear (as a view first trace-paper dim and far
grows nearer, definite, real) and the way one thinks
to explain how a border exposes by holding in
and back: now mine, now the world’s in a dawn-pale winter
window, firm thin bars and an endless blank.