

New Snow

Cameron Morse

The sparkle of new snow stops
by mid-morning. Sun
frowns, and the crystals that snatched
the light collapse into themselves.
In my dream I'm back in the debate
league with Zeuben, my best friend
from childhood. I have a sentimental
attachment to my old email account,
but the spambots have long since
discovered my secret garden. Alexey,
who taught me about the sparkle,
considers my fortune from Moscow,
my not-so-lucky numbers. Zeuben
and I are psyched about the tournament.
The children we were are no match
for our genius.

A Field of Geese

Cameron Morse

I step toward the flock
and the geese begin to waddle away.
I step into the field
and a hundred
geese stir in disbelief. To them,
I am death, closing in
at leisure. To me, they are living
days starting slowly, picking up speed,
then lifting all at once into the flurry of flight.

Dad Bod

Cameron Morse

I wipe the ash from my thighs,
shake the dust from my t-
shirt, shed my skin and redress
my bandages as redness,
the redevye ridden to some final
destination. My destiny
arrives as a matter of fact, a murder
of crows, screwballs. Swerve
with me, wise-cracker. I'm lonely.
Tired of finishing my own sentences.
I wipe the water from the droopy
corner of my mouth. Company over,
my own inescapable company.

Snow Pellets

Cameron Morse

Theo and I crosshatch the snow
pelleted driveway as pellets
of snow come down. Our shovels
streak white sand, the swerve
of a circuit board, the circles
we walk in, frustrated. Theo is only
four. No chair can contain him.
Every shelf suggests ascension.
He and I are better off out here
in the storm, cheek-splotched
and lips numb: Crossing paths,
or crossing off, or just crossing.
Dad and I used to “cross swords,”
at the urinal is what we called it
and now I don't see him anymore.