

Something I Wrote Down

When the whale is circling I will be lying in the bottom of
the boat committing plagiarism: seven words or more wondering the water
frozen.

Surviving a heartless winter feels like elective surgery: some pain
I signed up for. For example, why not Texas? Or California—North State,

driving a road with no exits exiting a house with no doors. Pressing my face
to glass. Why not go somewhere with no coldness. Why not peer from the edge

of the boat, say to the whale: I read about you. Was you, I think
as a girl who cut heads off flowers. Who examined the mud-

bank for tiny. There is no place where cold cannot go. Perhaps
a reason. Small as it may be. A whale changes

the light of an ocean. Seems to be circling its own small reason.
A whale knows that stealing is necessary for proving

one's life is a collection of activity. Much like the falling of
snow. An act that feels much like an act. Confessing:

in all my life no one ever offered to build me
a boat. But why read into the absence of offerings? Why not

think of my whale *as my whale* to examine or leave unexamined. I suppose
there's no kind way to leave someone, suppose there's no hold

in a boat. Just a distance from water. And life is that also:
collections of distance. Would you believe this began as

a love note? Some desperate unclutching of sound. But of what and for
whom? I suppose there is no place where answers stave

coldness. I suppose I have lost that false start. Gone plunging my
hands in confession: it's been years since I fell in love with the light

of an ocean. Since I turned down the sight of a whale. Years since I did
a small something with snow.