Something I Wrote Down

When the whale is circling I will be lying in the bottom of the boat committing plagiary: 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 that feels much like the falling of 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.