

by: David Clink • for your 2017 Aurora Award consideration (Poem/Song category)

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Snow Globe

Making sure not to disturb your partner, you get quietly out of bed, put on a robe, and find yourself standing by the den window, breath visible on the pane. Looking into the backyard, the birdbath's white beard, the frosted throat of the upturned red wheelbarrow, your eyes grow accustomed to hidden forms, the shadows, whites, greys and blacks, lines and undulations played with your sense of what is and is not. This otherworld of icicles takes you back a few winters when you were driving during a snowstorm and pulled over, forty miles north of the city. Before turning back, a packed suitcase in the backseat, you wondered why you had the sudden urge to leave, and for a brief moment you were dreaming, and you might wake up at any moment. Now, dawn is hours away. Cold has distilled this scene. The white birdbath. The red wheelbarrow crusted in white. You don't know how long you've been staring at a set of animal tracks disturbing an otherwise pristine scene. All the while you suspect you are still on that highway. Or, that you are still in bed.