

CAROLYN MARIE SOUAID

Arctic Flight

January limped in like an old crone:
haggard snow, a weak pulse
of sky through the skinny trees.

All last fall, the graveyard leached
into the water table. Leaves wallowed
in their own waste. Soon,
even the birds were spent.

I, myself, flew
into exile--

way north of the trees
with a knapsack, and a bottle of brandy
buried in my eiderdown coat

stared from the small plane
as my fissured, brown
liver-spotted town
vaporized in the dark air

and when I woke, the world had accumulated again
outside my window

the strapping, white, freshness of it
shoveling life
back into my eyes.

—from *Snow Formations*, Signature Editions, 2002

Watch the video here:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XwDUREiU-SM>