

## ELEGY

from weather. Everything this morning is white and light is low. I played adult on the playground, watched them. Now their sodden soles, melting into the classroom's linoleum. I want to preserve their bodies in warmed amber. They will quiet then. Then I might lift them into the next springing of clouds with sky not just white, not just constant frothing of white speck and flash of white reflected, returned to this hemisphere: to when I was as small as them. To say *as a bud* is too much. But nearly once, when with the growing of cells into mass then weight then me, I was *as a bud*— *budding*, evinced by the hardening colors of a skid knee, the closeness of blood unto memory and how long until I forget my mother. She also breathes. I could apparate her here, silence her how I could not otherwise. Or gesture her kindly, like weather. See. She dances now for no body watching. She pirouettes inside a phone call I ignore while the denseness of the real appears through the windows. They named it *snow*. Simple prettiness, I call your whiteness to hold us less barren each year. *Would you stop screeching your desk on the floor?* My mouth to a child.