

February 28, 2021

Dear Ice,

I am writing to share some words of gratitude and some of remembering:

I...

You keep my ice cream cold and my whiskey drinkable

You helped my grandmother break her hip and my son feel like he was flying

You really snuck up on me that time you hid yourself in that snowball

You dangle so prettily in sharp fangs from the gutter

*I draw words of love
with my finger across*

*your
crystal-
line
snow*

*Words that will harden
and hurt like the slick
intersection at the bottom of
the hill*

Before the rains fall and they disappear with you.

In old Norse you are written
in a single slash, the ancient "I".
Truly, you came before I,
before eyes.

The old poems say

Ice is bark of rivers
And roof of the wave

They say

Ice is called the broad bridge;
And the destruction of the doomed.

They say for you the blind man must be led.

Hunh,
I say... not wanting to be left out in the cold.

I don't know where we are going,

yet you are I affectionately,
and we could be bridge for each other.

*With love,
G.*

