

## First Snow

by Felix Jung

When the snowflakes hit, it's hard to tell  
if I'm the one they cling to, or if it's  
one another. Flagrant lovers, they'll bind

at any opportunity. There's a solid inch  
laid down, a frosted white that makes  
all surface icing, all concrete cake.

Ahead, I see a wide expanse of nothingness  
half-clouded by the drifts. My feet set  
forth deliberately, an astronaut upon

the moon. Behind me, in my wake, I leave  
small absences that slowly fill. Goddess  
of both brevity and memory, the snow

records all steps. The snow forgets.  
Where am I from? Where am I walking to?  
Was I looking for or leaving you?



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