

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?

