

Cracking Ice

The street rises ahead,
a viper dressed in patches of black
after the snow fall.

My boots, unsuspected toy ships,
sink into the snow mountain.
Shi...I start to say.
I stop. My mother taught me well.
Even though I know to her
the word coming out of my mouth
would be just one more foreign
word to ignore.

My tongue rebels
but I don't know if I'm rebelling
against the intrusive snow
laying on the ground,
against my mother's imaginary
frowning when I let out a word
she just won't understand,
against the word, because no longer
is it foreign to me.

The word, an icy feeling
coming out of an igloo
hidden beneath the snow.
Mierdal, I exclaim.
I know my mother will understand
this word.
Somehow, I can't imagine her
frowning against my angry outburst.
She taught me well.
But snow is also a foreign feeling to her,
a foreign feeling previously known only
through Hollywood's warm ice.

...it, I finally conclude
freeing my body to feel the cold,
a cracking ice sensation
crawling up my warm leg.
Cracking ice.

Mother's warm words breaking
the ice in little pieces
falling down as snowflakes
from the bare, brown crown
of the tree next to me.