

FIRST SPRING

POETRY

Kyle Singh

We had not known of silvery
Shadows and yet we had seen them
Stripped by the frost laid on the sheen
Of ice still slippery though it is March
How the frost is still laden
And fractured by the waxing
And the waning of whatever is answered
And forced upon beyond
What needs to be answered
We can only skate and run at the same time
When it is time to stop I cannot stop
When it is time to break I am still slipping
Sound of the voice of the one
I was supposed to meet
Oh, to slip in the clearing now
In what is distinguished
By all the accidents
They are all that there is