



# Snowlines

Jack Alun

*Argotist Ebooks*

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Argotist Ebooks

For Jill

# Snowlines

Against the window  
The hoarse voice of winter  
Signals sleep  
Epitaphs of skin  
Inscribed on frozen lips  
Watery eyes  
The blank opacity  
Over stretching sky  
While headstones  
Passing  
Always passing  
Have sprouted ears

Wordlessness of snow  
Its mocking dissolution  
Mute as unwritten  
The presence of absence  
Of things  
An idea world  
Purified  
By a lull of memory  
Silent concerto  
Adagio of loss  
And imagination  
To be regained

As if nothing amounts  
But the wind on the skin  
Disruptive summons  
In search of another event  
Like a horizon of pages  
Entire novels  
Fallen open at random  
Lines merging  
Overlapping  
Sentences that stretch without order  
New meanings  
Prised from the old chaos  
No more the firm underfoot  
Of comfortable surfaces  
The ultimate deception  
As if nothing amounts  
But the wind on the skin  
Blasting new channels  
Through the certitude of snow



From beneath the snow  
Crying out to be written  
Vocabularies of unvoiced violation  
Forgotten as far reaching  
In the singular hush  
The crush of collective surfaces  
Blankets of tundric aphasia  
Or worse  
The sotto-voce  
Of breeze in the pines  
Complacent self-assurance  
Pitched in the mid-space  
Between susurrations and murmur  
And the enveloping antagonism  
Death and dumbness  
A surround white sound  
As with the chatter of empty voices  
Lies the drowning of all

Between rabbit cry and the hills  
Echo casts a mocking shadow  
A buzzard  
Its noonday helix  
Cherished in the prized souvenir  
The silhouettes of arthritic trees  
Fallen snow over-lining branches  
A faraway farmhouse  
Corkscrewed to the ground  
By its wood smoke  
And the fable of other keepsakes  
Gone by

Corpus and fingertips of lovers  
Dissolve in the agony of breath  
As between flesh and flesh  
And bone  
A pulse resounds  
A blood  
Fervid  
Beyond duplicity  
Or dilemma

When the page insists  
There can be  
No if or if not  
Of visible delay  
When the sentence  
Is of the bone  
What word  
What tongue  
Can resist?

Now frost has replaced  
The hoped-for wound  
The breast to be tasted  
The human warmth  
The malleability of flesh  
The needing  
Where blood mimics marble  
The pathology of nothing  
The coagulating drift  
The benumbed senses  
The layer upon white layer  
Sheet upon sheet  
Of disappearing sight  
The landscape squeezed  
By a paining white light  
As a blindness of fields  
That ethereal interlude  
Before the retina resurrects  
For the interment of the dead

Seeking out the first born  
A knife  
Frozen tongued  
And sharp as a wind  
Examines for cracks  
In the nursery wall  
The self-cradled skull  
The more liable than culpable  
Suckler for words  
Discourser slobbering  
For the breast of human kindness  
Delver into wounds  
And of the birth kind  
And the truth underlying it all  
The seeker of solace  
One who imagines sunlight  
On the dancing water  
And bleeds ephemera

Submission  
Endures  
Beneath the ice  
Frigid faced  
Bloodless  
Pronoun  
Without  
Participle  
Time  
Minus  
Tense  
Death  
As alibi  
For a still life

Snow covers with softened wings  
Flakes into flakes that vanish  
Evolving layers  
The thinness of shadow  
Page upon page  
Where one day  
With a ghosting of words  
A Holy Ghosting  
A settled brooding  
A yielding of superficialities  
Futile and defiant  
Across a whiteness  
Where pale volumes  
From the contemplative hush  
Line by solitary line  
Of a shaped world  
A glacial erasure  
As in the end nothing  
Script or inscription  
Visitation of tongue  
Idea or image  
Can survive



### **About the Author**

Jack Alun is a freelance writer, whose poetry and reviews have appeared in magazines, anthologies and e-zines throughout the world. He divides his time between a small village in the Aveyron, France and Hull in the UK.