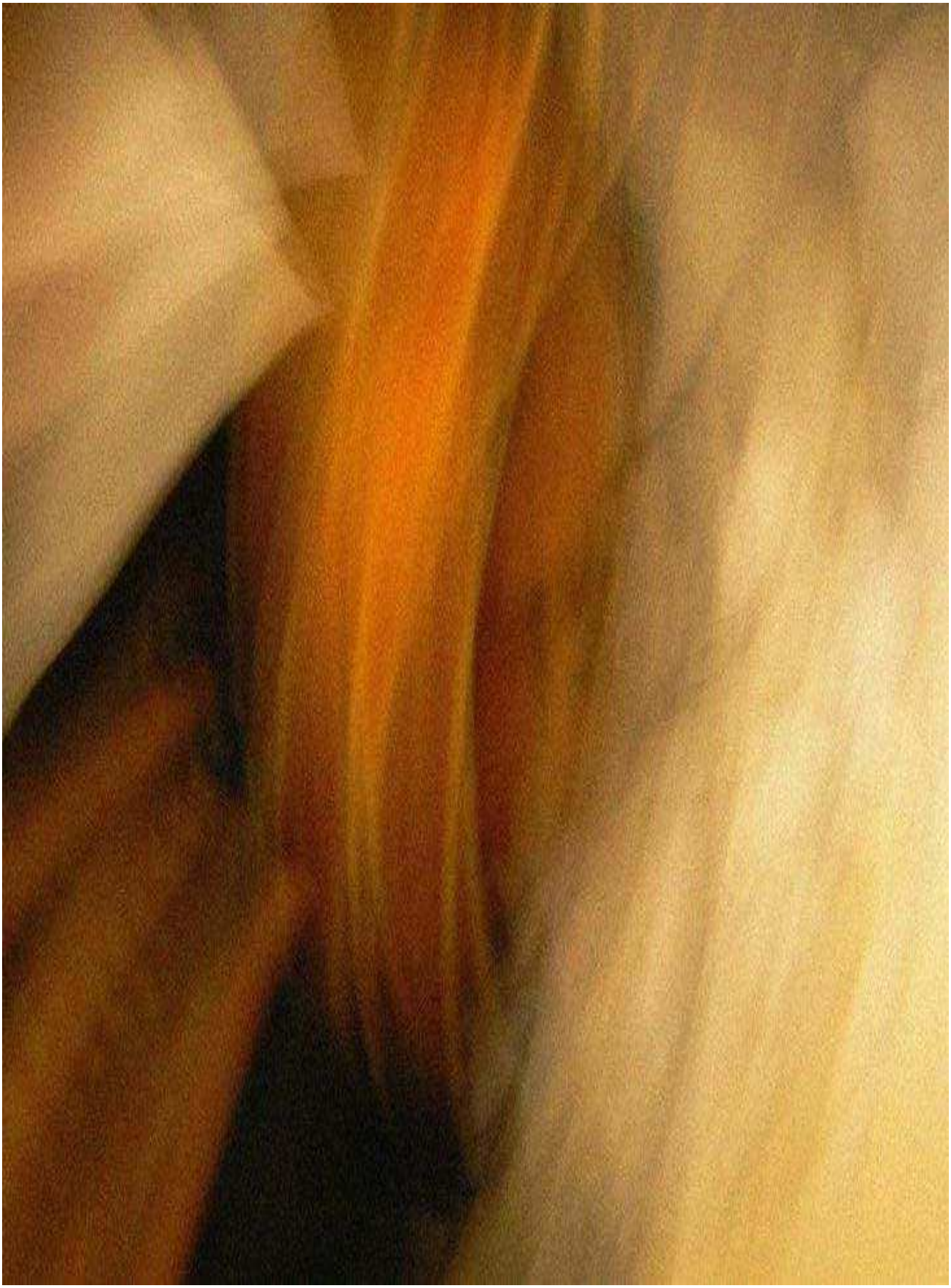

# Snowlines

Jack Alun

***Argotist Ebooks***

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For Jill

# Snowlines

**1**

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

**2**

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

**3**

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

**4**

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 susurration and murmur
And the enveloping antagony
Death and dumbness
A surround white sound
As with the chatter of empty voices
Lies the drowning of all

**5**

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

**6**

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

**7**

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?

## 8

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

**9**

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

**10**

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

## 11

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 superficies
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.