

Boulder

by Leah Dawson

It snowed in Colorado.
Light in windows flickered.
There was a cooling
quiet in it all

as kids ran home
giddy and pressed
each other's fingertips into
sloughed red cheeks.

We prayed for snow days.
In a coated garden
I laughed when you said,
I don't love you anymore.

We'd been growing
crueler to each other, so
I thought it was a joke.
Snow absorbed the silence,

sponged the consistency
of oil. When the moon dipped
black I understood, an eagle nestled into it,
that this was the end of things.

Instead of breaking, I pushed
snow into my shirt,
slapped it on my neck
and opened wide

filled my mouth and ears
with the glitter stuff.
Are you happy now?
The shiver

in my voice
split your tongue in two.
In the morning, school was cancelled.
In my throat, a talon grew.

Such thoughts I had
I could not tell you –