

TIME/SNOWFALL

Time: soft as falling snow
Grows upon us, slowly,

seduces the landscape of eyes,
heart, bones' sleeping marrow;

and as we savour
this physics of whiteness falling,

this metaphor of innocence,
we also embrace the fireside warmth,

or ride the cold slopes
with limbs supple as bamboo,

forgetting the illusion,
until the rheumatism of bones,

congested lungs
hint at needles, scapel in gloved hands.

What's beneath time's
cruel fakery of snowfall

that eventually takes us by the hand
to our warm cradling couch,

TV's sunny metaphors
with *Roshan* our little *Coton-du-tulear*

sharing our happy death-watch.

From *Enough to be Mortal Now*
by Rienzi Crusz
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