Nothing White

I wrote a poem once about the Saskatchewan winter.

The huge Christmas trees tasseled with hoar frost;
The arctic wind racing between my frozen thighs;
Shivering snow crystals suspended like clouds under lighted lampposts.

But it didn’t sound right.
Perhaps I should have brought in the ankle-deep brownish snow salt piled up on Main Street; the
sidewalks with their black icy patches;
the moon turning its yellow, opaque eye down on
the snow angels stirring into nightlife.

I walked in the winter, in the dark, down Cumberland avenue.
campus security slid up dark corners alongside lonely girls heading back from the library.
Offers of safe havens wafted out of car windows;
The sidewalks staged stragglers; the last show of the day got over.

The poem abandoned me in my dreams.
At night, even in the midst of the Canadian winter I was never cold.
I was back
in India where nothing white hurt my eyes.

Abha P. (2010)