PATRICIA BRODY

WE WERE DEAD

We were dead, we were leaping over snow.

That's where I thought I'd find you

plowing through fresh-noon drift on the old slope.

You had just departed.

I heard your breath in the cold space

between birches.

Crisp, tingling — happy? You blow out you breathe in. You blow out

the breath-cloud's little mockery of ghost.

Oh — ! I cried your first name into the blue.

Noon-sun, hot-cold as when you'd force me to come out,

leave my cheese & mac, my book, Lad, a Dog.

Creamy bite, then zip the parka

tumble out in snow.

El's winter pasture. I climb until I reach the altar.

Crotch of poplar polar ghostly bells.

Last summer's shiver-ling, o silver bells.

Unzip the down, lean through

and whisper your code to the chasm / your name

Surely you'd come out if you were

anywhere

Tree, you'd say, spicing the syllable / my name

That peppery murmur my dotter

So we'll be dead together, snowy father.

Patricia Brody is a CSW (certified social worker)/psychotherapist specialising in families. She is raising three children in New York City and her poems appear in many journals including *Room of One's Own* (Vancouver); *Psychoanalytic Perspectives,* and *The Paris Review.* She teaches English and American Literature at Boricua College in Harlem.