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

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.