

Snow, Me, and a Girl (Prose Poem originally appeared in 2015 for *Commonline Journal*)

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A long time passed since writing of snow, flowing, and condensing where we'll all be on the verge of being purged under the avalanche of white nil. Will Muses ever return past the title of what is being addressed? See the flakes land on her eyelashes before she wipes them away like dew on a dragonfly's wings. See the flakes flow down the sky like a streaming canal of old Holland. Fall and rise and talk to the girl with those crystals caught in her bristling hair, reminiscent of koi stuck in a net. Come on, run your numb hands through her locks and see if you get warm. And if you do that's when you know.