

SWEETNESS ON THE EDGE - IV

Getting the last of the honey with a  
butter knife  
wiping from large jar to small  
viscous sweetness  
on the glass edge  
thinking about fascists  
of big and small  
*wouldn't it be nice*  
to write of snow thick white light  
discs floating down  
although  
the snowfall was  
in the end wet.

Our neighbor giving what he could balanced  
things out shoveled wet heavy snow while  
we struggled too  
our shared connection crushed  
by the brief outage  
left 22,000 without  
the buzz hum hiss that powers  
whatever's left of human  
intercourse wouldn't it be  
*nice to write about fascists snow and honey*  
in the same breath  
musing on the topic of decline  
ruminating about evil and loss of  
freedom

*I was going to write about freedom*

*Fascism snow and honey*  
artful dissonance  
is too easy now  
flashing contrasted  
realities like white  
smiling  
teeth

bared in the face of darkness.

In the end it wasn't  
razor sharp contrast paradox  
but  
creeping numbness  
snow fascism lost freedoms  
blurred and formless humping mountains in the frozen silence.

- *Diane Sophrin*  
Vermont. 1.17.21