

Avalanche

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Caressing a seashell, the boy
Rolls his fingers over white
Delicate ridges, the benign
Residues from years and waves
Of meditation. Sand-grains find
their place in grooves, making smooth.
The tumbling salts amass in prayer,
Like nameless pilgrims in town square
Until they are a crystal, a crowd.
He touches it to the tip of his tongue
Faith in ambrosia, wincing quick.
It all came rushing down the mountain.

Beneath the Tudor cottage's roof
Snowed-in like mice, two stories deep
Under the hail, two stories deep
In grandfather's book of rhymes and tales.
Under the spreading walnut tree
The paper-ground in unity.

Winter Striped Mosquitoes sit
On icicles like scimitars
Hung at the apex of their swing.
The knotted-wood's knives dwindling drip,
The twigs are frozen into lances,
The needle cold sticks skin at night

But the avalanche erases them -
Pointed fingers, signs, and pines.
A horn blown somewhere north in heaven.

Someone was left behind to freeze;
Glossed in photos. His shadowy stare
Pierces the evening static landscape.

Buried in black, in lack of light,
Overwhelmed by the white plain.
A single ray becomes prismatic,
Auroras coalesce to rainbows
that *are* light, light through a pinhole
Above, above the heavy snow,
Beneath the spreading walnut tree.