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## Our Ice

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## Our Ice

By Daniel Persia

There was the one about the boy who invaded the living room with a swarm of little green men, shot them down, one by one, while his father flew thousands of miles—in uniform, sergeants and medics

flanked by his mother—
she set off a bomb and brought out
a tray of chocolate chip cookies.
And there was the one about the boy
who put on a suit coat
with shoulders twice his size, kneeled

down, next to his father and listened to a story—in uniform, dozens of strangers greeted by his mother—she lifted a card and put it into his oversized front pocket.

From the roof of a small suburban home in Baltimore, a row of icicles drop and split and rest one by one, they surrender to December's snow to be born again.