

1980

## Untitled

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### Recommended Citation

Pence, A. (1980) "Untitled," *Exile*: Vol. 26 : No. 1 , Article 25.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol26/iss1/25>

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Snow is the loosening,  
of fingers, breasts, lips.  
God  
from the roof of the mouth.  
she is  
a sinless abductor  
hissing **teeth** and **need**.

A deep slumbering muse  
she rises, then falls  
with each breastful  
of breath.  
a stray weight  
catches your wrist.  
a dim flurry  
and hush--as she fills  
your eyes  
with the milk of good.

Such departures  
occur  
in snow's dark  
umbra  
an unfastening  
that sounds  
like a dull  
clink  
of trees speaking,  
the swallow  
of pipes.

Snow is the tunnel.  
do you hear  
the clean rattling  
bones?  
she is a woman of ice  
--the sweet smell  
of heaven.

**Amy Pence**

Photo: "Stratified Snow"  
By: Jim Lundy