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## Winter

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## WINTER

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*Sean Brendan-Brown*

Au petit jour naissant, nous apercumes le Japon . . .  
"In the first faint light of dawn, we glimpsed Japan . . ."

From late summer motion to silence,  
dawn through dusk the sleek Bullet Train propels me from you:  
my body the nest of strangers,  
sleepless rest of duty-free cognac, Greek cigarettes,  
American colognes,  
a man who takes pictures of your mind.

"Ma yoku kita kureta," you say. Yes, I am good to you.  
I leave long enough to make it seem so—  
another New York weekend. Cleveland, London,  
Seattle; dark green fields of rice  
turned syringa black with ice,  
the ugly temples of suburbia.  
Hard rails break road's snow from home snow,  
acid snow—  
some child has crushed an angel into whiteness,  
this lost place is blessed,

This other front door of mine. Softly, in cold,  
mist-swept carriages the thick, slack body of night  
treads through festival the once-gold bar of heaven.

You open the door, begin a name, stare.

My hair brushed-black. Long, unshorn, slack  
the way you like it hanging through my beard,  
speaking pain God himself could adore:  
eyes green as leaf ice, apple-veined whites—  
simple, pure colors of wine glass, old fruit and frozen air.  
You want a miracle, you say, divorce.

Outside. Your dog wets the angel. The child priest  
is unconcerned, her intelligent face bathed in TV light.  
A cold western moon sheds thin orange flames  
through two worlds' charms:  
not space, airstrip or gulf keeps these charms pure,  
I keep them pure. I crush my own angel into burgundy carpet,  
bless this place, that place,  
one of weeping—the dark sea limitless—the other  
dropped between us like a Sophoclean mask.