Rosmarie Waldrop

THIS FIRST SNOW

(in memoriam Roger Giroux)

First snow. I choose. The distance of a premonition. Pushing toward. In my deepening body. The not quite aligned doorway.

In the simple act. Of listening. For the white wake of the mailman's step. Some foam. Irresolutely. Around the corner of the house.

And you. A sense of snow falling. More heavily about you. Fear: of my own darkness. The eyes in the mirror.

It enters me. This very cold sum of money. Me, my own body. Silently. And strangles the hostages.

If that's. What you want to call it. When a cloud is pushed into sifting down to. Seal us in silence. In remoteness, in cold, in sleep. Seamlessy.

While we still mean to steal off. Glad really. To the bustling crowd of curtains. This. And sometimes a dimple. Nudges the struggle against love toward love.

Gust of wind. All the way down to

[I met the French poet Roger Giroux when he was translating some of my poems for the journal *Argile*. A few months later I learned of his death. He remains with me as a figure outlined against death. The more so as his own obsession (in *L'Arbre le temps*) was with words that would be like the silhouette of a tree against silence. Words with the formidable density of things, but which would vibrate with the knowledge of death: "There is a point in the soul, a place without space, where silence and words melt into one and flood the spirit and drown it: in this moment, an eye opens in the center of the Voice."

Jean Daive quotes him as saying: "I work on the absence of writing." What could anyone add to that.

"This First Snow" is an homage to Roger Giroux which uses some words of his poem "This."]