

## MIDWINTER GLACIARIA

Chandelier breezes at midnight, actinic, wash over a backdrop of linen, upon which transparency machines make bioluminescent the image of snow. Nightfall meadows seen through screen doors at wintertime undulate into felsenmeers strobe-lit like a slow-mo chiaroscuro. Mammals, hibernating, simultaneously twitch in their cryogenic sleep, each a seasonal foetus in its bleach amnion. Vodka drips from the tip of an icicle. Neon moonlight amplifies this field of vision beyond whose horizons all events vanish.

Deciduous trees, black without foliation, etch neural pathways on a dream of glass photographs. Nitrates of silver electroplate mirrors. Peroxide evaporates from smashed ampoules of ice. Timberwolves circle the clearing. Two pantomime children perform there the drama of winter. The girl in lace pouring pitchers of ice water over the kneeling form of her nude sister, whose shivers subside into an icy chrysalis. The audience unseen as it watches liquid nitrogen spill over the edge of the stage.

Ethereal theatre.

December constellations in vacuum-tube skies glitter until smashed by a breath into blizzards. Microscopic, the shrapnel from distant explosions administers a cold acupuncture. Quartz grit dancing in the fray of highbeam glare. Miniscule pinwheels, bladed, cut into the windshield. Silent attack without witness, the driver drifting to sleep at the wheel as he breathes in time to slow jazz intermixed with soft radio static. Astronavigation through a snow squall. Pulverized mirrors, whose reflections, broken, make us dream that the darkness assails us with stars.

Nacreous confetti.

Snowdrifts avalanche at the hush of a hammer and feather dropped by an astronaut upon lunar ashes. Birch trees in moonlight cast zebra shadows. Mercury streams decant themselves over rock gardens, cool acid dissolving the myelin frost. Snowy owls never take wing, but use astral projection to glide into the violence of prey. Hypoxic, every breath in the rarefied air. Nerves ionized to the point of pinprick electrocution. Frozen, the cobwebs obscure the view through this window.

Peppermint daylight at noon upon firnspegel burns like a magnesium flare, each grain of ice a tiny heliograph that flashes a telepathic transmission. Waterford crystal juts its stalactites down from the eaves. Damoclean, the swords glint in a row, the heat from your body beneath triggering the fall. Narwhal horns. Viking boys snap off bayonets from crystalline arsenals so as to stab each other to death, their weapons diluting the blood of their wounds. Sunshine oils hockey rinks with a frictionless skiff of cool water.

Diamantiferous fields of white alluvia. Wind chimes of glass dangle from wire fences. Draft-borne argosies of snow. Frozen dust motes accrete on the tips of eyelashes. Iridium skies toned at the horizon with pewter. Airless desolation. Lead poisoning from solder in tin cans of food drives Arctic explorers so insane that they scuttle their old ships to board new ships seen in melting icebergs. Barns in the pale haze, the grey hulls of battleships run aground among ice floes. Words stumbling in the shrill blank of snow blindness. Deer hoofprints in plaster. Ski tracks, like railways for phantom trolley cars passing through the night without passengers.

Aurora borealis.

Moonlight on graupel, the cool, silvery gleam of galena crystals embedded in radio rectifiers. Dandelion seeds of frost descend through the beam of a searchlight onto languid rivers of India ink, each snowflake an ephemeral microcircuit

beneath the lens of a magnifying glass. Waterfalls spotlight at the border. Cascades unfurling into bridal stage-curtains for concealing escarpments of thunder. Evanescent, the mist from the chasm, ossifying into a thick calcification on handrails and streetlamps. Alabaster sculptures that thought conjures from thin air.

Christmas mirages.

Snowploughs, unmanned, patrol empty streets bathed in a sapphire penumbra. Somnambulistic machines. Lacteal surf in the wake of their bulldozer blades flows over the bodies of etherized lovers. Cocaine spindrift whirls away across barren parking lots. Seismic tremors on a moonscape agitate soap dust inside the glass paperweight. Pale sparks filmed for a silent movie shower down from a sheet of black steel being cut by an arc welder. Wind in midwinter is an X-ray that opens as a portal before you.

White canopies of felt slip from their hooks on pine branches. Arctic voles riddle with tunnels the subnivean layer just as insects etch wormholes beneath the bark of a dead tree. Feathery rime on a timberline snag. Icicle stemware. Invisible, the silversmiths laminate limestone with platinum alloy. Northern lakes protect their exposed surfaces with acrylic membranes. Glycerol pools beneath cedars. Algæ fronds sway beneath the windowpane of a pond. Skywriting preserved in the wake of your skateblades. Ice is a solid acid that eats into water. We figure eight to infinity.

Stranded archæologists dine on prehistoric meat from a woolly mammoth paralyzed for ten millennia inside a receding glacier. Chalk dust settles over tamaracks. Chalets in the valley leak genies of blue smoke from their chimneys at night. Albinic, the blind men ski down wooded slopes to feed on the nightmares of children. Glaze, a seminal translucence on the snowpack at dawn, each footstep punching through a thin pane, jagged edges that make a bear trap for the ankle. Words sinter together in a subzero network of delicate needles, the most fragile of structures because it collapses into itself at the merest disturbance. Angel-dust névé stirred into cirrus clouds by the wraiths in their passing.

Suspended animation.

Tuning forks shatter this architecture by means of sympathetic resonance. Supercooled droplets of sleet prick the steel hood of a crashed car. Xylophonic tintinnabulation. Tambourine hail. Glass bits from the windshield salt the street. Pine trees, pointillistic with ginger fireflies, tungsten bulbs that flicker too fast for the eye. Polar bears maul garbage cans in the alley. Slush on the sidewalk insulates the cellophane wrapper that blooms into a diaphanous flower.

Pearlescent sunlight.

Toboggans smouldering in the remains of a bonfire at the bottom of the ravine, but no bodies. Sentences such as these broadcast events at dusk in the grey monochrome of television. Ermine, the niveous pelage. Ivory pagodas with skeletons of blue spruce barricade the forest. Stiff bristles of aragonite fill cracks in the wall of the hibernarium. Lavender skies and pink lights of a city in the distance.

Excelsior twilight.

Harpichord wind through the trees. Moonrise with its paraselene gives every silhouette an argent corona. Private concert in the gazebo, where a girl rubs her moist fingers round the rims of brandy glasses half-filled with distilled water. Sonatinas so pure that their music seems to originate elsewhere. Winter transforms the world into a jewellery store, where Lalique crystal gleams on mirrored shelves in the dark. Snow upon your lips has the taste of chrome sugar.