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New Paper

Marianne Boruch

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under a pen isn't
snow. I see the real thing
out my window piled up
in cold sunlight. It just isn't.
Isn't a lapse
of anyone's memory though
that might help me sleep. I'm anyone
at night.

New paper getting inked up
already with words. Revision: inked up
already with *these* words.

But it is, it is
a cold war movie
about Russia. Lots of tundra, and little
mustached figures bundled up
in the corner, waiting
to do something. On skis.
Or dog sleds. A throw-back. Before
the Revolution? Before the Revolution.
Or not. I can't make it out
for the snow locked
back in that theater,

voices that blast
the eardrum
straight out, such would-be whispers
of love. How is it

that time has
layers and layers,
some of which never move
or fill up. *Meanwhile*: a favorite word
any poem understands to be
snow's most legendary suggestion.
The second: melt.

The third: I need to
freeze first.