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as mother fussed in the kitchen

we sidled out as far as we could on the punch-crunch snow
before breaking through, our inadequate runners caked and cold.
we picked up shards as if from over-sized dinner plates

thrown at cupboard doors with both hands. the diamond crust
cut against our shins as we walked about the back yard.
we were the first to be on the moon. we were so happy

on this alien landscape, our powdered footprints
travelling far away. our feet finally gave in,
a tiredness that crystallized. the yard was unrecognizable

when we were done. we looked back on it from just inside
the landing, a sharp pain in our ankles as they gained feeling,
jeans flared and numb. open mouths fogging up our small window.