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LISTENING TO CHOPIN IN EARLY WINTER

Jack Ridl

	The first snow is falling. There is no one here.	
wisteria branches twisting gray-brown	On the dining table, I've set the season's candles.	
	This is not the right time to wonder where my father is now.	
	The wind is lifting the dead branches. They will or will not	beneath the beech tree the bird's nest
the candles the bittersweet	break. I'll sit by the window, watch the snow quiet the day, stumble into an impossible hope. I want to pray. The nocturnes are playing. Next	
the evergreens	the etudes. Then the ballades. If I could be these notes.	
	Yesterday was a death march.	along the stream
two deer	There is no longer a word for this. There is duration.	