

Snow-pact

(Angel of North, Gateshead)

By Rizwan Akhtar

We made a pact on a blinding page of snow
under that giant shadowless angel
a myth of booming mettle
listens to our receding huffs
we pretend indifference, mundane gods
sneaking past its steeled life
our dwarfed existence complains
a surreal nod of time scatters love
in snapped landscapes
where emotions are flurries
we melt their ephemeral lives
one by one until it is over
a bird panics the activity
in the nearby tree
something makes them flap and mate
with a single beak and drenched feathers
so we are not alone, some woods, paths
bushes, homeless, silent and wet
wait for our footsteps, our stories, our language
mutely taking notes on each side of the road
clasped by snow-sprinkled trees
authoring our exit
sealing it with a kiss
burrowing out lipped moments
with pick-ice barks and twigged scythes
against that fist of weather
squelching, puffing, rooting
reading that random matrix
of impressions on the covered earth
wind blotting out footprints
nudged by haze of centuries

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holding it out to fantasies
and fears of loosing hands
denied of wings.