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Weather at Ten

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The circle that rests closed in itself and, being substance, holds its moments, is the immediate and therefore not perplexing relation.
—G. W. F. Hegel, Preface to Phenomenology

It has been snowing for a long time, longer than winter. If my ears were shells, I'd hear the ocean, frozen in mid-roar. What does it take to peal? The Baptists on 55th import Bell-ringers from the Netherlands who boom

Out Bach, though once they rang Ring Around the Rosies, recalling the circles children Form to play death by pox. But mostly in Bach, As if his notes were steps to steady us as we cross

The ice, though music's neither boat nor bridge. Six blocks away from me, in Harper Library, You read yourself invisible, burying your eyes In Hegel. All the bulbs in the yard are frozen Solid, like millionaires entombed in ice Waiting to melt back into life. Our tulips Will be freaks if they bloom. Even when I sleep In your bed I am not in your room.

Goldbeck, the Robin the boy hung up,  Did you ever see a bluebell swing?...