

# Snow Angels

*(for Séan)*

It's always the large details,  
their elegant mistakes  
that give them away:  
the way they're pulled  
to the November window  
by the thick sky of snow,  
faces upturned fogging  
the glass.

The way they walk through it:  
gloveless, hands in pockets,  
elbows sifting through white-outs,  
their heads, bowed.

They've written winter  
as grief's season,  
snow's white comfort  
as earth's angels giving up  
their wings.

How impossible it becomes  
for them to disguise  
their faces, upturned  
like palms.

Mapping sagittarian seasons,  
their words precise  
as compasses or arrows seeking  
only a detail of grace,  
Angelic Geographers,  
how long did you expect  
to remain unnamed?  
You recognized  
your own wings  
falling  
to the ground.

*Julia McCarthy*