

WILL HOCHMAN

Not Always Located In Nicaragua

The snow has fallen gently
Along a trail parallel to a swift river
There's a hidden contour of gray rock and brown trees
There's a turn and a distance that brings you
Close, but not touching, red but not rose

Somehow you feel prison, only prison
And you want a jailer
But even in this everyday, solitary confinement
Where dreams are doors without locks
Even here, not close to sentence
Your caul becomes cover for the escaping plots
You never lived out

You learn to live by remembering
You once wanted to be alive
Today, it's to a hot spring in the Rockies
Not far from Yellowstone
Where you and your lover
Bathe beside a rushing winter stream
Wrapped under pine
In a blanket of mist and snow

You kiss the extremes of the yelling moment
And remember your father
South of all borders,
Sublime in his cell