On the Recrystallization of Fallen Snow

A paper read by John Wolley at a meeting
of Scandinavian naturalists, Christiania, 1856

Spit of sail across the water, and I was in love. Tindhólmur Isle like a broken jaw shoved up into a crash of gulls.

Waved into berth. We bagged cormorants right off the dock.
I've been where Saharan sand blows a thousand miles to land on your eyelids. Here, even the roofs bloom. Wet-nosed deer pick forever at their eaves. Each creature seems sewn for its domain like a glove for fingers. Some tastes linger on the tongue: those fallen flags of weather I melted to drink all winter; blood hatched from my lips. I found in a pine grove a wild swan's nest, the pair frozen in place,

all our bodies caked by the same storm. A whole Arctic winter I passed in the dark, forgot if my eyes were shut or open. Between, too, is somewhere. Tent-rows of glass mountains. Look: