## SARAH GLAZ

## The mathematician's December

I wake to a bare branch poking the window pane with a fierce sound:

logic of air, reason of nothing, decibels off logarithmic scales. The vast December sky lies flat on the ground heavy with snow.

Snow in the air, snow on the ground, whiteness invades every room.

Deceptively airy and light, such mixture of primary colors dispels all the warmth.

My heart is filled with anxiety, stomach clenched tight as a muscle: car on slippery road.

Already five inches on the ground and falling.

This morning the weather turned its head

like Janus, its wild face showing.

I bundle up, blow on my fingers, open my mouth and taste a snow flower.

Sculpted mid-flight by mathematics and chance, snow flowers melt on the tip of my tongue.

Come in for hot chocolate and warm croissant! Come in from the cold, glasses steaming, blind as a bat.

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