

After the Ice Jam

Swanton, VT January 2017

turned north on a whim to retrieve gloves dropped
after a snowshoe last week

—winter thaw warmed them off—
traffic on Route 78 slows near the Canada border

gawkers swallow the scene whole
—massive slabs of ice—
flood-borne, soot black, vice-pressure against double-wide
homes, vehicles half-buried in a moonscape of debris

that's a wrecked Bayliner marooned on the shoulder
piloted by a frozen tsunami
—seventy-five dwellings in its path—
residents forced outdoors, faces slack,

staring at the rigid river, blocks wedged back
between banks, but all a-jumble
—like a bombed out igloo village—
except there's no intruder to chase off, no scent
to track with dogs and a twenty-two

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