

—+ **DEBRA FRANKE** | Snow Stopped the Town

I can tell you now,  
after some time has passed  
how we got lost, how maps were  
strewn across front and back seats  
road signs mispronounced.  
I can tell you the way friends tell stories  
after a party, the way we used to sit around  
the kitchen table leaning on elbows  
to keep our heads up

we almost missed your funeral  
trying to maintain a steady car  
on snow-covered streets.  
Perhaps we weren't ready to face you.  
After a year of not talking,  
I wasn't ready to be the one  
to close silences

you could have had us visit beforehand  
preparing us would have been kind,  
then the way would not have been so hard  
to find in blowing snow, we needn't have fought  
over directions or hung onto maps  
when all we could grasp  
was melting  
    snow and slush along the way

