

DAVE MARGOSHES

## SNOW

In town, the snow begins to grey  
the moment it sets down, as if  
shocked by its own allure.  
Out here, it holds its whiteness deep  
into February and March, the fields  
frosted with cream you might gladly  
drown in. The whiteness an idea of itself  
colourless water is just beginning  
to dream, an idea crystallizing  
into shape one side at a time until  
there are six sides to the argument  
it cannot win and it thrusts its chest  
out with pride, false pride  
because all it did was slow  
down, allowing the coldness within  
to emerge. Why white?  
So white the eye rebels  
against absorbing it all, white  
as sheets, as bandages before the splash  
of blood, white as the breasts  
of partridges, as love before  
the kiss, white as heat that bows  
its head.

## LOT'S WIFE

The Bible leaves so much out. Lot's wife  
turned to salt for her disobedience and there's  
the moral, the end. But not for Lot,  
not for the seasoned hunger in his heart,  
his cankered tongue. Chunks of her are offered  
in spite as sacrifices to cattle, emerging  
from the holy river with steaming flanks  
in the haughty sun, flies at the ragged edges  
of their wounded rolling eyes and there  
in the withered grass a salve for tongues thick  
with spittle, and yes their milk was sweet.  
Smaller pieces of the woman of his heart  
wrapped in silk traded from the Bedouin thrust  
in Lot's belt so the griever may refresh himself  
as he toils in his fields. Pieces of her ground  
to small crystals the Bedouin took away,  
bound for the Orient, for the silver shakers  
of veiled women of property. Yes, there was  
thirst in the land, yes, yes, there was a quenching.

**Dave Margoshes** is a Saskatchewan poet and fiction writer with a number of books and many litmag publications. Two volumes of poetry have come out recently: [\*The Horse Knows the Way\*](#), in 2009 from [Buschek Books](#), and *Dimensions of an Orchard* this spring from [Black Moss Press](#).