

Search for Aircraft in Winter Scene

Bink Noll

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BINK NOLL

SEARCH FOR AIRCRAFT IN WINTER SCENE

Across the convulsion of the rock
Across the blank of winter that is rock,
Rock and soil made ice, ice and the dead,
The dead made rock in landscape struck to stone

Cracked into dip and valley, bareboned,
Heaped, splintered, emptied, cleared for us men
To search across—search for the broken craft,
For the break in the whiteness of winter

And for the two named dead. But the lens
Brings rim after rim of nothing to our feet.
In the mind's whiteness men's words for place freeze.
Speech shimmers like mica in the stone air.

Wherever their fall was stopped was that day
The pole of the crystal of silence
Where we march our terror back and forth.
Through black sky the glacial sun drills a hole.

It stares. It does not stare. It names no names,
This unnamed god. But it will melt again.
The spring will rise. Warmth and food, meaning, green
Will push and thrash the air about the mourners' heads.

Farmers out for game, surveyors with poles,
Scouts hiking in heat will spy the gash of paint,
A strut, a tip, and next the remnants of men
For putting back in family names and graves.

Then this blank landscape will mask itself
In colors of abundance. The words men put
On every corner, hill and brook will sound
Like birds, back to sing away this wintry truth.