

JACQUELINE KARP-GENDRE

Discovery

She had not thought about the sound of ice.
She knew the light, shining dully through
green and grey and dark of solid mass,
piercing
the opaque skin beneath the Gamla Stan,¹
exploring the fjord's glaucous sheath
with its wintry ooze of emeralds
in the snowgripped air.

But not the sounds. Had not imagined whisperings
like ice clink against glass or sudden crack
as flow slides over flow and rubs
against the quay. How in the sun
the frozen skin will nudge and stretch and quietly
break
where mallards merry-go-round, listening for spring
on their thawing carousels.

¹Old Town, the medieval heart of Stockholm.