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Beatitude (Revision 3)

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Beatitude (Revision 3)

by Jason Johnson

The snow gathers everywhere
except on sidewalks and parking lots.
Even the cars take on
the shape of a mountain,
the tires now disks of white
light you might find
in a painting of the Nativity.

He tells me his wife is sick,
that soon her legs will turn
blue as the blood moves closer
and closer to the heart.
He lays the hipflask
on the dash and says,

*It snowed every year here
when I was a boy.
I would watch the catfish
nuzzle the skin of blue
ice until, here
and there, fractures formed
a web of broken*

moonlight.

*This was years
Before my father left us
for a woman in the city,
when fields of tobacco lined
both sides of our street,
before the interstate timbered
the woods and turned
the farms to suburbs.*

Near the steps to the house,
a snowman my son built this morning—
its imperfect body a reminder
that the snow is always with us
and that even the broken are blessed.