

Fat Vancouver Snow

for Sheila and Carmen Rosen

by Diane Tucker

In Norquay Park a man sits smoothing a snow fort,
a graceful, c-shaped wall of white.
All around him he's greened the winter ground,
though fists of fat snow keep falling, falling.

When it hits plus-2 degrees, even the snowflakes huddle together for life, become pom poms of snow, loose knots of snow, snow eggs breaking on the man next to me at the intersection, filling his afro with pearls, black and silver.

Up the hill swim sculptures of giant salmon
slipping in and out of the sidewalk – how name them,
these salmon refusing burial? How in Squamish
Snichim say “Salmon with a Mouth Full of Snow”?

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