

Coral Hull

LETTING THE SNOW CAT IN

leave the wild in its element, to gain the maximum from it, by turning your back briefly, it comes to you of its own accord, operations run at a different time frame, if you relax your worlds will meet without collision, the sun dogs return faithfully home to the winter sky in edmonton, shyly licking your neck along the back of your hairline, the next flakes fall quickly erasing footprints, the relief of movement through winter landscapes and the still cold is huge, your arms remember holding space and your throat that captured the icy blast was aching, naturally the kids and cats were drawn towards me, whilst you held her close when she didn't want to be touched, even if the love was dead, you think that there would be a friendship left, but who knows what was going on, like the time you said, "fuck her," would a wilderness make them love again?, all i could do was be wild, a snowcat in the lounge room, lost amongst the clutter and losing colour by the hour, with domesticated cats in the soft fur of my lap and the two kids purring and chattering over me, as though they had found themselves on my skin, he said, "she fell asleep," and could not be woken that night, how long had she been asleep and had he been wandering in this relationship?, there seemed no end to it, no reviving it, the house was full of clutter, i was left bewildered in the heated basement, losing grip on top of a tall pile of books, slipping away beneath my pads designed for snow, she came down tiredly from the stairs, she said, "the light switch is broken in the bedroom, when are you going to fix it?," she was so tired inside that the light switch was always broken, the next day i vanished during a heavy fall, i don't think they really loved each other, all that clutter to keep them occupied in clutter, it would have been far simpler for them to step outside and beneath the tree, that was covered in hoarfrost in the snowy frontyard, surrounded by snow as high as the front steps, so that they were wading in snow, then they could face each other without distraction, but you spotted my trail and decided to follow, the base of your boot had made deep indents, although forty five years in this environment had taught you where to walk and what to cling to, rugged rocky shelves and deep thick snow, it was the type of landscape that could hold you in a dream, fully immersed whilst it waited for your slumber to grow into it, this wintry land is telling everything to become

its sleep, "the trick is to keep moving," you said, accustomed to the depth of field and the voice of the climate, you would stop and rest when you wanted to, and not when your body simply gave up and fell deep down in the snow, i am at my toughest, yet even i could fade out here, unlike those woolly mountain goats, equip for climbing so that it is not the frozen winds in the end but avalanches that kill them, one shift in concentration and there goes the best part of love, like blowing snow off the top of the mountain.

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