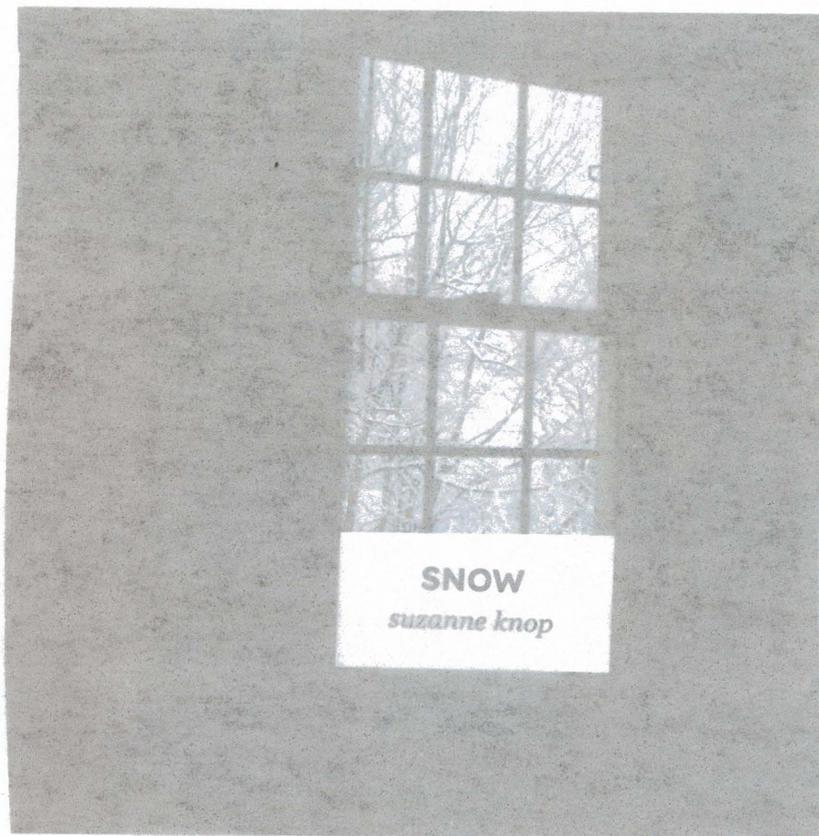




**SNOW**

*suzanne knop*





**SNOW**  
*suzanne knop*

*slow train cure*

The cats are grey,  
grey leaks into me,  
your house is waterlogged,  
all those pretend lives drowning,  
who knows how to stave off a dream?,  
the dark leans in,  
snowy PA landscape,  
if you're hurt I'll leak into you,  
refineries and cornfields and cows,  
winter sun emptying out my eyes,  
the cave I can't climb out of,  
shiny object landscape,  
pedal and finger noises,  
if you have a love leak it out,  
wait until the end of the song,  
an auger for an ice pond,  
curious love let it stick.

*kindness*

Crumpled paper flies around my head,  
dead leaves off trees, yet  
through the wind storm you hold on,  
you hold onto me and I open my eyes, shocked,

cooking oil, detergent, soap in my food, droppings on  
my clothes, is any of it parve?,  
the dead leaves still stuck to branches—wintered,  
frozen in time,  
the sun only bakes, never boils,

"we can get there" you say,  
"but I'm bleeding" I say,

I become a dead leaf stuck to your branch,  
fingers clasped around your arm,  
and then april will come with my second death,

"I want to make sure you're alive" you say,

none of this is water, it evades my skin,  
I am asking for your breath, I cannot speak,  
pour sand into my mouth, bury me underneath you,  
you'll still have my body to wrap around and desiccate,

my last drops tears,  
my final words blood.

*difficult ask*

you are walking toward me.      Look up!  
You are stiff fabric  
made for the outdoors—

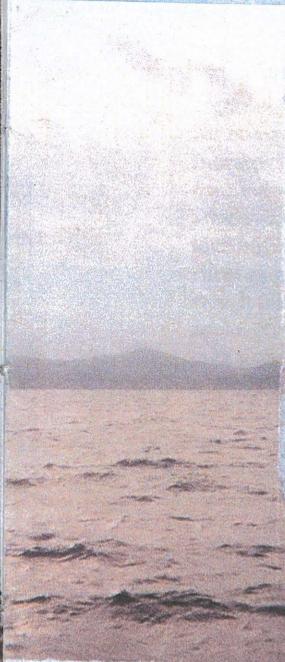
sometimes I hold my head underwater      until I am  
breathing in sand  
—gratitude like medicine to  
watch you float away.

You are the difficult ask:      I am reaching for warmth  
I am putting out flames with my fingers  
You  
are the poet      The falling apart is different every  
day.

I am vapor exhumed after chemical cooling      not  
piercing,  
questions occur to me only later, delayed.

The sky is overcast      melancholic  
like waking up to  
a nightmare:  
scalding, thermal shock.

My brother has gone for groceries and      I am resting—  
check on me through the fever      (though often I didn't)  
I forgive you and forgive you and  
forgive.



The weeks pass by,  
hand to night, foot to morning,

mouth to speak, mind to wither,  
my life an open wound.

sea 11.5

Morning has unfolded: the bed is warm  
from my own body,

—strange,

I like quiet before I leave,  
big ceremonial movements.

I don't want to be the wise one,

but  
each day I wake up and worry about  
the same thing—

“the prolonged agony that eventually  
ends”—so,

it's crushed into granules of sand,  
then a beach, ragged underfoot  
(new york),  
then into the ocean,

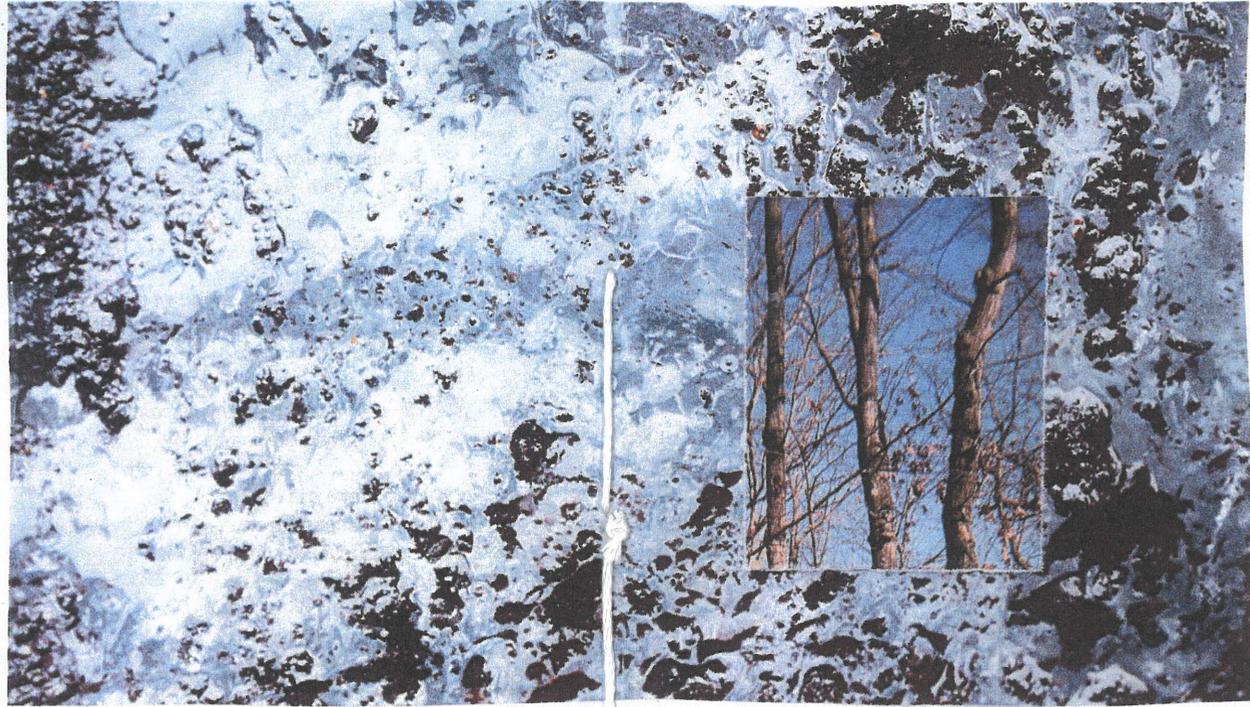
then back to shore. So,

my clothes won't dry for days,  
seawater will stick to my skin,  
but the calm will bleed into night.

Revelatory dove  
landing on fire escape,  
I'm in the airplane,  
a graceful descent  
for humans,  
morning shows up empty,  
coldfingers stuck underneath  
windows,  
lovetingers given away as charity,  
silent as man breathing, as man heaving,  
stench filling the room,  
apologetic I wait, humidifier off,  
man alone fridays,  
silent as found treasure,  
my disbelief driving,  
discarding vestigial selves  
winding up skinny roads,  
containers like airplanes,  
substitutes for sky,  
dove quiet visit,  
mourning.

grace 2.7

*night island (forgiveness)*



We suffer together, trek out to the beach at night, stay up for K's heartbreak, dream of warm broth and car-rides home, of empty calendars, of being taken care of. The next day my mom comes and cleans the microwave, I sit squished between my parents as the sun retreats behind a building, sharing details of my life as I move further and further away. After they depart I'm left to shiver alone in my stale, barren world.

We communicate haphazardly, but it feels like forgiveness, my throat raw from the coughing and the laughing and the joint and the onion rings and the sleeping late.

Between vacuuming and crying, I implore you to sleep so I can rest.

*forgiveness 11.8*

Meager fuel,  
I've learned  
love falls upon people  
undeserved,  
as I replenish endlessly, K says  
this must mean I love you;

kurosawa blizzards,  
drips of blood on melting snow;

I can't turn back; you are waiting at the bottom;  
my mountain to yours.

Soft white feathery forgiveness  
descends and slowly covers me,  
a sort of coffin.

When it spills out I play at being a saint.

*airplane survey*

My life hangs midair, each time I wake up  
you are in a different contorted position,  
spotlit.  
We fly through the night;  
it is over, over  
too soon.

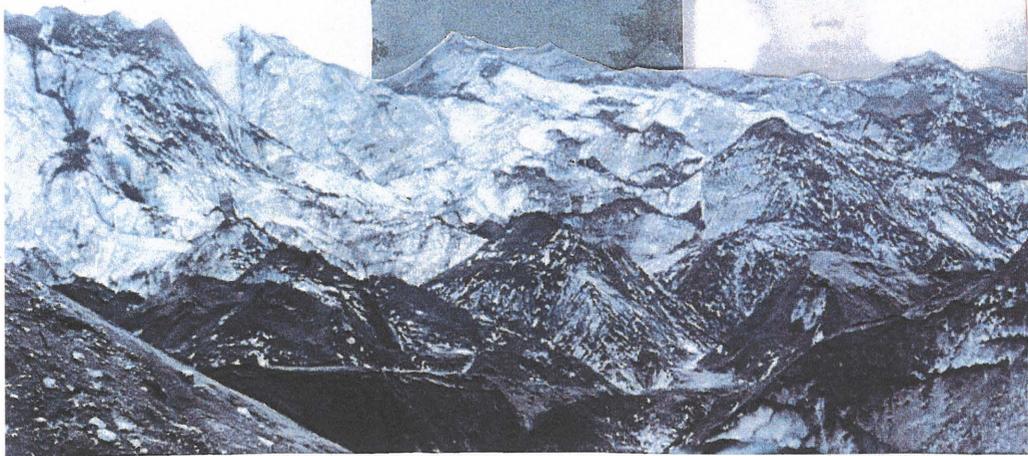
Then  
low clouds kissing hills over germany,  
irene with sunrise

(tributary wisps like a river,

our inflexibilities,  
the cause of freedom is not the cause which  
causes the body;

now  
with a still sea of sky below us,  
jet lines criss-crossing,  
our knees no longer touching,  
I find I am moving into grief),

and  
the realization that I am suspended over an ocean,  
a substance so deep and so cold,  
so harmful to enter  
and so harmful to exit.



In the face of my muteness  
reflected across a lake of worries,  
I try to ignore you:  
the difficult ask.

My diligence to stop at each street  
light is misguided caution, but I notice  
how afraid you are

and I only hope this lake doesn't  
crystallize. I am not vitriolic;  
I wish you no harm.

And my reckless love,  
cold love rain down

impossible love;  
brick wall to keep me out,  
reinforced with steel;

icy fingers fanned out over a  
frozen body; loose frosty bits  
rough on the surface, gathered  
into a neat pile: projected melting,

disappearance.

You need to move too against me.

Shall I spread it across the year,  
stand in doorways between dawns?

I walk around water, not needing to eat,  
still liquid, shrugging off your shadow;  
I'm ashamed of the ibuprofen, caffeine,  
these steady streams you tolerate.

Dusk has arrived. You didn't show except  
at odd hours of the night, the sort of  
dreams I recall only later—

opaque history alongside A,  
all I remember is seventy-two hour silences:  
dumbfounded at the door of your attention.

We spin, tumble, let dreams pile like dirty laundry,  
—unhappy; —unsatisfied;  
afraid.

With laughter so present and menacing,  
you create in me days in which I don't  
want to laugh; I'd rather see your soft smile,  
drink down your worries.

In the face of my muteness,  
refracted across a sea of sorrow,

I am watching colleagues leave the office,  
I am watching friends struggle to lift suitcases,  
won't you help out?  
won't you be forthright, caring?

You tap, check: the rock doesn't budge;  
I recognize this route  
— I know that it's time to leave;

and I have no price tag, I am free;  
though time passes so quickly and lovely  
with you,  
skidding and sliding we miss each other.

Perhaps you are silent,  
—nervous; —tired;  
I have moved from one silence to another,  
and this third silence stops  
dead

(inhale).

What alleviation, what rectification  
could come from the stillness  
hovering about you? It gets pierced  
by a cry: orange fox at daybreak,

prelude to movement.

On the edge of day the waxing moon  
lurks above us, follows us across oceans,  
through buildings two thousand years old,

and how serene it is to walk around in the  
dark, the sickly sweet of rotting leaves.

And what of this special gravity unrelenting  
upon me?

I don't deserve to ask,  
I don't deserve to live,

I'd rather bleed continually than be  
tossed about, worn down to the smooth  
lifeless stone you find ashore the  
washed out sunset;

I'd rather cross the bridge on foot  
than wait for you to tell me you  
won't swim

(exhale).

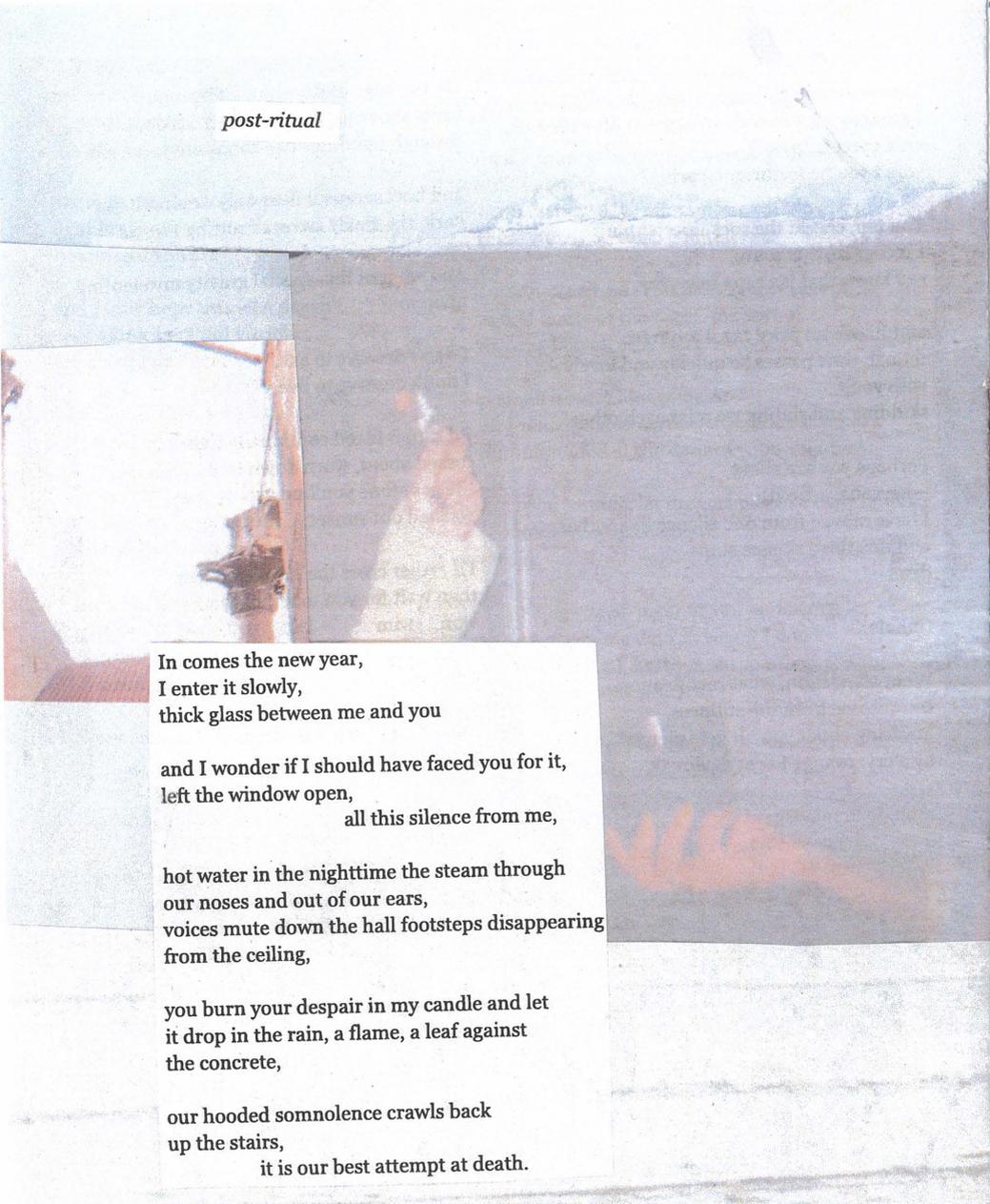
In the face of my muteness,  
protracted over a stream of anguish:

I don't require much, just the promise of  
morning, just a goodnight returned.

difficult ask

(reprise)

*post-ritual*



In comes the new year,  
I enter it slowly,  
thick glass between me and you

and I wonder if I should have faced you for it,  
left the window open,  
all this silence from me,

hot water in the nighttime the steam through  
our noses and out of our ears,  
voices mute down the hall footsteps disappearing  
from the ceiling,

you burn your despair in my candle and let  
it drop in the rain, a flame, a leaf against  
the concrete,

our hooded somnolence crawls back  
up the stairs,  
it is our best attempt at death.



The **SNOW** zine contains writing and photos by the author, in addition to postcards collected in 2022.

The text is set in the typeface Georgia and the title is Lexend. The cover material is construction paper and the inside sleeve material is tracing paper.

This zine was laser printed in New York in an edition of 15 in March, 2023.

Thank you for listening.  
Love, suzanne

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SK