



## Dauer

Poem by Walker Storz

I am a worm in  
winter. Inside--sickly-  
sweet sap for blood. It's  
embalming fluid, it shuts me  
down.

My voice is brittle, my  
hair is brittle, I am  
prone to cracking.  
Fragility is damned and  
beautiful. I speak my  
brittle voice as if  
from behind a layer of  
glassine, or glass.

My heart pumps  
slow and heavily,  
driving the winter  
sap through my body.  
Something  
heavy lies resigned in  
my veins.

On the windowpanes,  
chrystals waltz  
slowly, accumulating

stasis. I am the inside of a  
cell in a whale's blubber. I am  
someplace so deep in the  
ocean that light has to  
work to get there.

I shiver, ice is in my bones, slowing  
time for me. I can see through the  
amber on my coffin, and I am fighting the  
encroaching chill.

There are songs that  
come from within ice,  
there are long seasons  
that sing to the body, that  
wrap it tight, like pagan  
gods.

My new residence is  
Chronos' coffin,  
wrapped in capillaries  
of frost.

Ice gods have  
no mercy, their fragility  
is an infection, diffusing  
outward from the *axis mundi*.  
More brittle than angry,  
their Midas touch turns  
flesh to glass and  
tin, turns irises purple-grey.  
The silver in  
me reacts to light,  
needs to be washed and  
affixed, angrily begging to be  
burned in acid.

Freezing a thing preserves it, at the  
cost of life. A photograph needs a

victim. A taxidermied bear loses its  
grandeur, becomes harmless. I lose  
my energy, one electron at a time. Memories  
Calcify.

Enduring is a  
function of metabolism.  
An infant or a hummingbird  
thrum a spring  
music with their  
hearts and wings.  
I sing icebergs  
creaking, my vision  
fogged like frosted  
glass.