

## Snow Crabs

The crabs *are* there, melting into  
their familiar habitat, fallen on  
zoology's harder times, patient  
yet pure as the driven snow.  
They are seldom seen by anyone  
because no one ever speaks of them.  
They are fauna's seedless Clementines  
before the word for orange was said.  
Like memory of what has no name,  
they bear the invisible weight of time.  
They eat the silence of a hidden life.  
Like a zodiac sign after daybreak,  
or the silent truth below ocean storms,  
they love in white and delicate bodies  
masked from everything but a name  
and multiply throughout the winter,  
learning to sting in a veil of ice.  
They count among the raw spring stars.  
They pince the sun until it melts them.  
A lone streetlamp cranes its neck  
to count the diamonds of their eyes.

BRUCE MEYER