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“Snowman”, by Caroline Price

**Snowman**

Months later and I'm sitting alone  
on the high terrace of the Hôtel du Sud  
in July, another heat wave,  
pavings on fire beneath the parasols  
which the old lady, crossing from door  
to door with the day's linen  
comes over to adjust, tut-tutting  
until I'm shaded more completely, ah, this climate! –

telling me how last winter  
snow fell, a good twenty centimetres, and held –  
and how her teenage grandson  
built a snowman on the terrace right here  
where I'm sitting now, a tall sturdy  
*bonhomme de neige* who survived intact for four days  
until the temperature remembered itself  
and he began to collapse from the outside in,  
his wide mouth slipping,  
tears crawling down his furred cheeks –

it was the same SNOW!!!  
you'd been amazed by, sending me instantly  
the pictures you'd taken, capitalized, like a child's –  
flakes crowding against the glass,  
a southern sky falling apart  
on a woman walking her dog in the road below  
at night past a smudged lamp  
and in the morning the surrounding mountains  
covered – snow like time  
(as you assured me it would) effacing everything.

**Caroline Price**

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