

## TRIANGULATED

To collect and recollect to slice air like snow :

a mix

of acute angles shadows scattered  
in that vast cone of light cast  
by a parking lot post.

Obtuse slopes  
clot with snow : first roof then wind  
shield bisected by post shadow.

You are not here to help plot these points

not here

to hear plows circle and oval to see  
the Marriott's parking lots : scrape  
of macadam then ice

each arc dark  
then gray then white again : I flick  
the TV screen on and figures coalesce.

To sputter a snow blower motor a whir

of blades

uncover white concrete in parallels  
and perpendiculars like tree fringe  
feathery emerging half

born the dense  
crystalline branches cast in high  
then low relief tips faded squared.

You divide. Your breath divides. My breath

escapes

separates its white heft left afloat  
over the balcony. Take the moon  
tiny halved in halved

by a pool  
of black ice. Do you see the same  
moon do you have ice to see it right.

To filter an orange glow headlights through  
sheen a twinkling mass of trucks  
and cars file down ramps light  
center dissipated so  
that no line  
demarcates the limits of each  
cone cylinder and sphere.

curtain

You are miles from here three states away  
in PA on a map connected to white  
blue red lines. Cell phone roams  
for a signal. Flakes  
divide crisp  
sighs above the laptop's hum.  
Tonight. Intersected these degrees.

a point

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Published in the Spring 2009 Issue of [Phoebe](#).