

## My Daughter

After we had—you and I—  
shoveled some, you lay yourself  
down on a spot more or less  
untroubled; at sixteen, limbs

held stiff, you made no angel  
in that rind of quiet cold, but closed  
your eyes and I, nearby,  
my job—I think—was to let be,

to keep. *You alright?* I asked.  
The snow had stopped, see,  
and wind checked us with slaps  
of fine ice and in dark branches

above—songs gone.  
You smiled, but did not answer;  
finding your feet, then, we scattered  
the last of the salt.

—Benjamin Shalva