

from Juked #6, Spring 2009

GENEVIEVE BURGER-WEISER

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## ANNALS OF AN ICE FISHER

At five she stood on a glacier in red cable-knit tights.

Have you ever held a fish?

A man gave her one breathing herring  
From a hole in the lake –  
Purple cracks spidered out.

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Later she ate clams from a tin pail,  
Forking small lumps of sea-meat –  
Wince of brine and sand kernel – into her mouth.  
Her parents applauded.

From the balcony she smelled  
Woodfire in his ice hut.

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Buckets of pike.

He dusted his catch with salt and ground chokeberry  
Before searing the white petals of flesh.

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She stared at the inn keeper's narrow arms:  
Two whittled antique candlestands (whale oil wax)  
And dreamt of the ice fisher

Sitting in his shanty for days saying

*Amaranth*

Over and over. Behind her eyes

Gold crops foliated like rapidfire

Dropping fat seeds to the frozen lake.

—

Hello Susitna. Hello ice saw.

Quicksilver's at thirty below.

Feel the cold drilling pins through your front teeth.