

Geiranger Fjord

By Taraneh Ghajar Jerven

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The anecdotal evidence was no longer compelling,
though snow still absorbed sound and
people kept handing me
tiny chocolates of
varying quality,
which I saved and
didn't eat.

I would tell you but it would mean
too much
from me.

I'll let someone else notice
then observe more
carefully, lovingly,
your patterns.

The sun only lights
one side of the fjord valley at a time.
Even in peak summer,
the residents experience
day darkness—
it's all relative,
I've heard,

though one farm
managed to
grow peaches
on the steep hillside
with its harsh
northern climate,
but the children had to wear ropes
around their waists
collecting chicken eggs, so they didn't fall
into the gemstone water.

Or so they say,
the most desirable things
are the most perilous.

It's a legend,
like you,
against odds you don't perceive
thriving in
any light
you can drink up.

I also love sunshine,
Lizard, and
I'm relieved
I can't hear you in winter.

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