

# Snowfall at Glenflesk

*Karen Marguerite Moloney*

The hush that sheathes the road is sure and slow.  
My lights suspend a galaxy of flakes:  
The silence is as haunted as the snow.

I conjure kindred names I would not know  
Had no one told me how your welcome wakes  
The hush around your turf-fire, sure and slow;

Had Conor and his liegemen long ago  
Been late to flock the glen beyond the lakes,  
Their sanctum still as haunted as the snow;

Or had you never dusted off to show  
The pedigrees you walked these hills to make.  
*The hush that sheaths the farm is sure and slow,*

*And still you jigsaw all the leads I know,  
Till, dancing down the fields of my mistakes,  
The sentence comes as swiftly as the snow:*

*"Curreal! Your Julia's from Curreal. And so  
It seems you're kin to half the valley's folks."*  
The hush that sheathes the glen is sure and slow,  
Our sanctum still as haunted as the snow.

---

*KAREN MARGUERITE MOLONEY is a UCLA teaching fellow and Ph.D. candidate in English. Her poems have also appeared in The Jacaranda Review, Sunstone, BYU Studies, and other magazines. Recipient of an Academy of American Poets prize and other writing awards, she is a former member of DIALOGUE's editorial board.*