

Snowy Night

Lisa Bolin Hawkins

Whose poem this is, I think I know—
New England bard of spring and snow,
But eighth-grade teachers don't explain
The depths to which the poets go.

They speak of symbols and of sleep
And cheerful promises to keep,
But not of ample-bosomed banks
Of snow to rest in, lovely, deep.

With one slap you might send to farm
That jingling horse—he'd meet no harm—
Then walk the woods midst downy flake,
Tense, shivering, then relaxed and warm,

And then you might lie down to sleep—
Give promises to stars to keep.
The woods are lovely, dark, and deep.
The woods are lovely, dark, and deep.