

Snows

Marden J. Clark

That snow falling out there, not in flakes
But in clusters of flake, little snow balls
Loosened by November's sun still barely struggling
Through the harvest haze, snow falling
From all the trees we planted and nurtured,
The moraine locust, bare now of leaves,
Its dark branches almost writhing, twisting
Like a maiden's arms in distress, stretching out
And up and down, unsure of where
They want to end. The crab, flowering
In pure white, not the purple-pink of spring.
The aspens we dug almost as twigs
From their mountain grove and thrilled
To watch them put out buds then leaves.

From all these, our private forest, the snow drops,
Or peels in long graceful curves from taut wires,
Sometimes large loose balls trailing fine crystals.
Now a light breeze stirs still-clinging
Apple leaves and looses a shower, the crystals drifting
Toward our patio.

A robin lights on a branch,
A dozen robins, then a score of cedar waxwings:
A blizzard of snow, a blizzard of birds.
A second storm lovelier than the first,
Grace after grace.