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Snow

John Davies

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Snow

Thinking of Sweden, the sky fluttered
 its dark-browed paleness shut
 just once each winter. And settled
 on us. Mornings wore afternoon.
 We'd ease out on a crust of light
 already bushes had grown through,

floating our footprints, pleased
 with the fat sky sprawled replete.
 What to do with it? Stare?
 Not enough, my daughter thought,
 nudging from sloth a fluffed
 plumpness weather sends

for reawakenings. Spades scraped
 slow arcs green around a tumbled dome.
 For her this was a kneeling someone
 to be coaxed or patted up
 with promises of buttons, a head.
 Pride in our created self

lasted two, at most three days
 then arms slumped in accelerated age.
 Eyes sank. In a drained landscape,
 fading slowest though: the man
 gathered from cold, something newmade
 that was the last to go.

—John Davies

John Davies is a poet living in Prestatyn, Wales. He was a visiting professor of English at Brigham Young University, 1987–88.