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.