Snow

John Davies
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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.