1962

And Then The Snows Come Quietly

Thomas McKague
St. John Fisher College

How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?
Follow this and additional works at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle
Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
McKague, Thomas (1962) "And Then The Snows Come Quietly," The Angle: Vol. 1962: Iss. 1, Article 5.
Available at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1962/iss1/5

This document is posted at http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1962/iss1/5 and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at St. John Fisher College. For more information, please contact fisherpub@sjfc.edu.
And Then The Snows Come Quietly

Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: Volume 7, Spring, 1962.

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1962/iss1/5
AND THEN THE SNOWS COME QUIETLY

The happy hour of summer, written on a long-gone sultry wind, frozen by a northern blast, is gone forever.

Black damp deadened winter boughs, twisted, tortured by the barren chilly wind, leaden clouds, laden with the evening mist, lonely street, groping through the quiet, gray-cast waiting city

shimmering reflections on the watered road, red and cold-white, wild, proportionless, ugly nervous dance, sinful, unnatural, taut, anxious

empty park, deserted wind-whipped carrousel muddy playground, aching for the spring again red balloon stall, warping, rotting, gray little city park, still-dead, motionless

And I am destroyed by the bittersweet thought of yesterday, only alive to the wasteland of the winter evening For I am of the desert now, a dry and bitter, hollow man.
But then the snows come  
quietly, soothingly, out of the dark  
the pure flakes fall on the smoked-up windows,  
looking at the yellow fog within  
as peacefully they drift to death  
on wet cement below  
conquering the narrow smelly alleys,  
chimneys, gutters, no escape  
from the healing evening snows

and I renew the Quest,  
so simply, suddenly,  
the Fisher King grows well again  
the wasteland awaits replenishing,  
and the buds stir.

But now the moment of splendor  
Is gone in winter’s melancholy evening.

And I wait  
watching the withered boughs.

THOMAS McKAGUE