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It snowed the night before...

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Cover Page Footnote

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It snowed the night before.

*With dawn the wind came, drawing down the long cuts of
land past Barno; gnawing the forest clean.*

*The river lay like a dead avenue, that day, stripped of snow
and black between rapids. Where feet had tracked across the
river in the night the snow was packed, and these remained in
the wind, each a small ghost.*

*A boy stood above-river, hands in the pockets of his great-
coat. The wind, he thought, is glass.*

After a while he went across the river, and north.

—RAY PAVELSKY

Saying & Doing

An if I tell you that the wind is howling
Would you be able to calm the choas wind?
But as it is no sound breaks through,
And nought to calm, to say or do.

An could you see the force direct, then,
If no trees became uprooted
And no broken birds splashing on the wall?
Well, you see, there are no such signs, tis true;
And nought is said or done by me or you.

Yet, if some accidental word escape,
One trembling word from inundations of nothing,
If it should howl and grate
In its own broken, bone-hollow way—
But if you chance to hear it speak, then,
An if you do
Shall you be able to grasp the wind scattered
Wretched feather's tumbings?
An if you do
What then shall do?

P. PARISI

The house is shaking in the wind
But I cannot tell or show you.
Is there nought to do or say
But bellow hello, how are you today?