A snowstorm is slanting...

Ray Pavelsky
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
Pavelsky, Ray (1972) "A snowstorm is slanting...," The Angle: Vol. 1972: Iss. 1, Article 15.
Available at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1972/iss1/15

This document is posted at http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1972/iss1/15 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.
A snowstorm is slanting...

Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: 1972.
DIPLÔME

... and walking back, holding it proudly:
you scan the twelve you took in bio,
those terrible three in eco,
and that gut in psych.

... but sitting, you wonder if the sweat on your brow
is from the lights?
For despite your 3.2614,
They never offered a course on life ... 

George Lopez

A snowstorm is slanting.
People come surprised out of the library
where they were reading about snow.

Ray Pavelsky

SONG FOR THE MAD HOBO
WHO SLEPT IN MY ORCHARD

Crouch coated, gaze at me
through whispers of wine
bottles and boxcars,
and bitch about the cold
and lemon-lumped ground
that puts rickets in your ribs
while you ride a freedom-labelled
dream train to nowhere in particular.

Exorcised from a
Bull Durham pouch, grace
me with a taste
from your spice-laced knife-aced
collection of future cinders
and ungummed papers that are
the substances of a few
small tokens of the appreciation
of artists and bums, and are
the fuel for my rocket’s
inner appetite.

On alternate downmeets
from the lung-beats
of a glue sniffer,
as your face is
drowned in the darkening Sea of Sky,
and in a wrinkling rasping voice,
plant and stamp the dirt around
the seedling in my brain,
so that it may blossom and flower
at some future hour,
and fertilize a forest with
gown-trained tracks that twist
through knotholes
and droop
from branches
to dangle
Rapunzel’s
three-angle,
among other things, before my nose.

Michael Williams