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And Then The Snows Come Quietly

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Cover Page Footnote

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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 carousel
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