

THUNDER SNOW

Wild nights, wind-tossed days.

The crow flew from the rooftop
and disappeared

as snow began to sift down
such beauty

and you sat by the fire
reading old tragedies.

How can the gods forgive us?

The kettle gossiped
with the lid of the stove:

just listen to those drums
overhead!

Evening dimmed to blue, then
black, and still

it went on snowing, snow
with so many unpronounceable

names. By morning
a great stone

rolled against the door,
daylight

a lost promise.

-- Taylor Graham

