

Drift of snow

Hollow sound of a snow shovel —
midwinter storm. Nighttime shadows
cast on snow: specters barely
visible. Nothing to sing of, nothing

to sing of. A peace almost muffled
by the snowfall . . . damp haze . . .
and the City, as though buried
a million years beneath hoary sky. . . .

Impossible silence — not the
silence of terror, but of stillness
unperturbed. Circlets like echoes
in a summer pond quiet circling

where a stone fell. Falling perhaps
reverberates. . . . The CN train
pushed its way through the night
snow where once a light glimmered

only in the distance quiet moments
spoken on pages often read
and only hinting as the drift of snow:
see the night lamps? as through a glass. . . .

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