# Snow storm

the sky is moving

impossible in the black, I know

but there it is

two lights upon a standard

humming softly to sleeping cars

be well, they say, be white now

I would like to count these flakes

take a census of nature

know the passionate unlikelihood

of all that passes here

soon, I know

I will have to give up

by morning, a new world

will do nothing to dispel the calm

will make graceful assumptions

there is no bounce

no rebound

no scurrying in the leaves

sounds pass us but once, sleepy, near death

footfalls without echo

I try, foolish but happy

to follow the descent of a single flake

that this is impossible

is all too human

and I am (quietly) reassured

time for bed, my love

let the world be different

we will wake to new knowledge

and have coffee