



SAINT LOUIS ABBEY



february snowfall

the last flash
of winter
dropped on us
last night
with all the delicacy
of powdered wool

it hung lightly
even on the willow branches
—those lithe tendrils
that hang in february vertically down
like Magdalen's hair
ready for wiping tears

there is a poise
a stagecraft here
a gratuitous use
of the Artist's brush
catching in the stillness
such brief and casual glory

Ralph Wright, O.S.B.