



THE SWEEP OF SNOW

The sweep of snow intoxicates in sunlight
drifted in the hollow bricks of walls
where it landed last night
hiding from the wind.
The sweep and pattern of the light and shade
glance once and then are gone.

There is a beauty in the shapes of snow
that Michelangelo
never released from stone.
But from the post-cards
sent by duty-minded friends,
the Pietà, the David or the Moses
speak with the authority of permanence
while snow is pleased to know itself
humbly brief
and glad to go.

Ralph Wright, O.S.B.