

Reading “The Snow Man” again, I make notes
for another class, new students,
the semester beginning tomorrow yet again.

The February light, longer these days,
blues the hillocks of snow
and wheels me into evening.

For a moment, I see what to do
with the poem, but it fades
when I get up to check the pot-roast in the oven.

This month, three friends are told of cancers,
their lives turned around in a flash.
My brother’s chemo saps his energy.

This morning I walked to catch the first warm sun;
I imagined an escape from winter,
spring uncurling once again beneath the leaves.

I open the poem again; this time
I hold a little longer what it means
and what I’ll do with it tomorrow.

Thanks be for sun, and snow, and spring,
thanks be for friends,
thanks be for poems, and a second chance.

Feb. 1, 2009