

Keith Tornheim

Fresh Snowfall

A fresh snowfall covers the far field,
a white expanse, featureless,
devoid of landmark.
But if you ventured in,
you could always turn around
and follow your footsteps out.

There is fresh snow on my father's mind,
obscuring the tracks of his long life.
New steps especially are quickly covered,
as though a blizzard follows him.
I see him pause in some confusion,
searching for a word, a thought,
a lost step in the snow.

Keith Tornheim is a biochemistry professor at the Boston University School of Medicine. He was a co-winner of a Great Lakes College Association poetry contest in 1967 and is now a relapsed poet, with poems appearing in *Ibbetson Street*, *Poetica*, *Muddy River Poetry Review*, *Boston Literary Magazine*, *Spare Change News* and *Lyrical Somerville*, a poetry column appearing in *The Somerville News*. His poems have been a part of High Holiday and other services of his congregation (see www.shirhadash-ma.org/poetry.html).