

## Llyn Clague

### Snow

Falling faster, wet flakes  
rake her face as she shortcuts  
across the meadow.

In the distance, the lake,  
the three hills and maples  
at the wood's edge,  
disappear.

The wind drops,  
the snow thickens,  
falling silently, closing in,  
snow so close – she was  
a child, on a sled, swooping  
down hill, nose inches  
above the snow whipping  
past, every jounce heart-stopping  
under a sky of piercing blue,  
snow on her lashes,  
flakes on her lips.

In the meadow falling snow,  
closing in, expands  
the silence, shrinking visibility,  
white everywhere, a shaft  
of piercing blue in her mind.  
Windless, immensely quiet,  
the world stands still,  
and only she is moving,  
black galoshes tramping  
across the white, slowing,  
in a blanket of falling stars  
with a thin slash of blue,  
sweat trickling down her spine.

She stops.  
A sense of peace  
comes over her, the slash of blue  
widens into a depthless sky  
as she lies on that white beach  
that slides under the sparkling Caribbean  
in the blinding sun

in his arms  
in an aftermath  
she has never quite known again,  
him almost forgotten  
but that moment long as an era  
so large, wide, round, like the endless sky  
pinned in the sunset  
by a flash of green,  
the sun's last ray  
firing through the edge of the sea  
and ebbing away like water  
sinking into sand,  
leaving on the surface no trace  
but in her heart a silver tingle  
that, she thinks, will never disappear.

**Llyn Clague** lives in Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y. His fifth book, *Glass Door Knob*, was published by Main Street Rag. For five years he was co-Managing Editor of *Inprint*. In addition to *Ibbetson Street*, his poems have been published widely, including in *Atlanta Review*, *Wisconsin Review*, *California Quarterly*, *Main Street Rag*, *New York Quarterly*, *The Iconoclast*, *Mobius*, *Pegasus*, *The Aurorean*, *Plainsongs*..