

A break in the storm

by [Christian Wiman](#) in the [April 19, 2011](#) issue

My sorrow's flower was so small a joy
It took a winter seeing to see it as such.
Numb, unsteady, stunned at all the evidence
Of winter's blind imperative to destroy,
I looked up, and saw the bare abundance
Of a tree whose every limb was lined with snow.
What I was seeing then I did not quite know
But knew that one mite more would have been too much.