

After snowfall

by [Jeanne Murray Walker](#) in the [January 11, 2011](#) issue

The moonrise on the cheek of snow.
Words that charm me while I sleep.
When I get up, what do I know?
The meaning's gone. No residue.

Instead there's traffic, shoveling, boots.
The moonrise on the cheek of snow
elopes with me. Or wants to.
At ten, I don't indulge it. No,

I shush it. And at noon there's no
dark force on earth could make me go.
The moonrise on the cheek of snow
knows what it wants: its way with me.

Finally, at dusk, I fall asleep
and what wild peace, to feel it grow,
this child, this song whose father is
The moonrise on the cheek of snow.