

## Wilderness House Literary Review 5/1

Elaine Rosenberg Miller

### Night Snow

Being five or six, sitting at an open window,  
At night,  
Wrapped in a blanket,  
The cold air bracing,  
Watching the diagonal sheets of snow, illuminated by the streetlights,  
Fall to the motionless, pristine thickening drifts.  
Soundless.  
In the day, men, women, hurrying.  
Buses, roaring to life, jostling their bobbing patrons.  
Automobiles, large rounded hoods, shining.  
Children, shouting, jumping, running.  
Here, in her room, alone,  
The others within,  
She sat in the dark, consumed by the dark, at peace.  
Motionless.  
Hoping to preserve the moment  
As if an eternal snowflake  
A creak of light, a sound, a demand.  
Her aerie flooded with light, the wrist descends,  
the casement shuddering with the flourish.  
Now, her vista obscured by fogging glass.  
The delicate filaments of snow, beyond reach  
Brushed away as if a spider's web.