

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/1

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THE SNOW

(with apologies to Edgar Allan Poe)

I

See the sledges in the snow- Packing snow!
What a world of merriment, as all the children know!
Snow is flying, flying, flying, When they have a snowball fight! Now on sleds
they're lying
On toboggans they are trying
To go racing out of sight; Sledding down, down, down, Till their injuries abound,
And their snow-soaked snowsuits slow them as they jubilantly go
In the snow, snow, snow, snow, Snow, snow, snow-
Through the spilling and the chilling of the snow.

II

See the fluffy winter snow, Christmas snow!
What a world of happiness these merry flakes bestow!
Through the chilly air of night On bare branches they alight! Frosty fingers grow
like vines,
On the glass,
With their crystalline designs
On the windowpanes that glisten, chilling signs
As we pass!
Oh, the skies are full of snow,
What a gust of flurries come when temperatures are low!
How it blows! How it grows
As it piles! How it glows
On the wind that ebbs and flows As the paling light is failing On the snow, snow,
snow,
On the snow, snow, snow, snow,
Snow, snow, snow-
On the hovering and the covering of the snow!

III

See the thick and blowing snow- Blizzard snow!
Whirling, swirling, on the winds that turbulently blow!
Cold and sharp as diamond dust, How it leaves an icy crust!
Thick and sticky, dense and wet, How much worse can it get,
Or how cold?
Though I rather would be sitting in an armchair near the fire, I am watching
snowflakes falling as I shovel till I tire, Piling higher, higher, higher,
I shall work till I expire, Even though I grieve and grovel, I must shovel, shovel,
While more snowstorms above unfold.
Oh, the snow, snow, snow! How it brings us only Woe And Despair!
How the screaming winds do roar!
With a horror they outpour
Stinging crystals in the palpitating air!
And as every ear beholds, By our wheezing,
And our sneezing,
That we all are catching colds: And our misery will grow, As our draining,
And complaining,
While the winds and noses blow,
Bring us sadness, even madness, in the harshness of the snow- Of the snow-
Of the snow, snow, snow, snow, Snow, snow, snow-
In the whiteness and the brightness of the snow!

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IV

See the falling of the snow- Endless snow!
What a world of shoveling we still must undergo!
On the driveway, what a sight,
It's been piling through the night,
Now all we can do is shovel and complain!
For every flake that floats Onto caps and gloves and coats, Is a pain.
Still the snow just keeps on coming, And snowblowers that are humming, Hum
in vain.
And the plowing, plowing, plowing, Up and down the avenue,
Is still barely just allowing
Cars to safely travel through- Onto websites folks are hopping
To do all their Christmas shopping
As they browse.
And our next-door neighbor vows; As he plows, plows, plows, Plows
His vengeance on the snow! And his feelings overflow With his hatred of the
snow! As it covers all below;
And it falls, falls, falls,
Where the darkened storm cloud stalls, Bringing flurries of the snow-
All the snow:
Falling white, white, white, Through the black and endless night, All the whirling
of the snow-
Of the snow, snow, snow-
And the swirling of the snow; Falling down, down, down, As it blows, blows,
blows,
Through the icy streets of town, See the crumbling of the snow- Of the snow,
snow, snow:
And the tumbling of the snow, Of the snow, snow, snow, snow- Snow, snow,
snow-
All the shifting and the drifting of the snow.