

Snowseen

*Lay dazing, lay eye-aching bright, lay white
On black of crooked branch, on twiggy tangles,
And on gawky stalks and spikes of weeds,
On spokes and struts and sprocket-gears of bikes in iron racks,
On peaks of roofs and insect-angles of antennas,
Gratings, gutters, grillwork, garbage cans—
These edges, elbows, jagged joints,
No longer hard or knobbed or sharp geometry
But fluffed, puffed, feathered up with snow.*

*It lay as well on things that swoop or droop or loft or leap,
Things flying, falling, lying slackly, hanging in suspense:
Smooth-bellied wires between the poles, and hemlock boughs
Now loaded groundward, as the upward other way the elms spray,
Offer up to light, their branches overlaid with light itself,
With white, but underlined with light's lack, black,
Black scaffold-bones to render forms more evident.*

*Days-dulled our lazy eyes slide over everything and rub it out of mind,
Till now brought back by bright, by white, from everyday's erasure,
Snowseen, all things blast us.*

