

# The New Criterion

## Poems

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### Snow

by [Timothy Steele](#)

The soundless character  
Of snow was like a mood.  
Out after supper, we  
Felt both thrilled and subdued:  
Our street had been transfigured  
Into a lovely waste  
But for the cones of lamplight  
Its boundaries effaced.

We'd play touch football, passes  
Wobbling from mittened hands;  
We'd skid round, lacking traction  
That stopping or cutting demands.  
We'd pause for barreling plows,  
The night's true juggernauts,  
That cast off fans of snow  
Like ocean-slicing yachts.

Disbanding, we could hear  
Long after we could see  
Each other; night resumed  
Its mute autonomy,  
Emptied of us and filling  
With the thick-slanting snows  
Through which occasional cars  
Would—their chains jingling—nose.

—*Timothy Steele*

Timothy Steele

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