

The New Criterion

Poems

January 2001

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 is **Timothy Steele's** latest book is *All the Fun's in How You Say a Thing* (Ohio University Press).

[more from this author](#)

This article originally appeared in The New Criterion, Volume 19 January 2001, on page 38

Copyright © 2012 The New Criterion | www.newcriterion.com

<http://www.newcriterion.com/articles.cfm/Snow-2272>