Poems I Found on My Way to Work: December 2–Dawn, After Six Inches of Snow

David Schelhaas
*Dordt College*

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Poems I Found on My Way to Work

David Schelhaas

November 15—First Snowfall

Since dawn the snow has fallen,
the tiny flakes nestling in the still green grass,
softening the bare branches of the ash trees,
glazing the firmament in a white haze,
making everything more beautiful and less clear.

God, that ancient rhetorician, is speaking
the soft language of snow, persuading us
into winter.

December 2—Dawn, After Six Inches of Snow

All the tall fir trees and all the dainty pines,
dressed to the nines
in white tuxedoes and white dancing gowns
after a night on the town,
have come back to the lawns
just before dawn.

There they stand, dainty and tall,
dreaming chaste dreams of the first winter ball.
Soothed by cool white woolen sheets,
slowly they nod as they drift off to sleep.