

THE SNOW PHOENIX

Allen Sutherland

On a cold, crisp night with wind as accompanist
Flurries of snow danced wildly over the town.
The people lay peaceful, asleep in their warm beds,
Unaware of change or the crystal icicles
Hanging from ermine roofs, or branches of trees
Coroneted with whiteness. Streets that once met
At angles, curved with pilings of snow, and lamps,
Glistening brilliance, created mystical halos
Down to the frozen lake. The spires of the church
Glinted luminously in silver moonlight,
Then suddenly silhouetted against the sky
As a cloud eclipsed the lunar fantasy.
There was no life except for the furtive tracks
Of a tiny groundhog abroad in the search for food;
There was no sound except an occasional shriek
Of a shivering barnyard owl aghast at a world
Whitely dead and from it a new world born.