

Snow Flurry

The howling wind, brisk, biting,
Blows with rage, dashing, hurling
Flakes of snow, whirling, swirling,
About the earth, cold, chilling.

The howling wind blows hard,
Driving, ever driving
Tiny crystal flakes of snow
Before it in its rage.

The wind lets up its mighty blow,
Then drives again,
Forming puffs of snow
With each puff of wind.
Clouds of blowing white
Swirl this way and that—
Straight, straight up,
Then all around.
Light flakes, almost dry,
Come to rest upon the ground—
Settling upon the earth
Only to be swept up again
By the brisk, biting,
Driving, ever driving wind.
The land is bare,
And then is white.
This great snow flurry
Is the wind's delight.

—Martha Wise.