

The winter night comes; a cold, wet, towel across our eyes.
The edges will be lifted in the morning; us to see—

but not so soon I fear.

Snow covers mistakes, smoothes differences,

And treats everything with disrespect.

It comes from behind to hide my small, deliberate
movements,

To erase my traveled history.

So bitter and unloving comes snow-cold!

Was this what that mob of leaves was running from,

Not so long ago, when they rushed past me?

When one stopped by me, breathless, and chattered

And screeched, though I did not understand,

Was he trying to tell me of the bones of trees

Rattling in the night and tree-claws

Scratching at snow-clouds in desperation?

The air is sterile; the light flat.

Snow has come to choke my lungs and burn my eyes.

No one sees me passing in the night.

My revenge will come at daybreak.

I'll rise early and trample the cold virginity.

Paul Baker

Chemistry Curriculum, Sr.