

Everything encased in tombs of ice

Death-shrouds and sheets of white snow

Tears of sleet mourn the death of our town

Careless plows, like scalpels of a drunken surgeon,

Try to heal the cold leprosy of storm to no avail

Telephone-wire nerves and the veins of electric blood

Collapse under the scourge of the blustery disease

Our village is dying a chill death

The last breath falls as snow

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