

Snow, At Night

Ashby Kinch

The light air sings a serenade of snow
As layered flakes in silken shapes
Make melodies on bended boughs.
The trees give back a rhythmic sway:

They feel the restless water moving still
Within the dry-note forms gently bending
Into tune. They waver with the gravity,
Accent the lush staccato of descending.

I watch her drift from window to cracked door,
As she surveys the settling; her eyes want more,
Want morning to throw light, and don't: to sleep
In snowy expectation is to reckon

Worlds of unseen snow, amassed in subtle dark,
To dream those veils of meaning are (don't hide)
The truth. She knows in night-white glow
Each layered life is laid, like art, this slow.

Ashby Kinch is an assistant professor of medieval literature at The University of Montana with research interests in late medieval poetry, translation, and macabre art. His poem, "13 Ways of Knowing, or Wallace Stevens in Southeast Asia," was published in the *Wallace Stevens Journal*.