

Fall 1978

## Drifting into Snow

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## DRIFTING INTO SNOW

1

Another day of snowing  
drifts up my porch, kicking  
at the screen like a drunk  
at the wrong house. This is

the third day without sun.  
The barn, only five steps  
from the back door, lies  
on its face and slides down  
towards the woods.

2

That same night I chip the ice  
off the door and walk outside.  
It is barely snowing. Two stars  
rise out of my breath and lose  
themselves into clouds.

The barn is gone. So is the  
chicken coop. The trees, collapsing  
with ice, fall to both sides of me  
sending up bushels of snow. I keep  
walking. In the distance, lights  
smolder over Alpena like a flock  
of white heron.

3

So this is all I am:  
two footprints carving  
the earth in half.