Drifting into Snow

David James

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation

James, David (1978) "Drifting into Snow," CutBank: Vol. 1 : Iss. 11 , Article 15.
Available at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss11/15

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.
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.