

Can you seek happiness and be full of joy when there is a war in Europe? Wes Cecil podcast.

Post by “Joshua” of May 18, 2022 at 9:07 AM

I can't believe I didn't think of this earlier.

First Snow in Alsace

by Richard Wilbur

The snow came down last night like moths

Burned on the moon; it fell till dawn,

Covered the town with simple cloths.

Absolute snow lies rumpled on

What shellbursts scattered and deranged,

Entangled railings, crevassed lawn.

As if it did not know they'd changed,

Snow smoothly clasps the roofs of homes

Fear-gutted, trustless and estranged.

The ration stacks are milky domes;

Across the ammunition pile

The snow has climbed in sparkling combs.

You think: beyond the town a mile

Or two, this snowfall fills the eyes

Of soldiers dead a little while.

Persons and persons in disguise,

Walking the new air white and fine,

Trade glances quick with shared surprise.

At children's windows, heaped, benign,
As always, winter shines the most,
And frost makes marvelous designs.
The night guard coming from his post,
Ten first-snows back in thought, walks slow
And warms him with a boyish boast:
He was the first to see the snow.