

Maureen Ellen O'Leary

Snow

Snow surrounds me, sweeping in
from north and south, from east and west.
It falls from newspapers I scan
each morning.
Seeps out of TV screens
each night.
Snow threads through telephone wires and
storms across iPads and cellphones.

A brother snowshoes in the Rockies.
Feet deep in fields of white,
he stops, dazed and dwarfed
by silvered peaks sliding into sky.
Snow blows in from Boston
where a sister captures daybreak light
in the Commons, the white blanket
all rose.
Later the soft dusting of snow
at dusk
by the banks of the icy Charles.
And a Brooklyn daughter blazes home
Through blistering winds of white.

They solace me with snow,
my siblings, my daughter.
Blanketed by its beauty, I drown
in drifts of white, snow-bound, snow-blind
in the sun-drenched California day.