Verse

My Son in Snow

I bring him back from death.
My son, a child of three,
inhabits my mind
this winter day,
caught up in snow.

He is here, playing
in the snow, giving
snow a shape he knows.
His breath blurs and blows
away in the wind.
His snowman stands
in our back yard.

Then his game changes
and he runs and,
twisting in mid-air,
he leaps and falls
out full upon his back,
winding his arms
to make an angel,
Laughing, beginning
to rise up in my mind.

Spent, he falls asleep
in the snow, his arms
still ready to rise.
And I step up to him
and bend down to lift him
from the shape he’s made,
his image frozen
in this snow, my mind.

—William Virgil Davis