

*Philip Dacey*

## The Winter Thing

We were going to  
but the storm came.  
It would have been the first time  
for either of us.  
The place and the hour were set.  
Everything was ready.  
The storm said no.

The storm poured out of us,  
white denial,  
white reticence.  
We filled the road between us  
with that whiteness.  
No cars could move,  
they wondered so  
at the elaborate system  
of beautiful roadblocks  
people are as good  
as wind at creating,  
drifts this high  
from shoulder to shoulder.

So we left our homes  
and went out into it,  
the Thing we had made  
our environment, she there,  
I here, and made  
snow-angels, touching,  
at all points,  
one on top of another,  
you couldn't tell them apart.