

Snow

JANET MCCANN

Whiteness like the birth of memory.
Now a glitter.
The trees have been painted on the blank
by a madman with one eye.
This branch a furious penstroke.

Who could be innocent enough
to breathe this air.
Mandrake the Magician's doorway.

A day and it's ordinary,
Norman Rockwell time.
Except for the snowwoman with boobs,
coals for tits.

A week gone and piled-up
lumpy banks are sprayed with dirt.
Grey rocks line the blurred road.
Trucks spread the sludge.

On the grass a few raddled shawls.