

POETRY

MEGAN KANE

After the Snowstorm

The sun stretches itself across the braille fields
Gentle bumps in the smooth snow,
Calves.
Wet balls of fur like the lint nubs
On my mother's brown sweater.

Could the calves have known how close they came
As they dropped into the snow?
Green grass tickling their bellies
Sun pushing an O
Against the grey sky.

Several days later the snow will have forgotten itself.
The calves carried into the bushes
Or hauled to the dump

And delicate patches of green grass
Wet
Still warm.