

## 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