

# After snowfall

by [Jeanne Murray Walker](#) in the [January 11, 2011](#) issue

*The moonrise on the cheek of snow.*  
Words that charm me while I sleep.  
When I get up, what do I know?  
The meaning's gone. No residue.

Instead there's traffic, shoveling, boots.  
*The moonrise on the cheek of snow*  
elopes with me. Or wants to.  
At ten, I don't indulge it. No,

I shush it. And at noon there's no  
dark force on earth could make me go.  
*The moonrise on the cheek of snow*  
knows what it wants: its way with me.

Finally, at dusk, I fall asleep  
and what wild peace, to feel it grow,  
this child, this song whose father is  
*The moonrise on the cheek of snow.*