

SNOW IN THE SUBURBS – THOMAS HARDY

Every branch big with it,
Bent every twig with it;
Every fork like a white webfoot;
Every street and pavement mute:
Some flakes have lost their way, and grope back upward,
When
Meeting those meandering down they turn and descend again.
The palings are glued together like a wall,
And there is no waft of wind with the fleecy fall.

A sparrow enters a tree,
Whereon immediately
A snow lump thrice his own slight size
Descends on him and showers his head and eyes,
And overturns him,
And near in turns him,
And lights on a nether twig, when its brush
Starts off a volley of other lodging lumps with a rush.

The steps are a blanched slope,
Up which, with feeble hope,
A black cat comes, wide-eyed and thin;
And we take him in.