

SNOW AND A PRIVATE AFFAIR

Robert Wooten

Snow takes the day the way the television
can take your books away—regrettable
how falling flakes become your fascination,
how time is lost to the forgettable

as you forget to think about yourself—
an hour looking out through someone else's windows
at felt employments, beautifying twirls—
what you know well that no one else will know.

It is the snow and a private affair
unsaid—the cost of knowing that here:

confess your pleasures are too sensual.
You look at beauty that can make you smile;
it is a part of what is purely carnal
and later you will put yourself on trial.

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