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The Snowman

To the Midwest out of Maine, the snows
of Fryeburg falling like a mist
of cool and delicate perception
that subtly changed, confused and altered
all he saw from its exuberant
significance. He married
thirty years of bitterness.

In the pond's
blue accumulated mirror
the brushwood, leaves and other drifting
fragmentary things are unified,
the sun like the eye of God
or the bright blazing orb of doubt
gazes downward cryptically,
confess there is no light so
perceptive as memory
gazing depthward from its height.

Now an old man writes his memoirs.
Here in the camp that with God's help
he and old Benjamin Tupper built,
he swings a hard hand against God's pests,
black flies, and shields his eyes,
green-visored, from the light.

—Paul B. Newman