

Wild Air

(poem by Harriet Hornblower)

Shoveling out the farmhouse door,
I breathe in the clean snowdrop
Piled high by gale force winds
During my cozy former day within.

Now the white pine forest exudes a scent
To refresh this cloistered self
Energized by the swathes of dry snow
Sheeted all round about house, barn, car.
Lawn, pasture and wild wood.

Shoveling and heaving the resplendent
Snow,
This blizzard's birth,
My spirit sings;
My lungs burst
As with Handel's Hallelujah chorus.

I switch on the car to warm the interior.
Get out to clear below the fender where
I witness
Brown exhaust rise in thick cloudy spew
Up into the cleansed air.

Clearing further down, the exhaust
Tarnishes the snow darkly
As sulfured silverware: unpolished, neglected,
No longer necessary.
The exhaust tars the snow.

My concerns turn from yesteryears
To that of today, the need for wild air.