

Waiting for Snow

by W.S.Graham

Worksheets (unpublished poems), c. 1970

Waiting for snow I look out
At a few scattered rooks blown
Against the pewter sky. Who
Is Hasse? The voice from the deep
Freeze announces a flute concerto.

Waiting for snow I look out
At a few scattered rooks blown
Against the pewter sky, Jemima,
Hold me tight, hold me tight.
Damn you, damn you Demetrius
Why have you come at this time?

Waiting for snow I look out
At a few scattered rooks blown
Against the pewter sky. Maybe
I should have asked some friends in
To wait. To wait for what?

The slow

Cold November dusk grows
Out of Trevaylor's waving woods.

