

The New York Room "In Winter"

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In winter, in winter
The poets speak of rain
But I sing of thee:
Snow, there is nothing warmer
As though the clouds were unraveling
Or the stars dropping from the sky

Snow: everywhere, carefully descending
So white, so cold, so beautiful

In winter, in winter
The snow offers his coat
Under a night of blue, purple, and black
Pearls fall on an ivory landscape
Under other skies

In winter, in winter
The snow floats in the open air
And hangs like a curtain
At night, the moon rises
And all is revealed
Bathed in a silver mist
Bathed in mystery
In winter, in winter
The poets speak of rain
But I sing of thee...
Snow, there is nothing warmer
As though the clouds were unraveling
Or the stars dropping from the sky
Snow: everywhere, carefully descending
So white, so cold, so beautiful
Snow, in winter, at night

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