Drift of snow

Hollow sound of a snow shovel — midwinter storm. Nighttime shadows cast on snow: specters barely visible. Nothing to sing of, nothing to sing of. A peace almost muffled by the snowfall... damp haze... and the City, as though buried a million years beneath hoary sky...

Impossible silence — not the silence of terror, but of stillness unperturbed. Circlets like echoes in a summer pond quiet circling where a stone fell. Falling perhaps reverberates... The CN train pushed its way through the night snow where once a light glimmered only in the distance quiet moments spoken on pages often read and only hinting as the drift of snow: see the night lamps? as through a glass...