

# TAKE HEART

## A Conversation in Poetry

*Edited & Introduced by Wesley McNair,  
Maine Poet Laureate*

The distinguished poet Lewis Turco, of Dresden Mills, has been writing poetry of great variety over many years. In today's poem he describes the onset of a snowstorm.

### The Street

*by Lewis Turco*

In the street the wind gutters, moving papers  
and leaves into heaps or sworls.  
The scraps of the year make some kind of pattern,  
some calligramme of their own,  
beyond the imprint of new snow.

Lightly, on the flourishes of silence,  
on the heaps of leaf,  
the snow touches and explores.  
Finally, in folds of stillness,  
flakes begin to form wrinkles of crystal.

By the time dusk deepens,  
the wrinkles will be pure streams  
drowning whatever is old.  
Then, in the night, in the darkest hours,  
the road will be a river of snow  
aiming toward morning, lost at either end  
in the curbs of vision.

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