

# TAKE HEART

## A Conversation in Poetry

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

Elizabeth Tibbetts, a poet from Hope, writes of this poem that when she was a nurse in a nursing home, a “lovely elderly lady with the bluest eyes, who was homesick for her island (and would never go home again), told me that snow would put things right.” And then it snowed.

### Snow

*by Elizabeth Tibbetts*

The old, blue-eyed woman in the bed  
is calling down snow. Her heart is failing,  
and her eyes are two birds in a pale sky.  
Through the window she can see a tree

twinkling with lights on the banking  
beyond the parking lot. Lawns are still green  
from unseasonable weather. Snow  
will put things right; and sure enough,

by four, darkness carries in the first flakes.  
Chatter, hall lights, and the rattle of walkers  
spill through her doorway as she lies there—  
ten miles (half a world) of ocean

between her and her home island.  
She looks out from a bed the size of a dinghy.  
Beyond the lit tree, beyond town, open water  
accepts snow silently and, farther out,

the woods behind her house receive the snow  
with a faint ticking of flakes striking needles  
and dry leaves—a sound you would not believe  
unless you’ve held your breath and heard it.

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