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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