



*(Photo: Sheep Barn, after Storm—the Alps)*

## Candlemas

Drifting, cold, deep snow everywhere,  
filling all the unseen cracks in the houses.  
The furry snow bunnies are meeting up on  
winter mountain, and the priests have run  
out of money and have all gone home.

The children light candles for each  
star in the night sky while the  
grownups drink hot coffee, sit at  
the round table, and speak in earnest  
of getting rid of all the tanks.

Heavy metal, slow metal, cold metal,  
the sound of bells, thousands  
of bells, swaying back and forth,

a wave of joyful sound,  
passing on from city to city  
to city, some say, as swiftly as  
the turning of the Earth itself.