

*"Sleet Storm on the Merritt Parkway," by Robert Bly*

I look out at the white sleet covering the still streets  
As we drive through Scarsdale --  
The sleet began falling as we left Connecticut,  
And the winter leaves swirled in the wet air after cars  
Like hands suddenly turned over in conversation.  
Now the frost has nearly buried the short grass of March.  
Seeing the sheets of sleet untouched on the wide streets,  
I think of the many comfortable homes stretching for miles,  
Two and three stories, solid, with polished floors,  
With white curtains in the upstairs bedrooms,  
And small perfume flacons of black glass on the window sills,  
And warm bathrooms with guest towels, and electric lights --  
What a magnificent place for a child to grow up!  
And yet the children end in the river of price-fixing,  
Or the snowy field of the insane asylum.  
The sleet falls -- so many cars moving toward New York --  
Last night we argued about the Marines invading Guatemala in 1947,  
The United Fruit Company had one water spigot for 200 families,  
And the ideals of America, our freedom to criticize,  
The slave systems of Rome and Greece, and no one agreed.