

Here's a poem from Billy Collins which poetry lovers (*nor not!*) might enjoy. In any event, may we all enjoy the snow and where it takes us. Annie

Shoveling Snow With Buddha

In the usual iconography of the temple
or the local Wok
you would never see him doing such a
thing,
tossing the dry snow over a mountain
of his bare, round shoulder,
his hair tied in a knot,
a model of concentration.

Sitting is more his speed, if that is the
word
for what he does, or does not do.

Even the season is wrong for him.
In all his manifestations, is it not warm or
slightly humid?
Is this not implied by his serene
expression,
that smile so wide it wraps itself around
the waist of the universe?

But here we are, working our way down

the driveway,
one shovelful at a time.
We toss the light powder into the clear
air.
We feel the cold mist on our faces.
And with every heave we disappear
and become lost to each other
in these sudden clouds of our own
making,
these fountain-bursts of snow.

This is so much better than a sermon in
church,
I say out loud, but Buddha keeps on
shoveling.
This is the true religion, the religion of
snow,
and sunlight and winter geese barking in
the sky,
I say, but he is too busy to hear me.

He has thrown himself into shoveling
snow
as if it were the purpose of existence,
as if the sign of a perfect life were a
clear driveway
you could back the car down easily

and drive off into the vanities of the
world
with a broken heater fan and a song on
the [radio](#).

All morning long we work side by side,
me with my commentary
and he inside his generous pocket of
silence,
until the hour is nearly noon
and the snow is piled high all around us
then, I hear him speak.

After this, he asks,
can we go inside and play cards?

Certainly, I reply, and I will heat some
milk
and bring cups of hot chocolate to the
table
while you shuffle the deck.
and our boots stand dripping by the
door.

Aaah, says the Buddha, lifting his eyes
and leaning for a moment on his shovel
before he drives the thin blade again

deep into the glittering white snow.

Billy Collins