

# Snowstorm

JOHN BARGOWSKI

Heavy, wet snow all morning, then by noon  
the clouds wrung dry, whipped away,

the sky so brilliant after the viewing  
and graveside service for our youngest,

the bill for it all in a folder on the counter,  
the food dropped off by friends

nearly gone, the last  
covered dish soaking in the sink,

the scraps we couldn't force down  
afloat in the soapy scum,

both of us knowing the walk  
needed to be cleared.

I forget who started it,  
who was first to find that the snow on the car

could be easily packed into a weapon  
to aim at the aching chest, the throbbing head,

nothing off limits  
as we pounded away at each other

until the car was clean of snow  
and we had little left to do but swing wildly

with our soaked fists,  
trying to push and trip, our arms wrapped

and tangled together  
as we dragged each other down.