

2022

Snow Falling

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Recommended Citation

Baker, David (2022) "Snow Falling," *Exile*: Vol. 68: No. 1, Article 13.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol68/iss1/13>

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Snow Falling

David Baker

I aimed to

work all weekend. *Her teacups tiny shoes like two thimbles*

I had not been well for so long.

By the time I'd wired the backyard, the right tools, a

book of specs

laid out, its diagrams and directions—that I could choose

among such languages—it had started.

First as mist. As cold sheath. Less as falling than floating

against the gray sub-

lime of pines *like a coat of what's-to-come*. A crackling among

high needles more static than

whisper. More shiver than chill. She wanted—who's

to say then, it's too

cold, little one, I'm not well, no, not just now—a place

to play in the yard. A slide,

a swing or two. Who can say what passes for health, when

you've been so long

fevered. I cut the A-frames to size. Measured. Marked off

spots to drill for the standing platform.

I sawed in a whiteout of sound but for talking to myself.

There were lilacs
willing to open their black buds, all along the slippery walk,
but no; black water in the creek
crusted at the banks. It was like singing, the days, I tell you,

but no, whatever song
there was was frost breaking over the grass. Wind leaning
against dark limbs. I worked the weekend
through. I raised the beams, and screwed them tight, and fixed

a slide so she could

play *a swing set* *a cradle of snow.*

A thing I made for her. And now,
it seems, for you, amid the world's broken and shining things.