



The Snow Man

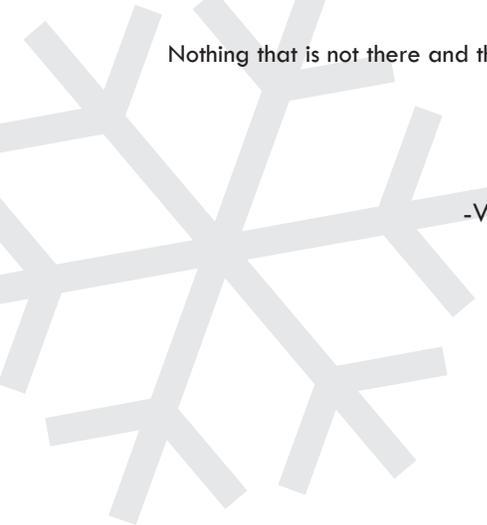


One must have a mind of winter
To regard the frost and the boughs
Of the pine-trees crusted with snow;

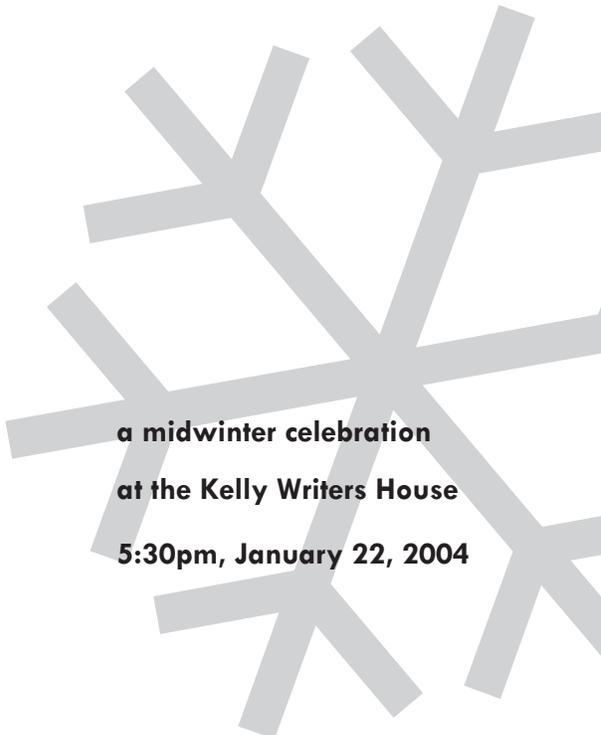
And have been cold a long time
To behold the junipers shagged with ice,
The spruces rough in the distant glitter
Of the January sun; and not to think
Of any misery in the sound of the wind,
In the sound of a few leaves,

Which is the sound of the land
Full of the same wind
That is blowing in the same bare place
For the listener, who listens in the snow,
And, nothing himself, beholds
Nothing that is not there and the nothing that is.

-Wallace Stevens



The Mind of Winter



**a midwinter celebration
at the Kelly Writers House
5:30pm, January 22, 2004**



a gathering of
the Writers House Planning Committee
for readings around the fireplace,
and hot food,
to ward off and to celebrate
our wintriness,
in the fire-lit Arts Cafe of
the Kelly Writers House

Readers

Al Filreis Wallace Stevens,
"The Snow Man"

Erin Sweeney "Forecast"

Andrew Zitcer "Zero Tolerance for
Gurgling" and two short
poems by George Her-
bert and
Ibn Gabirol

Greg Djanikian "After the First Snow"

Phil Sandick from Wordsworth's
The Prelude

Aaron Levy from Emma Kay's
Worldview