

JOHN TUSTIN

SNOWBOUND

I hope that death, when it comes,
Feels like waking up in the morning
To find yourself snowbound
And lying languidly in the breadth and depth of your bed
Knowing that it's fine
Because there is nowhere you need to go.

If you were able to get up and go to the window
You would see the wind swirling, the snow piling up
Up against the front door,
All the birds and the dogs silenced.
But you can't get up and go to the window
So you just feel these things are true
As you lie with your head on two soft pillows,

Your feet a little chilly
And the wind sneaking into the room a bit
As you lie and sigh under a sheet
And a blanket that is
Just warm enough
While the earth turns without you now.