

Eric Weiskott

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## A TAG TUCKED INTO A FOLD

"I hate the snow," say the drivers,  
the thirdbasemen, the swimmers,  
the hunters of white things.

But it is not romantic  
it is not impractical  
to love the snow. Ask the grooves  
in your wheels, ask beeches  
and the pale babies  
of whitebreasted seamstresses.