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## The Snow of Things

I don’t know if Jesus ever walked  
in snow, through a storm of snow  
blowing icy pieces stinging against  
his face, in his eyes, snow melting  
and freezing again in his hair until  
it hung in stiff cords on his shoulders,  
against his forehead. I’ve never seen  
him pictured that way.

I don’t know if he ever witnessed snow,  
Jesus, wrapped in robes that couldn’t  
keep out a winter wind of the mildest kind.  
He would have had to swaddle his feet  
in layers of cloth and around his sandals  
to walk through the snow of a mountain  
pass, using his staff along the narrows

Once in a May storm, I saw a hummingbird  
hovering momentarily outside the window,  
caught in a late spring freeze and snow-filled  
fog. He was tiny iridescent feathers of green  
and rose. He was a flittering bead of living color  
taking off against the grey monument of winter.

I wonder if people would have followed  
Jesus, climbing a mountain through the snow,  
gathering around him there to listen, the wind  
screaming its own beatitudes, whipping up  
sudden gusts and shifts of snow descending  
again over them like night. Hooded,  
crouched down close together and sleeted  
with snow, they might have resembled  
a flock of sheep huddled on the hillside.

Once I saw a work of art lying abandoned  
in the hoarfrost and snow of a forest clearing,  
Van Gogh's *Starry Night* lying frayed among  
the stiff and rattling grasses, that deep swirling  
blue sky of bursting suns and splitting stars slowly  
being buried by pearl on icy pearl of drift.

He could have told them the parable  
of the blindness of snow-filled fogs  
and white-outs, or the parable of the linking  
prisms and pattern of any single flake,  
or the parable of the transfiguration  
by snow of needles, thorns, and jagged  
stones. The breath of his words might  
have been seen as a holy ghost of warmth  
in the paralysis of that killing cold.

I don't know if Jesus ever witnessed snow,  
It may never have snowed in Galilee,  
although it is written that he rose  
to heaven in "raiments white as snow."

-Pattiann Rogers