**When All the World is Full of Snow  
by N.M. Bodecker**

**I never know  
just where to go,  
when all the world  
is full of snow.**

**I do not want  
to make a track,  
not even  
to the shed and back.**

**I only want  
to watch and wait,  
while snow moths settle  
on the gate,**

**and swarming frost flakes  
fill the trees  
with billions  
of albino bees.**

**I only want  
myself to be  
as silent as  
a winter tree,**

**to hear the swirling  
stillness grow,  
when all the world  
is full of snow.**