**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.**