

Notice the interesting format of this poem about a snowstorm. Read the poem and answer the questions that follow.

blizzard

the snow
has forgotten
how to stop
it falls
5 stuttering
at the glass
a silk windsock
of snow
blowing
10 under the porch light
tangling trees
which bend
like old women
snarled
15 in their own
knitting
snow drifts
up to the step
over the doorsill
20 a pointillist's* blur
the wedding
of form and motion
shaping itself
to the wish of
25 any object it touches

chairs become
laps of snow
the moon could be
breaking apart
30 and falling
over the eaves
over the roof
a white bear
shaking its paw
35 at the window
splitting the hive
of winter
snow stinging
the air
40 I pull a comforter
of snow
up to my chin
and tumble
to sleep
45 as the whole
alphabet
of silence
falls out of the
sky

—Linda Pastan

* *pointillist* — an artist who applies paint in small dots that appear to blend together when seen from a distance