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First Snow, Denver

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First Snow, Denver

by Robert Cooperman

For days, the TV weather people
talked of nothing but the storm
bearing down on us like the Youngers:
wild for bank robbery and mayhem.

So we panic shopped, stocked up
on everything, this storm allegedly
howling longer than the Ice Age,
to leave Denver a frozen wasteland.

We laid in rock salt, candles,
flashlights big as billy clubs;
we stacked blankets and comforters,
the temperature expected to plummet
like a gut-shot duck.

Then we waited and waited:
maybe a slick on the ground,
a few inches on our car,
so we kept our dental appointments,
a far more treacherous visit than the snow
that failed to send Denver hurtling back
into a Breughel winterscape.

But the TV weather guy is warning
of another one: a blizzard this time,
he assures us: twelve inches, blowing
more dangerously than stampeding bison,
as if we're huddled in a wind-leaking
sod hut on the prairie in the 19th century,
wolves howling in the dreadful, empty dark.