

# The Snow Is Deep on the Ground

By Kenneth Patchen

The snow is deep on the ground.  
Always the light falls  
Softly down on the hair of my beloved.

This is a good world.  
The war has failed.  
God shall not forget us.  
Who made the snow waits where love is.

Only a few go mad.  
The sky moves in its whiteness  
Like the withered hand of an old king.  
God shall not forget us.  
Who made the sky knows of our love.

The snow is beautiful on the ground.  
And always the lights of heaven glow  
Softly down on the hair of my beloved.

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