

# Snow

*by Louis MacNeice*

The room was suddenly rich and the great bay-window was  
Spawning snow and pink roses against it  
Soundlessly collateral and incompatible:  
World is suddener than we fancy it.

World is crazier and more of it than we think,  
Incorrigibly plural. I peel and portion  
A tangerine and spit the pips and feel  
The drunkenness of things being various.

And the fire flames with a bubbling sound for world  
Is more spiteful and gay than one supposes -  
On the tongue on the eyes on the ears in the palms of one's  
hands -  
There is more than glass between the snow and the huge  
roses.

