

Snowflakes

When I saw them falling
I remembered
In my sixth and thirty-sixth years
When it was cold, how they came down to
visit. They laid out clean sheets of white
And invited us to make angels,
One from me, one from you.
They covered everything in quiet.
The whole world stopped to listen.
They told a story of how it was, and how it
will be.

Simple joy is the sweetest.

Now, in my ninth and fiftieth year
It seems too hot for angels.
I will water the garden, and pray
They will not fall, but stay
Frozen in their full potential
Until it's their time again.