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I Think There is Nothing Better than Snow on a Cold Day

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Jeane Walls

"I Think There is Nothing Better than Snow on a Cold Day"

I think there is nothing better than snow

on a cold day

Starkly wrapped in a security blanket

isolated from the chill, I sit.

The holy crystals fall silently.

Stand shivering, shaking

Alone, desolate.

Twisting in harmony

With winter's cold currents

Crossing and rubbing

In cacophony hushed.

Limbs scrape and hum,

Creaking and groaning

Against withered echo

Of parched, wrinkled remnants

Of leaves once green

Now clinging to notes,

Sad dirge hushed and whispered,

Shadows of symphony, shadows of life.