

Morning Snowfall
January 1, 2022

Morning snowfall, pristine and beautiful,
no footprints, no marks or mars,
just marshmallow piles,
clean, fresh, delicate,
at least, for just a little while;

for then come the smiles on children
and on snowmen,
and sleds
and laughter that had been inside;
inside, cooped up and bottled up,
ready to explode.

Thousands of unique flakes have fallen
to create this scene,
a scene between nature and man.
Explain to me, if you can,
why we can not cling together,
like snow,
and hold on to one another?

Icy cold
seems as far as we can go,
yet we are bonded to each other.
Hope falls like snow.