Ode to Snow

Thou art the silent messengers of Winter
The doorway to wonder which I enter
Signaling that Autumn's gone
So with the colors of dusk and dawn
Thou shroud the withered realm
Blanketing the leaves on the elm
With thy blessings to arrive
The wilting, dull world comes alive

Thou art the fallen angels of heaven
Crying out thy humble confession
Though thy mouth cannot speak
The sound of wind chimes I seek
The slightest bit of touch from thy fingers
A cold, prickly sensation triggered
Thy crystal hair, translucent skin
Incomparable to thy soul within
Thou art the sorry tears shed from the sky

Bidding the winds and clouds thy goodbye

Like a meteor, thou fall

The vast sky echoing thy call

A glimpse of beauty and splendor

The dream of Winter lingers

Thou shatter against the ground

Like the feathers of a snow-white swan.