

## Snowfall

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Today, all it snows  
are morsels: tiny,  
abstract,  
a restrained cover.

But last evening it  
really snowed. Snow in an empty-handed  
applause, a mad schizophrenic camouflage  
of endearments: cold kisses and a subtle  
dusting of affection, thick falling  
loving father seeds that whip and pummeled  
like songs. Life awakened, flakes in emphasis  
rise to a crescendo of affirmation and  
coldness, inside their souls.

The morning snow from a lazy sky  
artificial stand-ins,  
falling slowly,  
into the fortitude of loss.