

Snow Lessons

Written by Marilyn Zelke Windau

In silence, in the dark,
snow is falling to the earth.
In my state of Wisconsin, it will be
four inches of white tonight,
crystalline soft fluff.

The anticipation of flake's touch on tongues
will call early to expressive machines,
loud in their rasping of cement.

Inside, paper is waiting.
Scissors are silent,
anticipating small hands.

Children cut out individuals.
They know no two are alike.
Windows will soon be adorned
in beauty and pride.

Classes in Snow Rolling 101
utilize mittened hands to create heads and bodies,
balled weapons against siblings,
structural strength of forts to be lessons in play.

In Sheboygan, at Lake Michigan's shore,
water warmer than air accepts these gifts.
Melting like white chocolate,
snow frostings dissolve,
await humans who dip annually,
plunge joyfully to greet a new year.