On Snow Time

December 2022, 22 Years Old

Snowfall turns me so small, always has.
I am miniaturized by its heavenly self.
Convinced that swirling flakes are all that’s good.
These angels floating, like kisses dancing, are little mercies just for me. I hesitate to impose myself upon this sacred new land, but relish the cold rubbing against my cheeks like a sweet trauma.
I stand by the door for hours aching at the beauty

Inside, the pansy coffee pot presides, mountainous and matronly on the black-coil stove.
My heart sighs under thick quilts.
The kitty cat sits in the windowsill to catch the winter sun like a prism. She’s swishing her tail back and forth—a slow clock.
Time doesn’t attack so fiercely in the snow