

# On Snow Time

Poetry — Laura Dame

*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