One Flake Snowfall

if i was a real poet

and not a carpenter of words

i would tell you

of the slow twisting dance

that marks like a freezing brand

the passage of a single flake

carven in the unbidden uniqueness

of the utterly alone

desperately hoping to find that

wisp of thermal, warm

enough to ride, cool

enough not to kill

for there, below

is

oblivion

inevitable and fast

and not even a memory

to mark the passing

but i am not a real poet

so i will only tell you that

it passed through mind and space

to land on my hand

and this page