Snowfall:

The softened sound of silence

Falls fluttering to me,

A lovely winter guidance

Of dust from every tree.

Covered by the sable night

Betwixt each stagnant shadow,

It brings forth a light

And sets the night aglow.

Whitened winter glitter

Covers Nature’s errors,

Blustery and bitter,

And smoothes away its terrors.

Snowfall sugar sweet

Is the flavor of the day,

And all the worries never beat

Are frozen far away.

Then the morning comes.

The sun melts harmony to slush,

What was white takes to gray,

Nature’s painter drops his brush,

And lets the balance go astray.

Plows scoop up roadside trash,

Tires grind the road back in,

Shovels and steps imprint their hash,

To bring back the world they kept within.

What was your joy now makes you slip,

Your puffy white is sleekened ice,

The moon’s wonder lost to drip,

Light’s decay not half as nice.