F. J. Bergmann - Snowfall

By the time I come back from the rest room, it has begun to snow, lightly. Small flakes descend out of a black sky, lit by an unseen moon or the fluorescent tubes behind me. All I can see is night and snow. I must be lying on my back because the snowflakes are falling directly into my field of vision, straight down all around me, not a breath of wind. I can't quite catch them on my tongue. It has been snowing for a while now and there should be quite an accumulation. I start to make an angel in the drifts beneath the monitor.

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