

First Snow

The snow began to fall.
I was there.
Different than being inside,
seeing it begin there
or not seeing it begin
but looking out
and seeing that it's snowing.
Something beautiful
beginning, incongruous
beauty from the cold.
The beginning of a change
over the landscape.
The white of a wedding gown
beginning over the earth.
Not yet fallen,
not yet done,
incredible beginning
from the sky.
Everybody stops what they're doing
to gaze into the sky
and watch the silent, feathery descent.
I shivered with the cold
that day at the end of the fall.
It ran up my back
and into my shoulders
looking up into the sky
for what is and will be.

