Snowfall

Today, all it snows are morsels: tiny, abstract, a restrained cover.

But last evening it really snowed. Snow in an empty-handed applause, a mad schizophrenic camouflage of endearments: cold kisses and a subtle dusting of affection, thick falling loving father seeds that whip and pummeled like songs. Life awakened, flakes in emphasis rise to a crescendo of affirmation and coldness, inside their souls.

The morning snow from a lazy sky artificial stand-ins, falling slowly, into the fortitude of loss.