

April Snow

I watch as the flakes come to rest upon the yellow
of a forsythia, blossoms offering us
the promise of Springtime still visible
 (though only just)
through the white veil of an April squall.

And I think back to the first of their
November brethren who came to rest so heavily
on what remained of Autumn's not-yet-fallen.

Even a single flake can bring this sense
of contentment to all who have never
outgrown our love for the snow,
 and so

I find myself dwelling today in loving memory
of winter's contentment just as November
provided comfort in the soft anticipation
 of blizzards to come,

ready as I may also be
 nonetheless
for the promise made to us
 by the forsythia.

Steve Bloom
April 2016, April 2024