

At the Window

1.

I am seven years old.
Standing at the window
I watch the snow falling outside.
The ground, the cars, the streets
and sidewalks blend together,
sharp edges softened, contrasting
 colors disappearing
under a blanket of white
that gets just a little deeper
with each flake that completes
its own unique dance
from a blizzarding sky.

Inside I find a sense of peace
and fulfillment, a warmth
I do not experience
in any other way or
 at any other time.

It has not yet occurred to me
 to wonder why.

2.

I am seventy-seven years old.
I stand at the window
watch the snow falling outside.
The ground, the cars, the streets
and sidewalks are accented
with a thin covering of white
 on the colder surfaces.
I know the flakes will soon
stop dancing from the sky.
Rain is destined to wash away
those few that might remain,
for there will be
 no blizzard today.

Inside, however, I am still able
to conjure up the sense
of peace and fulfillment, allow
even this tiny hint of winter
to bring back the warmth.
I never experience
in any other way or
 at any other time.

Wise enough by now
 to not ask why.

Steve Bloom
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