

Message

"More snow in Brooklyn
this evening," your email says.
I imagine Prospect Park
dressed up once again
for the occasion.

Two days later the same
storm (I allow myself
to believe) shares itself
with me in Amsterdam. I
walk through Vondelpark
dressed as I have never
seen her before.

Snow men and women
sprout by the side of
the walkways. Parents pull
their offspring on sleds.

In every country, it seems,
children speak the same
language when snow falls.

Steve Bloom
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