

Snow Symphony

The cloud puffed out like a conductor's chest
His chunky white tendrils forming a baton
And one, two, three- the flurry began

All at once the flecks beat out their rhythms
Some short sharp staccato, others lengthy legato-
The notes pelted my window in taps,
A crescendo of snow to the waves of his hands
THUD THUD THUD concluded the forte
as it crept back down to its original piano

I awoke the next day, my symphony slid down the glass
It had trickled and wiggled down to the ground-
It dripped, plopped, then made no further sound

Hannah Glenton