

The Passing Storm

By Marilyn Reeves

A pale yellow moon rides high
In a lavender sky,
Casting rings of gold
On dark purple clouds
As they pass by.

Fat white flakes of gossamer lace
Begin drifting down,
Lazily swirling round and round
As they dance and circle
Their way to the ground.

But the snow soon intensifies,
Coating all that lies
Beneath the dark, leaden skies
In a soft, thick blanket of white.

I awaken to the susurrations
Of the wind-driven snow,
Tap, tap, tapping
On my window pane,
Like icy fingers rapping,
Trying to find a way to get in.

Then I drift back to sleep,
Wrapped in the warmth
Of my grandmother's quilt,
Painstakingly made
When her hands were young,
With five-pointed stars
On a field of white,
In shades of red and green, purple and blue,
Orange and yellow and plumb.

I awaken again to a world turned pink
As the rising sun greets the early morn
After his long winter night's sleep,
Tucked safely away from the storm.

The storm has moved on

To a place far away.
And the pink clouds give way
To a bright blue day.

And then I see to my delight
That Jack Frost paid a visit during the night.
Inscribing his name in swirls of graffiti
On my gray windowpane,
In whimsical patterns of white.
And this lovely picture has been overhung
By stalactites of silver hanging down.

As the sun rises higher
And the day grows warmer,
The icicles beat a steady refrain,
Drip, drip, dripping
Onto the bright, white,
Snow-laden ground.