

Snowflakes at Night
by Nancy Martz December 19, 2011

Through the night,
Quietly white
And silvery soft in the wakeful moonlight,
They come.
Looking unequalled in whimsical lace,
High born and vernal,
With delicate grace,
Gossamer gowns luminescent in space,
They dance.
Catching the moonlight through Boreal air,
Reflecting like diamonds aloft in their hair,
Daring to touch with ethereal care,
They kiss.
Drifting together in crystal embrace,
Suddenly swept at tempestuous pace
In a wintery flurry,
They wed.

But then, they fall.
As day breaks they lie in state.
Atop the frozen ground
They wait
Till footsteps come and crush them down,
Stripping away the gossamer gown.
Small hands press them into a ball.
Thrown for fun,
Once more they fall
And melt in the sun.
Then silently slip away in mist,
As Helios dissolves their tryst.

Now cooling darkness comes once more.
The moonlight wakes
As vernal flakes
Find others to adore.

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