

Snow Poem

Brandon Evans

It is weird how different two days can be. I walked outside yesterday to a heavy snowfall. It hid the sun behind a quiet, gray blanket. Big, cotton candy flakes hit the ground in muted puffs. It was nice, and it was peaceful. Even in the city. For a little while, the snow covered up all the nastiness that filled the streets, and everything was pure again. White, clean powder radiated a soothing stillness in the otherwise busy minds of the city folk. It seemed like it was Mother Nature's hint at us to slow down, so we did.

Each one going home to whomever they had. Sharing hugs and kisses under blanket forts as we lined up a movie to watch or show to binge. Just like that, we had stopped the hustle and bustle. We were quiet and content just like the icy smoothness of the fresh snow, and just happy to be still. Happy to be innocent.

Then, the morning came. Jobs demanded attendance, and rush hour roared to life. Now, the snow, no longer a bringer of peace, is a burden and annoyance to our busy lives. We pushed our ways out into it. Clumping the powder into heaps, big trucks cleared a messy path in the once calm roads. We left those we sought comfort with. Leaving them like the dirtied snow that lined the streets. Once white and pure, but now gray and thought of as gross. We left our snow fort comrades as we necessarily sought more green.

Today is sunny and warmer than yesterday. The snow is melting, and I am out alone in this world. It isn't quiet out here, nor is it peaceful. No, all that has been replaced by us and our noisy business. I find it odd, though, that today is nearly twenty degrees warmer, yet it feels much colder than yesterday.

