

November 17, Salt Lake City, Utah

There is something strange about this year's snow.
It isn't just that it arrived late,
though this mid-November's waiting has my fingers trembling for cold.

No — it's something different,
something my impatient fingertips can't even think to reach.

This is not another starving winter.

Last night, I watched out my bedroom window
as flickering street-lamps transformed the falling snow
into one thousand shooting stars.

Last winter,
I wished only for this moment.

Here, in this moment, I am shivering — and smiling
oh! so widely
that my startled breath comes out as laughter
in the crystal air.

Today, the skies are blue. In the grateful sun,
the world glistens: brand-new. As it freezes,
life does not hide beneath the snow, like a prisoner.
Quiescence is no bomb shelter.

This is not a starving winter,
and life knows its tranquil place.
A blank canvas aches for this, and so we come running,
tripping over our clumsy feet
through the awakening snow.

Now we are laughing (oh!
so loudly)
in a world frosted with one million stars.

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