

# First Snow

The snow began to fall.  
I was there.  
Different than being inside,  
seeing it begin there  
or not seeing it begin  
but looking out  
and seeing that it's snowing.  
Something beautiful  
beginning, incongruous  
beauty from the cold.  
The beginning of a change  
over the landscape.  
The white of a wedding gown  
beginning over the earth.  
Not yet fallen,  
not yet done,  
incredible beginning  
from the sky.  
Everybody stops what they're doing  
to gaze into the sky  
and watch the silent, feathery descent.  
I shivered with the cold  
that day at the end of the fall.  
It ran up my back  
and into my shoulders  
looking up into the sky  
for what is and will be.

