

# Snowflake 632565000012

*by* Carl Santoro

My shovel plowed the thin crusty ice  
topped with sleeping snow, snickering.

The northeast sun commanding both  
to acquiesce, transform to liquid.

I wondered, could this stuff have  
travelled from the skies over Fiji, waiting?

Sweating. Okay, that's it. Giving it my last plow.  
A beam of ice light brings my attention to my feet.

Melting before me is a snowflake  
like I've never seen before.

It had a barcode. I had a barcode reader app.  
Leaning over, I aimed. "Low Battery"... "Dismiss"

YES, YES, Dismiss.  
But now, the flake from somewhere

keeps its origins unknown in  
a sky blue puddle. Snickering.

