

Suburban Snomance

by Carl Santoro

From my large kitchen window, as I slowly raised the blinds, I watched as at the foot of my driveway, somewhere behind the high snowy mounds, the pink dusk sky suddenly became filled with an arched fountain of snow-sprays - shooting out from behind, high above and suddenly combining - twirling, mixing, forming new colorful crystalline bonds. Merging to the thunderous sounds of engines, rump-a-rump, bat-a-tat, barumpabumbum, smashing, a crystal chandelier-like shattering, sprinkles of diamonds, sparkling, spitting, stretching, spinning, rolling, enlarging, reducing, spraying, glistening, dissipating, liquifying, glowing, drenched with the blue of moon beams and the deepening red of the sleepy lingering sun. Having a glorious riot of play.

And then as readily as they had merged, this spontaneous fountain descended to the earth below. Gone forever.

Then I could hear the creators of this dusk-lit shower, two snow-blowers, laugh as they finished crossing by each other. I watched for more. The engines roar became faint. The night was quiet. Nothing left to see, I slowly lowered the blinds and could feel the wide smile on my face refuse to lower with them.

