

Paws in Snow

by Erika Byrne-Ludwig

I suppose I'm getting nostalgic. The white landscape is suddenly interlacing with my reverie. I must return just for the memory of Blizzie.

Faint paw prints in the snow-covered trail.

It was walking along a lake, at the foot of a mountain. A harrowing meow in the blizzard. A brindle kitten.

Providence. I slipped her under my coat, took her home, lit the fire, watched her swell with warmth and purrs.

Some might add: "And you lived happily ever after" to complete the tale.

"Ever after ... strange words ..." I whisper wistfully, looking at the small cross under the elm tree.

