

Flurry

by Gary Hardaway

I am amazed to be amazed again
by falling snow. I thought that I had lost
the cleansing power of delight. But here
it is- exhilarating joy that falls
across me as I watch the snowflakes fall.

If I had slept a little longer, I
would not have seen this rarity at all.
The glaze on windshields, paving, and the trees
would be but rain or drizzle in my mind
and not the white phenomenon I watch.

