

Snow Angels (after Sandy Hook)

by Sarah McKinstry-Brown

The weatherman can't predict
accumulation. He can only tell you
it will be cold. Expect ice, wind, snow, expect

delays. Your daughters play outside,
dancing around the Evergreen, its branches
bearing the weight of snow, its branches

mirroring your shoulders as you try to move through the day's
news.

Between bursts of laughter, the girls spread their arms
and free-fall backwards, flapping their limbs.
They stand up and take a quick look back at what they've made

before running toward the hill. They don't know
how the world has emptied; they don't know

how the echo of their small bodies breaks you.

