

Snowfall

Listen carefully.
It is so quiet,
You can hear the silence.

The snow fills the tracks I just made,
Not one minute ago.

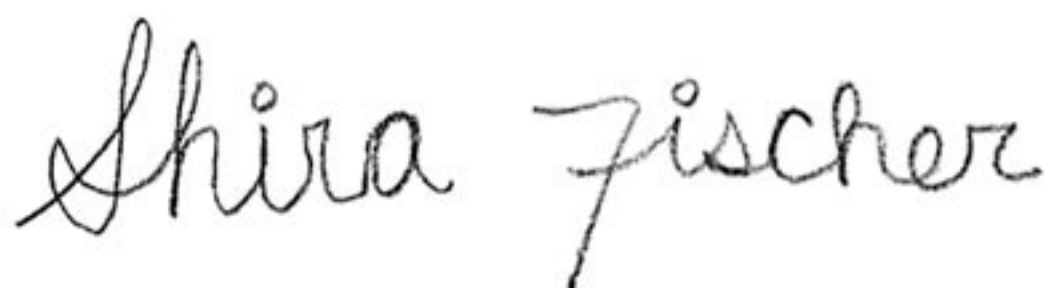
You can't tell where I have been,
Nor where I am headed.
All is white.

I feel a tingle of cold
Down my spine.

The snow makes walls around my feet,
Making it hard to move quickly,
If I were in a hurry.
But I'm not.

As I trudge along,
I feel heavier,
For snow is building a mountain,
On my head.

The flakes look confused,
As they dance through the
Chilled,
December air.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Shira Fischer".

Shira Fischer