

## SNOW ANGELS

Snow, so white and pure  
As if washed by angels.  
Covering earth like a blanket  
Like ivory dust from the sky.

As if washed by angels,  
We use bare hands to fashion snowballs,  
Like ivory dust falling from sky,  
We stick out our tongues to taste.

We use bare hands to fashion snowballs  
And build people with coal and buttons.  
Smiles light up their white faces.  
We give them our hats and scarves.  
Seems silly, we don't want them to be warm.

Smiles light up their white faces.  
Their stick arms like wiry hangers.  
Seems silly we don't want them to be warm.  
We want them to come to life.

Smiles light up their white faces.  
Their stick arms like wiry hangers.  
Seems silly we don't want them to be warm.  
We want them to come to life.

Their arms wiry as metal hangers.  
We like to name them for fun.  
We want them to come to life.  
We hope to dance and laugh and play.

We like to name them for fun,  
Frosty, Crystal, Fluffy, or Bob.  
We hope to dance, and laugh, and play.  
We elaborate about our day with them.

Frosty, Crystal, Fluffy, or Bob  
It's sad that you have to go,  
We'll elaborate about our time with you.  
We'll miss you until the next snow.

—Tammy J. Blair