

Snow: Reminiscing of Ivory Heaven

Never knew how much
I missed the
frozen wetness, the
frozen whiteness.
Catch it on your
tongue of flashbacks.

Remember the days of
boyhood rapture, the
Greene girl, the
angelic ground impressions, and the
snowball rumbles on
schoolyard turfs.

Old Man Winter has
blessed me with
this chance to
clear my head on
this Chicago visitation,
the place my heart truly belongs.

Looking at an unclear sky,
grey, but tranquil.
The flakes,
the flakes,
the flakes,
oh, the flakes!

How they dance downward!
Leftover Olympus cloud remnants!
How they happily pile
on top of each other.

Like a flustered cluster of
raked autumn leaves,
Too long have I been
deprived of the most romantic season!

Howling wind,
sledding adrenaline,
icicle knives,
chilled goodness,
making love with
combined body heat near the
crackling fireplace.

Gilmour would like to
be here if he could.
Yea, beloved ice storm,
Daddy is home again!

Snowfall, kiss me with your
ice queen lips, your spine-chilling caress.

You were there the
Day the Music Died.
You are the thinking cap at the
peak of mountains that
dwarf any allusions to
higher modes of thinking.

I care not about
numb fingers, for I
could delve deep into
wizardry in winter.

Stay, the wonderland.
Calm is the eight below temperature.
I am one with the
Cold Hand of Snow!

January 30, 2013