



FIRST SNOWFALL

BY HEATHER ANDERSON

The snow fell, at first,
gray and wet,
thick and heavy,
almost like rain pouring
down the doubts of a long winter,
soaking into the parched,
water-thirsty ground.
I threw my head back,
opened my mouth
to catch the snowflakes,
and the sky was dizzy—
I was dizzy—
the kind of dizzy
when you realize
that you aren't afraid of falling,
when you know you have found
something that you had lost.