



Snowfall

By Rachel Jones Snider

Soft and watery she glides
cob-webbing my hair
and how did I live
devoid of her whiteness
eclipsing the joy I once could see
in crackling browns
and sopping greens
she ghosts the mountains
clothes leafed tangles
in purity
and mounds upon
each antlered tree
cloaking earth's rough beauty
in sanctity.