



First Snow

Cherry Carl, 1996

The night is dark, clouds fill the sky.
We listen to the wind with its wail and its cry
as the raging storm of rain and sleet
pounds on the roof with its giant feet.
As we watch from the window, the sleet turns to slush.
The wailing winds have been told to hush.
We watch as a change comes over the sky,
Listen to the wind, now a whispery sigh,
as the silent storm, with its flakes of snow,
walks on the roof with an angel's toe.