Tricked Into Watching a Beautiful Snow Fall

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It was that very thick fat and fluffy kind
reason told me that the sky must be there
but it remained hidden behind the gray/white blanket of snow
It fell with a passion uncommon in such mild winter storms
If one’s field of vision were just right
my reflection in the glass would dance with the flakes
and pressed as I was for just a brief moment the snow and I married

A sadness slaughtered that ceremony
I could not help staring at the old man
he was dressed the same as me and his room was next to mine
he however was screaming at the nurse
while my voice gave out the night before
He complained of his mind’s mad musings
his memories had taken wicked shapes and he began to cry
he said he didn’t know what he would do if the faces only he could see didn’t go away

I could not help wondering if I was looking at myself
perhaps he was a reflection in a window glass many years away
I didn’t cry for him, though, I cried for me
I cried for the most beautiful snow I had ever seen
I cried for being tricked by last night’s officer
who had promised it would only take an hour

it was just because they only served decaf
and it was just because card-games can only hold my attention for so long
that I was watching through this thick glass cage
the most beautiful snow
falling in loose, irregular clumps
gathering on the ground
in smooth, white, tiny mountains

“Happy New Year,” I whispered to keep the old man from hearing.