And to Snow He Shall Return

Rachel Reyes∗
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By: Rachel Reyes

A single flake first flutters to the barren floor,
    Gracing the shivering grass with a gentle whisper,
    Followed by a fleet that soon blankets the earth
    In a cold, hushed, sighing embrace.
Morning: sunlight pours over the snowscape like melted butter.
Size-four bootprints crisscross the yard
    And clumsy mittened fingers
    Scoop, roll, pack, smooth, stack, shape
    This frozen clay of winter,
    Wedging pebbles into the tip-top sphere
    And stepping back:
A stony gaze, a jagged grin, a frozen face,
    Yet warm, cheerful, and beaming,
    Created in the image of his maker.
    Two crooked branches are mounted,
    One on each side,
    Then short arms strain
    To crown the masterpiece with a red woolen cap
    And wind a checkered scarf round his neck
    As if, perhaps, to keep the snowman warm.
Far above, swollen clouds
    Shake more feathery snowdust upon the Earth.
    Mother Nature sifting flour.
The months shuffle by; time strolls along,
  Whistling a slow, melancholy tune,
    In no hurry at all.
  But Spring, brash and bright,
    Paints over the gray skies,
    Tames howling gales into delicate breezes,
    And coaxes timid roots
    Out of the stagnant soil.
Sleeves roll up. A diamond kite stretches skyward
  To grab the sun, intertwining with rising laughter
    And the pattering of sneakers on asphalt.

Meanwhile, quiet in the background,
  The snowman sweats droplets;
    His pebbled face crumbles and sags
    As he puddles to the Earth,
        Melting, disappearing, and ceasing to exist
    In the season of new life.

Rachel Reyes is a sophomore majoring in mathematics and English. She enjoys reading novels, baking cookies, performing stand-up comedy, and spending time with her cat.