

Snow

Jennifer Wheeler

One cold day in January,
snow fell like
ashes
still warm and
crackling like
embers slowly
fading out and
twinkled into
tears that
washed over her
heart.

The tears
drizzled silently
down the
throbbing organ
then rested like
mist rests on a
leaf in an early
September morning.
The tears
soaked in there
and carried her
from innocence
to experience.