

a gift of snow

3-16-02

in silence this day comes
flake by flake

the fields & hills

rocks & bushes the trees

— not a sound

the road & bridge are soft, smooth
covered ... even

the river's voice
submerged

rest awhile here

mouse-quiet

lighter than dreams

beyond memory

— no need to worry

the crows will come

when it is time

look! the sky is all white

we could be upside down

ears/eyes open/closed — listen...

such music! from the

quiet heart

. . . thinking of you

on your (15th?) birthday

to Brianna

from your aunt Ginny