

Snow

Visiting the cemetery

in my home town, I hear

my boots crunch the snow

that warms mom and dad

six feet below.

I feel the north wind on my back,

put my hands in my pockets,

remembering our family farm

where dad and I, tethered to our hearts

while in the glow of kerosene lanterns,

milked our cows by hand,

while their gently swishing tails

dusted the table of my laments

covered with soft, sifting, sacred snow.