Twenty-two inches

by Laura Searles

blowing,

 blustering

blinding,

 winding.

Falling deftly over feet of ground,

snow shimmers down and forms mounds.

Snow raises some and settles,

Sometimes all along the nettles.

Dogs bound with many joys.

Tea pots whistle with wondrous noise.

Cherry noses, cold with wind,

Underneath inches they are pinned.

Inside, the tree, “it looks so grand!”

Outside inches on inches land.

Children laugh and make things bright,

Until wee hours of the night.

Then.

the parents turn the tide,

and they silently

safely

 slide inside.

Losing coats and gloves and hats

leaving splotches on the mats

they trudge exhausted to their bed,

white visions twirling through their head.

They dream of Christmas and days to come,

and stealing cookies…just…some…