

The Oval

Volume 4 | Issue 1

Article 10

2011

Progression

Alissa Smith

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/oval>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Smith, Alissa (2011) "Progression," *The Oval*: Vol. 4 : Iss. 1 , Article 10.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/oval/vol4/iss1/10>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Oval by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.

Alissa Smith

Progression

You were snowflakes on my tongue as I tasted
that freezing silver sky.
The wind coming in smelled of storm—
I waited.

Later, you were that wind,
beating against the blinds as if glass were ice
and would shatter with a gust.

Giving up, you became the morning:
Grey snow

Beneath my boots.

20
S
m
i
t
h