

Exile

Volume 57 | Number 1

Article 10

2011

Snow

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Recommended Citation

Swensson, Ellie (2011) "Snow," *Exile*: Vol. 57 : No. 1 , Article 10.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol57/iss1/10>

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Snow

I had never seen a frozen lake,
Solid and secure,
And so you took me.
Took me
Back to your home full

Of love, brimming
With the eclectic prints of care
You still wear so well.
You held my hand
As I watched each snowflake grace your lashes;

Blinked softly
As I wiped them from your cheek
And fell, sudden and silent,
Into each line --
Each original line --

Of your bones.
We walked
Skipping the cracks
Because of our subtle superstitions.
I spun you,

Kissed those cheeks I admire,
Kissed
The forehead that holds so many graces;
The gravity keeping us,
Close and peaceful;

The wind sweeping your curls away.
So much potential there
In the blankness.
All of it before us:
Unfolded, smooth, captured

By January's greed.
And I understood then
Why Mother Nature did it;
Why She would stop the inland tides
And hold them for Spring's ransom.

"You should see it at sunrise,"
You said. I could feel your smile
More than see it
In that late dark of a winter night.
This is why I could love you

I thought.
Even in this beauty, in this moment
Of stillness, fulfillment,
You were always inspired with the creation,
Pulled to the newness.

Stepping slightly into the soft light of the street lamp,
You held my hand firmly,
And I knew the only way to keep you
Was to free you to bloom.