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## Snow

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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.