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## Lightning in the Snow

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## Lightning on the Snow

Rain sickles slash her wedding gown  
where the roots of war have grown.  
The quicksilver wind bears mercury teeth;  
there is lightning on the snow.  
Mannequins trapped in high cliff walls  
with arms thrown towards the sky  
loath hollow echoes in the night.  
Their lovers' wounded cries  
reverberate through the valley.  
Her tears freeze in her eyes  
as her train drags through the fingers  
of the sluggish plains of ice.  
The mountains stand like jurors;  
they shape the valley like a cross  
and build walls around the region  
while the moon behind is lost.  
As the crystal rain and cataract fog  
hide the wolves of winter's frost,  
she remembers the jewels of autumn  
before the holocaust,  
before she left the masquerade  
where her groom dressed as a child,  
where the lords drowned all their ladies  
in the shallow baths of style.  
She could not live where men and crowns  
conspired to beguile,  
and when she left the palace,  
it crumbled to the wild.  
Her groom followed her to the valley  
where he lost his cloak of scorn  
in the shack of an aged carpenter  
who was dying to be born.  
The lightning coats the valley,  
not in anger, but reform,  
a ice falls from the bride's hair  
like a songbird shedding thorns.  
When the shack glows in the distance,  
nimbus baptizing the gown,  
She sees salvation in the suffering  
in the lightning on the snow.

– Matt Wanat '95