

WISH:

A Snowflake Contemplation



I wish
I were
a snowflake
floating
from
the sky
gently
gently
kissing
the
earth
then
melting
in
the
sunshine.

Lis : (gazing at the poem) Does this say anything to you?

Linda : It seems as if the author wishes to disappear. This is a paen to oblivion.

Lis : How wimpy! Each person should affirm their life and God's creation.

Lex : Blaah, blaah, blaah. While we talk, snowflakes melt.

- T Newfields

Beg.: 1980 Port Angeles, WA ☆ Fin.: 2024 Shizuoka