

As The Snow

By Ronnie W. Wolfe – March 6, 2013

As I watch the snow fall down
In a wintery wonderland,
It makes me think of days gone by:
Experiencing snow firsthand,

Of windy nights and boarded windows
Through which the wind would blow
And slap my face with such surprise
For bringing in the snow.

The coldest wind on my bare face
Seemed gently now to say,
Just wait until tomorrow
When you go out to play.

Try to think of such sweet things
As snowmen standing 'round
And placing on their blue-bright faces
Noses like the clowns.

Nothing thrills the beating heart
That has desire to know
Than the wind that blows against our will
And the newly fallen snow.

And just as every winter comes
To those who live below,
So our death will come as sure
And beautiful as the snow.