

Ode To Snowy Days

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The flakes are big and they're comin' down fast.
I wonder how long this one will last.
The blowing and snowing is makin' a mess—
'Bout twelve inches so far, least that's my guess.
You'd think by now we'd be used to it all,
With all those squalls we've had since Fall.

Oh well, better make the best of the day;
Drink hot chocolate; make soup and play;
Stare out the window 'till the storm's petered out—
Isn't that what this day is about?
The time will come to shovel and strain;
Hope my muscles and bones don't complain.

But when this snowfall's a thing of the past
And summer has come to save us at last,
In August we'll look back at this day and long
For this arctic gale, this tempest that's strong.
That's when I'll pull out this blanket of white
And remember it all with wistful delight.