

# The First of the Snows

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Awake! Your frozen summer  
That its ponds may scrape  
With the floes of fluid ice,  
Remnant of a dancer; pieces  
Break up and move, a grace  
Indescribable, though nature  
Makes her way through  
Push forward the seasons  
Forget your fairies; it is time!  
For leaves to crunch and fall  
Away, to leave behind the rind  
Of autumn; let chill blast  
And enter, to speak thru me  
Against the icy tips of wind  
The river path white; hardened  
Over with purity, and a sweetness  
Is what but a taste, stewed  
Abroad the breast, soft flakes  
Of early October snows  
Do you not feel its freshness?  
A zing! Abed in my footsteps today!