24/01/21

finally,

after months slouched above our heads,

the heavens began to peel.

tired of burdening the deep clouds,

the snowballing of every skyward curse,

dashed hope, or lost moment

slowly flaked

and fell as small sighs back to earth.

the air was thick with it –

white on obnoxious white,

settling on trees and collars

and the sore ground,

cushioning furious noise

into silence –

coaxing the mud into sugary crumble

under our muffled boots.

this didn’t last long.

even before sunset,

the mud had woken up,

the noise droned back to life,

and curses began to worm skyward

from tensed shoulders

to burden our clouds.

but that white sunday morning

our worries rested their heads

and were silent

under the crunch, crunch, crunch of the snow.