

## FIRST SNOW

It surprised us overnight,  
descending silently at dawn,  
blanketing the autumn lawn,  
a thick and shapeless sheet of white.

Unexpected coverlet,  
inviting in the early sun,  
begging puppy's legs to run,  
an unfamiliar pleasure yet.

Collar on, unlatch the door  
and little feet go flying out,  
bounding, skidding all about  
in new-found joy and wanting more.

Leaping high to land alight,  
then racing wild, kicking froth,  
weaving like a drunken moth,  
exploding plumes of sparkle bright.

Rush away, re-run return  
to furrow out a secret trail,  
flat-back ears and stiff-up tail,  
full store of energy to burn.

Too soon it's time to stop the play,  
to cease the silly dallyings,  
to thaw-melt ice-ball furnishings.  
Tomorrow is another day.

*by* Lee Netzler