

Thoughts From the Floor

It is the first snowfall
of the season and
I feel like the luckiest girl in the world.
Tonight, the moon will
watch over me as I rest,
and the flurries will
dance through their descent
with graceful unpredictability.
My lamps are lit.
There is smoke swirling
throughout the air.

Tonight, I will not cry over the
things that have melted
away from my warmth.

Tonight, I will go out and
dance with the Snowflakes.
Blur myself into the
white-whipped wind.
Spin and skip and
spill.

I will step on all of the cracks
and I won't even worry.

-Jordan Miller