

A Plea

Just past solstice, as yet there's been no snow.
A waxing gibbous moon glares on wet streets.
Picture winter gone missing: it sure beats
Shoveling. This year we'll skip it—although
The plowers that be cry foul: there's no
Long green without the deep white. The feats
Of seasons, such gaps in the norm, repeat
The old song "there's nothing new..." What *seems* so
Is the Hope. Here is the sermon of wish.
Let there be cold, yes, let there fall some rain.
Only keep them from meeting, place no dish
Served cold, no vengeful depths. Let there remain
A winter when it never got so grim.
I know the snow will come like a refrain,
And we'll wake to white. But please, can't I dream?