

## Just Snow

I love the way  
new snow makes paths  
atop the branches  
as if guiding a secret  
way to travel through trees.  
Dark limbs now illuminated  
from crevices to fingertips.

I imagine myself tiny and light  
dancing along these intricate patterns  
far above the ordinary,  
joyfully sliding down one limb  
and carefully climbing the next.

I think these things  
sometimes.

Perhaps the path is more complicated  
And requires precision to follow  
like someone's secret held tightly  
and this is the only way in.

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