

**Snow Storm**

Patricia Butkovitch

It was Saturday, the first one in January,  
mid-afternoon, it started.  
Smashingly slow, at first that they,  
(the angels, that is)  
had a New York style parade;  
shredding and snipping the clouds  
into tiny smithereens.  
They must have smiled as they snuffed  
them across the gray sky, to float  
thick as smog and smother the earth  
in a traffic snarling layer of smoky-white sparkles.  
All through the night the party went on,  
North Wind joined in, snatching those snips  
then smearing them on fences and scarecrows,  
smudging stop signs, dressing trees in white smocks.

When sun took a snapshot early next morn,  
he snickered and said, 'No small party, was that!'