



# Snowman

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*for Garen and Devin*

I remember  
the flakes fluttering gently  
onto the earth,  
like angel-feathers,  
waiting for their call to ascend  
back to the heavens,  
leaving no scars in the earth.

You told me  
“Go outside; build a friend  
you can think about forever.”  
So I did.  
I clumped together  
my first forever-friend:  
three stacks of snow,  
one carrot nose,  
some brittle coal,  
and to make him my own,  
my favorite scarf of red and gold.

I came back inside,  
reflecting his tinted smile,  
and you had already made  
me hot chocolate and a place  
in your lap to nuzzle.  
I was soon nested and asleep,  
not thinking of my  
red and gold scarf,  
till I saw him sitting alone,  
melting, with coal and tears  
rushing down his face,  
crying for help.

“What do you want me to do?  
I’m sorry, but I can’t help you anymore.  
Stop crying.  
I don’t want you to cry anymore.”

I drooped down to the floor,  
mirroring my friend’s tears,  
and you came rushing over again  
to comfort me,  
but what you said  
escapes me now.  
Only later words echo  
in the cold breeze of winter.

“What do you want me to do?  
I’m sorry, but I can’t help you anymore.  
Stop crying, Mother.  
I don’t want you to cry anymore.  
I can’t leave you home alone now,  
and all these people want to  
keep you  
here and help you.  
They love you, too.”

And your tears fell gently,  
like angel’s blood,  
leaving no scars on the earth,  
but returning to the heavens.

“But I want to come home.”  
“I’ll visit again soon.”

I left without thinking,  
and with no reminding.

But next week,  
when I came to check on you,  
you weren’t there.  
Just like my forever-friend,  
you melted.



Bones, Autumn Garrison, charcoal and ink