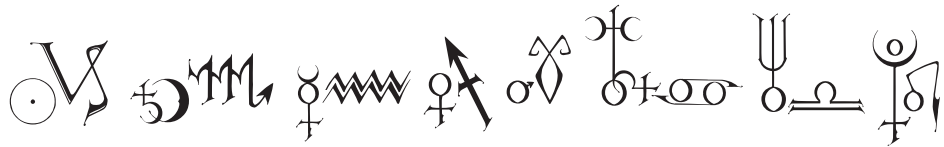


Kevin



No one thought it would happen like this,
Weather turn a long Winter's kiss –
Howling winds, whiteout showers,
Days on end snowing for hours.

Six foot depths / they closed the pass,
Drifts the drive / the window glass –
In communion the great random,
Unplanned longer at the cabin.

Fakes recede, emerge, approach,
Meta-mysteries times seldom broach –
What memories the wondrous fractals,
Some say our own ancestrals.

Fireplace warmth / couch for snuggling,
Outside a flashlight / someone struggling –
Always something magic about you,
Could be what can get us through.

