

Snow Globe
Jeremy A. Fonte
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Looking out, on pine and dirt;
Through soft sweet snow,
Further freeze the futures know,
That world and I, further through,
Further slow.

Oh! The fair glass
Of looking through,
No more is a veil,
Than this odd woven tale.

Ever more, never lighter,
Like a snow-globe shook well,
Post shatter, through shards,
How I long for that spell.