

Quiet Snow

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*Well, it started to snow, and I got this warm/cold feeling. So then I just started typing and this is what I came up with
hope you enjoy it
comment*

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Quiet Snow

It falls so freely, and so slow
I guess this is why they call it quiet snow
So tiny, and pretty, and like white gold
This magical feeling never gets old

The grass turns from green to white
it is so pretty on a full moonlet night
So quiet and peaceful the white blanket be
Something that feels and looks so wonderful to see

To hold it in your hand, so bitter and cold
But so worth it, this feeling can never get old
Sometimes it can be a cold, bitter winter
It could sting you in the face like one million splinters

Soon the beautiful snow will disapper
But that will be such a surprise, to see next winter, when all that snow will reapper
Seeing children at play
You know in your heart, it was a perfect winters day.