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The Polar Vortex

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The Polar Vortex

Chianophobia means
fear of snow. I try
to imagine it and don't
quite get there. Oh, this
record breaking winter, record
gone for January, fingers frozen through gloves
walking just one block.

The snow was beautiful,
how it fell so quietly,
how it decorated dirty New York,
gave it a brief reprieve
from ugly sidewalks,
next day turned to gritty slush
and struggling at hazardous crosswalks.

It's started to snow again.
I wanted to call you, Billy Tide,
and tell you I'm afraid.
How quiet it is when the
snow falls. The silence once begun...

-Susan H. Maurer
New York, NY