

Waiting for Snow

The smell of snow
from over the hill
prompts a walk to the shed out back
 gray-shingled
 white-trimmed
to check the blade of the old shovel
 gravel-chipped
 wood-handled

I file the edge
to a sharp point
and hang the shovel near the door
 wind-blown
 broken-paned
remembering Larry built the shed
 years ago
 long ago

I stand and wait to hear his voice
 from deep past
 distant-voiced
but it has been too long a time
 so I just wait
 for snow

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