

Winter Secrets
by Nathan Justice

We take a walk in the park. It was a cold winter day,
the air crisp, nibbling at your bones;
the breeze sends shivers down your back.

I put my coat on you smelling the sweet perfume lingering in your fiery red hair
and we talk of the night before. The sun glistens on the snow
as it gradually fades into the horizon,
your smile grows as the snow begins to fall,
lying to rest on the blanket already tucked in from the night before.

We stop and gaze at the graceful white pieces falling from the heavens,
I gaze into your eyes to be lost, lost in the depth of your beauty,
your angelic smile gracing your face, your winter blue eyes jovial with our time spent.
We laugh and lay down to make snow angles.

Cold, wet snow lay beneath us as we make our angle wings.
Flight is what we should take together, leaving this place to find seclusion.
Leaving the foolish existence of this world behind

The wind picks up,
and I feel the cold to the most inner part of my soul.
An odd feeling enters my heart, like it had been frozen for years.
I look next to me and see,
That I had made a snow angle for two.

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