

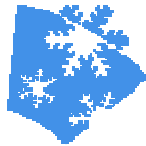
## Snow Anticipation

by Julianne Weinmann



I shuffle through fall leaves  
A blood-orange site.  
The last gasp of autumn,  
A crisp end to life.

Then black and blue bruises  
Mar the northernmost sky.  
These clouds are snow's promise  
Some frown, but not I.



These shrouds harbor crystals  
Of sweet tasting ice,  
Kept closer to heaven,  
For winter's first night.

But my anticipation  
Is a force that can coax,  
These white jewels of powder,  
From their threatening hosts

Then I'll torque down those buckles  
And clamp on those boards,  
Pick a line straight and certain  
Rip the mountain's reward!