

**Greg Winer**  
*How Fortunate a Snowflake Is*

How fortunate a snowflake is,  
A child of destiny—  
Sent from heaven, dressed in white,  
Arriving silently.

Like skillful tiny seamstresses,  
They gather on your bed—  
Then stitch a quilt to blanket you,  
From winter months ahead.

When robin brings her springtime song,  
With golden notes of sun—  
The warm breeze blows the covers back,  
Undoing all they've done.

Into the ground, they trickle down,  
And drip upon your lips—  
A kiss each spring—I can but dream,  
How fortunate a snowflake is.