

By William Baer

Timing's everything. The vapor rises  
high in the sky, tossing to and fro,  
then freezes, suddenly, and crystalizes  
into a perfect flake of miraculous snow.  
For countless miles, drifting east above  
the world, whirling about in a swirling free-  
for-all, appearing aimless, just like love,  
but sensing, seeking out, its destiny.  
Falling to where the two young skaters stand,  
hand in hand, then flips and dips and whips  
itself about to ever-so-gently land,  
a miracle, across her unkissed lips:  
as he blocks the wind raging from the south,  
leaning forward to kiss her lovely mouth.

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