Call for Showers

by Lindsay Kasten

I say today and watch wayward snowflakes
dive bomb the ground in that soft and silent way snow
generally has.
She said once that she liked songs that told a story.
Songs that had some meaning,
a little personality.
She said there are certain things people do that they shouldn’t,
certain things I think are inherently human.
I sat looking out the window of my childhood bedroom
and watched the snow fall in unique flakes over the dead grass.
Snow can make anything beautiful,
can make anything pure.
It could almost make me a child again.
She likes songs that are stories,
children who are good
and a life that is pretty.
A portrait of beautiful sepia-toned ancestors hanging carefully
on the wall.
And you can’t tell that nothing is real and everything
is two days from expiring on the grocer’s shelf.
But you know that the snow does not discriminate.