

Snow Angels

Galen May, 2015



Snow Angels

She told me once
She hates snow.
Says it covers up too much beauty.
And yet to see her,
With snowflakes dancing on her skin,
Specks of white cloaking her hair,
Glowing in the haze of streetlights,
You would think her an angel.
She hates the snow,
So I love it.
It reminds me
Even the devil can appear beautiful.