Snowman

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what seemed like an eternity to a seven year old 
was really just the half hour drive to grandpa's house 
a joy filled me every time we turned on to School Street 
i remember the snow 
and the smoky smell of my dad's blue car 
the house with the checkerboard garage 
and vines growing on the sides 
always running into find the same green carpet 
and that old piano 
that had turned into a shelf for medicine and mail 
i remember finding something that looked out of place 
a package, small and rectangular 
grandpa had said it was for me 
with all the excitement in the world 
i opened it to find a stuffed animal 
my ordinary smile grew 
a snowman with a green hat 
vintage buttons, blue, red and green down his chest 
black eyes and a carrot nose 
he sang "jingle bells" when you held his hand 
i swore i'd keep it forever 
i'd bring it everywhere i went 
just looking at it 
brings back the smell of windmill cookies 
and the cluttered chaos of the old house 
although my grandpa isn't there