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Snow Day

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SNOW DAY

We had eight inches of snow last night,
and the schools are closed.
Did I crawl out of bed in the dark,
wake the kids and get them in the shower,
packing lunches and checking notes as I think what I'll wear today?
No.

OK,
So did I wash the dishes, make the beds and vacuum the floors?
No.

I hardboiled eggs and the kids and I colored them,
even though Easter is three months away.
Then we cracked a few shells and ate them.

We cut up red paper in heart shapes and wrote poems,
And put them in envelopes with stamps for the relatives.
We got on our boots, and scarves, and warm mittens
And walked three blocks to the mailbox,
Down the street
Filled with snow.

When we got back,
We had hot chocolate with big fat marshmallows in it.
You know, the ones that really fill your mouth with sugar
And taste oh, so good.
And I got a roast out of the freezer this morning,
So I could roast it this afternoon,
Adding a few potatoes.
I used the rest of the bananas
And made bread.
Filling the house with the aroma of baking.

And while the bread and roast were baking,
And the kids were calling their friends,
("Do you think we'll have school tomorrow?")
I took a bath.
Not a shower,
A bath.

I could use another eight inches of snow tonight.

— *Cindy Pingitore*