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## The Snowball

Joannie Liesenfelt  
*College of DuPage*

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## PLAIN OR RINGLETS?

*Timothy Craig*

One puzzling feature of that Regency  
was its very aged watchmen and another  
its spinets and gray paper and another  
my own defunct manservant with his face  
like an iron stove. We had witches in  
Devonshire and mirrors in Belgravia.  
There were many very trivial kidnappings.

Blessington's  
hair lies in dusty cylinders and  
the carpets at Gore are rolled  
like diplomas. The air is cranky & granular.  
I lie among cruets carried through  
the Northwest Passage. Long  
lavender sparks sail over the train yard.  
It is like listening to laughter & laughing  
oneself while not quite knowing the joke.

## THE SNOWBALL

*Joannie Liesenfelt*

Slowly, it melts, a stranger to heat.  
Slowly, to dripping, falls frost in a flow,  
ripples of silken tumble and roll,  
tumble and roll!

Till warm melts away.  
Slivers of icing benumb what was sway,  
habits of cold shrink flow to a ball  
rolling and rolling, too layered for thaw.