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Fantasia

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Fantasia

by Lora D. Reiter

There have been snows before, but this I swear,
Is like no other snow that ever fell.
Earth is a changeling; all the sentient air
Waits like the silent song within a bell.
Branches of glass, set moving by a breeze,
Make faint and silver filigrees of sound.
The grass-clad hills are sculptured marble seas
Where wreathed ocean gods might walk aground.
This is enchantment. It were a small surprise
To see a pale snow maid on yonder knoll
And watch her emerald hair stream as she tries
Her crystal unicorn in capriole,
Or here, where lark and quail were wont to run,
A phoenix rise from ice on fire with sun.

