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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.

