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Beatitude (Revision 3)

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The snow gathers everywhere except on sidewalks and parking lots. Even the cars take on the shape of a mountain, the tires now disks of white light you might find in a painting of the Nativity.

He tells me his wife is sick, that soon her legs will turn blue as the blood moves closer and closer to the heart. He lays the hipflask on the dash and says, "It snowed every year here when I was a boy. I would watch the catfish nuzzle the skin of blue ice until, here and there, fractures formed a web of broken moonlight."

This was years before my father left us for a woman in the city, when fields of tobacco lined both sides of our street, before the interstate timbered the woods and turned the farms to suburbs.

Near the steps to the house, a snowman my son built this morning—its imperfect body a reminder that the snow is always with us and that even the broken are blessed.