

Winter's Child

After the first good snowfall he began making himself
a snowman. Rolling and stacking two big balls
into barely manageable body parts
topped off with a smaller sphere, turning the whole
cold segmented affair into a reasonably human
figure — though legless, with sticks for arms able
to hold nothing — but with a smiling mouth,
nose and eyes of stones, tincan for a hat,
a scarf, a broom with no apparent purpose
but, he thought, being here with time on his hands,
at least not doing much harm.