

Across the sky the plump cloud darts,
It sweeps and speeds, tumbles and warps
 Into a mountain, into a face.
 Ahead it scuds, its journey east,
 Alone at first but soon a feast
Of clouds, a commotion it blends,
They gather in black, a storm they portend.

 The temperature drops,
 Drops and drops,
 The fattened clouds grow cold.
Their kernels release, lost are their shapes,
A crystal is born. It glistens, a flake
 In perfect symmetry,
 It falls in flawless harmony.

A crisp white sheet protects the green,
 Silent, still, soft - serene.
An imprint, oh no, the crystal is raised
And put in place to complete the nose,
A snowman stands as proud as a beau,
 It's face with a beaming smile
 And a wink in its dancing eye.

The thaw it begins it's murderous quest,
The crystal, it slides through neck and breast,
 Downward it flows
 And lies at the feet,
Away it melts, away it retreats,
 Symmetry gone,
 The crystal passed on.