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ISSN 2278-9529 Galaxy: International Multidisciplinary Research Journal www.galaxyimrj.com

## There Is Snow on the Distant Place

Lana Bella

I saw me, on the front lawn, beneath a soft snow: a gray-haired woman who pick her tempos in the memories of pale flaked ice,

there have been years of pristine gloves and fair tulle dresses, pink champagne and white winter coats, I, a jumble of limbs, arms at thrust, fingers opened, with stem-like thoughts and poetry on tongue that feathered the Minnesota snow until it volleyed like fruit flies on sweets,

the most pleasing vibes tingled through when my muscles felt sluggish as if the tongue that drink the length of winter's weeping was quenched of thirst at last, and yet, my lips remained zippered to that infinite silver curve of snow--