

## What Are Heavy?

What are heavy? sea-sand and sorrow:

What are brief? today and tomorrow:

What are frail? Spring blossoms and youth:

What are deep ? the ocean and truth.

## Waiting For Snow

*Poem from Let in the Stars by Mandy Coe*

We turn our faces up and jiggle thirty toes,  
Morse-coding longing with our restless beat.

When will it come?

Shepherds on the first Nativity, we scan the skies  
and huddle,

huffing frosting on our faces in the midnight glass.

When will it come?

To pass the time, I tell tall tales of days off-school that flew  
beneath the runners of my ancient sledge.

With ace chicanery on Beacon Hill

I was invincible

When will it .... wait,

the wind has died and hushed as hallelujahs

the sky is falling in!

Our triple mouths breathe bubble lines of 'O's,

a dot to dot to mark each spiralling descent,

each tiny stellar miracle.

Blackfoot birds hunch grumpy underneath the birch,

sullenly interpreting the smoke signals send spinning

by our laughter on the badlands of the lawn – a blank page waiting for the stories  
to be printed by our books.

Stamping reindeer-style, William says,

'if water endlessly recycles, then this snow fell on you before.'

I feel the fizz of snowflakes on my lips and smile.

I think it did.

You know, I really think it did.