

## Snow Whispers

A recent snowfall had the tall pines near the road covered in fresh, sugar-powdery snow. Running along my usual route, my widening eyes took in the contrasting beauty of dark green pine needles blanketed under brilliant white snow. The covering looked like a comforter to the long green needles of each branch.

The day was fine and filled with sun under an intense blue sky. A wisp of a breeze drifted by and through the trees. Moving easily along I noticed a faint crystalline snow cloud hanging in the air only a few steps in front of me. The slight morning breezes of the day were whispering to the pines to release the fine white powder from their branches. What was so wonderful and interesting was these were very small, light, condensed clouds of snow. It felt magical to see these clouds manifest before me. As I ran through, the crystals tingled on my exposed face. My heart and soul enjoyed the encounter and I smiled from the experience and wished for another whisper.

Four, or five, strides later the breeze once again silently communicated to the pines to release its new frosty secrets upon this runner. I raised my arms as I passed through another puff of white. Another smile came across my face and heart. What a day!

A light vapor of powder rolled across some of the exposed blacktop like sands moving across desert dunes or a beach. At times the snow was gentle and sometimes gushed and whipped at the ground. Looking down the road, my view is speckled from the white reflecting crystalline clouds, tiny diamonds dancing in the air. The vapor of white touched my face and clothes as I contentedly ran forward on this magnificently dazzling winter day.