

Snow Patterns

Q and not U

Climates, they heat me with deceit.
The weather has been hiding secret messages in snow.
Little fortunes so well hidden in the snow.
Just waiting in the snow. I will meet you at an airport, a local airport.
It's busy all the time.
With people all in line.
We'll have to meet at night.
It's quieter at night.
At the airport, airport.
I will meet you there. It's just a visit, a perfect visit,
to the margins of the surface.
Wrapped in fabrics,
we'll wait patiently to see something so beautiful
and it will take the breath out of our lungs.

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