

The snow knows

A bag full of kittens, lynched in their sack,
Was “meant” to be thrown to the current.

It’s just a matter of fact.

The snow knows the feeling, caught love in the den,

Pretty on postcards but not loved in the end.

No proposition is eternal.

Nothing can be meant to be free, love needs evil,

And true evil needs thee.

The snow knows the feeling, for it’s on the outside,

We hate stupid winter, yet in it Christmas does hide.

Do you love Christmas?

There’s a cat on that card, looking for her kittens,

Why has her heart dried up hard?

And if I want to sing a Christmas song,

I’ll know I’m going to cry, cry all winter long.

The snow knows the feeling,

I really pray this is true, for snow knows the beautiful sad things

Humans don’t want to.

By Aaron Bryne