

I love Snow

I love snow. But I don't miss it. There is something I will always miss about a winter night with a girl on my arm as we crunched the frozen snow and headed to a place that served hot cider and cinnamon sticks. But as I get older I realize it's OK to have sacred places in the past that won't be found again. When I was young I wanted to repeat all the good things that ever happened to me. Today I wonder if that somehow kept me from allowing new things to take place. Some things are better memories than companions. Like snow.

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