Leontine Armstrong

Flurries

Flurries dancing in the wind.
Moving and embracing each moment.
Creeping into crevices.
Pushing into light,
They seek out the warmth.

Finding the heat,
Then diminishing the hearth.
With full knowledge,
They trap and clutch,
Seeking this warmth.

Playing with dark,
They push around.
They seize the cool,
They take the light,
They make the storm.