

Snowflakes (A Poem for Two Voices)

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Snowflakes (A Poem for Two Voices)

Snowflakes fall in the park,
Blanketing the world
With the color of new beginnings
And old endings.

Snowflakes fall outside the window of my house,
A house you don't know I have.

Each starts as a tear
For one that died.
Then freezes, unique,
Irreplaceable.

I don't watch.
There are too many memories.

Winter was my favorite season.

Winter was your favorite season.

I know
Because you told me
Almost every day
When you met me
On the hard, frozen ground

Snowflakes (A Poem for Two Voices)

Behind the fence in the park
In the park, where the grass was dead
And no children played
Because people were too busy,
Too busy with the war
To care about things
Like they once did.

We used to meet
Almost every day
Behind the fence in the park
When the ground was icy and hard.
The park was always empty.

The parks here are not empty.
I don't miss home.
I don't miss you.

We still cared,
For each other, at least,
But in the end,
It mattered not.

We were just two snowflakes
Against a raging inferno.

Snowflakes (A Poem for Two Voices)

We were too young to understand what we were up against:

A fire of hate that burns still today,

Although with different wood.

We didn't understand, yet.

We were young and in love

And my blue eyes

And yours, brown

And our religions,

Our faiths,

Were small matters compared to

Our faith in each other,

And our love blazed,

The biggest fire of all,

Or so it seemed.

And so we met

Every day

For months

On the hard, frozen ground

Behind the fence in the park.

And when we met,

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Our worries melted away
Like so many fragile snowflakes.

And then my mother said,
“Go off to war.”
And my father said,
“Bring honor to our family”
And so I went,
Because I was young
And understood nothing of war
Or of honor.

Until you left me for the glory of war,
For the honor you thought you would find.
You never said goodbye.
You never looked back.

And my heart froze
Like the hard, icy ground
Behind the fence in the park.

Never did I imagine
The death and the blood
And never did I consider

Snowflakes (A Poem for Two Voices)

That you would not be waiting for me
when I returned.

They came for me, as I knew they would.

It was always inevitable.

And so when I could no longer live
Outside of your arms,
I ran away
and never looked back,
Because forward was where you were,
I was sure.

In those long years,
When I was hungry and tired and worked half to death,
I missed you in spite of myself.
You could have protected me.

Why did you leave?

Your house was empty when I returned.
So I went to the park
And I waited.

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You never came.

I realized the truth.

And then the war ended

And people smiled again.

And then the war ended

And people smiled again.

Some people smiled. Not me. Not yet.

And you never came.

My family moved

To a new house.

But every year,

I went back.

I moved

To a new country.

America. A free place.

Where I could hide from the memories.

And I never looked back.

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And you never came.

I still missed you. I wanted to see you.

I wanted to go back to the park.

But I didn't.

Because you left me alone and undefended.

And so I left you.

I thought I would never love again.

And slowly

My heart froze

Like the hard, frozen ground

Behind the fence in the park

And I thought

I would never love again.

But now I am married

With a family of my own,

A family with blue eyes and blond hair

Because you never came.

I'm married now.

I don't regret leaving.

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I don't wish I had come looking for you,

Even later, when I had the chance.

Because you left, knowing full well what would become of me.

I don't regret finding new love.

If I have one regret, it is how little was learned from the war.

There is still so much hate in the world.

And in the park,

Children play.

Some have blue eyes. Some have brown eyes.

We've moved on.

There is new fuel now.

A new fire.

New hate.

The same hate I saw so many years ago, I see now

In the eyes of those around me.

This is not a free place.

We've moved on,

But that does not mean

That we've grown.

Snowflakes (A Poem for Two Voices)

I see hate in their eyes.

 Their blue eyes

 And their brown eyes,

Hate for what is different.

I try to forget

And I try not to imagine

What they did to you.

What they did to everyone like you.

What they did, out of hate,

Because you were different.

But I cannot forget

And I have to imagine

In memory of you.

In memory of all of you.

 This is not a free place.

 We are bound by our hate,

 Bound by our differences.

Like I was so many years ago.

 Are we so very changed?

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And every winter,
When snowflakes fall
And the ground freezes in the park
I shed a tear
For you,
For all of you.

I shed a tear that freezes on my cheek,
That freezes
Like the hard, frozen ground
Behind the fence
In the park,
Where we met, despite our differences.
In the park,
Where snowflakes fall.

We are all like snowflakes,
Each unique,
Irreplaceable.

Each one is so beautiful.
And yet we crush them underfoot.

Snowflakes (A Poem for Two Voices)

Why are we so quick to destroy what is different?

But for each of us, there is someone

Who would see us melted.

And for that, I cry.

Not for you. Not for me.

Not for those already dead,

But for those who are different

And will suffer because of it.

Why are we so quick to destroy what is different?

Are we so very changed?

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Source (used mainly as inspiration):

- Klein, Gerda Weissmann. *All But My Life*. New York: Hill and Wang, 1957. Print.