

Snow Day  
by Linda S. Paslov, Ed.D.

Anticipation's mounting as maps show blobs of blue.  
With palpitations pounding, predictions come to view.  
Those spoons went under pillows, pajamas inside-out.  
Oh! Could we have a snow day? It seems there is no doubt.

As teachers mourn the lessons that went untaught today  
Their students plan play sessions, while shouting "hip hooray!"  
Tired parents stir hot cocoa (kids kept them up all night!).  
Oh, yes! We have a snow day! All in this world is right.

The day's a blur of action, as clothing's tossed around.  
There is a need for traction, so boots must fast be found.  
Mittens, hats, and parkas are necessary, too;  
Preparing for a snow day means wetness will ensue.

Stiff fingers fine-tune snowmen, while tongues taste tender ice.  
(No sense of smell's an omen of sens'ry sacrifice.)  
The sounds of plows distract us; our world is wondrous white.  
Ah, what acute perceptions a snow day can incite!

When day turns into evening, reality sets in.  
Pure joy turns into grieving, when "is" becomes "has been."  
All uncompleted homework, must now be finalized.  
This has been quite a snow day, which should be idolized.

For those of you who've never experienced the thrill  
Of laughing at the weather while sledding down a hill,  
I welcome you to join us in grand New England style.  
A good old fashioned snow day will surely make you smile.