



A Dreadful Crime

***I walked abroad in a snowy day;
I asked the soft snow for me to play.
She played and she melted in all her prime,
And the winter called it a dreadful crime.***

The immortal William Blake wrote, *Soft Snow* at the turn of the 19th century. Blake was ignored most of his life, but a group of inspiring artists found his work right before his death in 1827, and they fell in love with it. The scope and depth of his work has been dissected, analyzed, and studied over the years, because he displayed his innate sense of expression in diverse ways. *Soft Snow* is not only brilliant

rhyme; it's enchanting mysticism. Blake treats each element as family, and as I read the verses they become my family as well. The ability to sense the snow being born as a unique consciousness is very obvious in the poem. Interacting in a moment with that consciousness is a gift, and a joyful experience. The Sheness of snow brings life in her flakes, and drenches the ground in her beauty. Nature applauds her arrival, but I treat her with mixed emotions.

Snow, like other natural forms of consciousness, tests my ability to connect with a self that wants to play and enjoy each experience. I treat her like a menace when she brings more play than I expect, and I'm annoyed when she doesn't show up when and where she's expected. I judge, curse, and hate her for her indulgences, and miss her when she confines herself to the mountaintops. I yell at her when she turns to ice and praise and admire her when she becomes an iceberg. If she is too big I fear her, and when she's aggressive I hide from her. I applaud her for melting, and ignore her as she does. I find my self creating a snow filled life, and don't remember why I do. Perhaps I do it to watch her melt in her prime, because I continue to melt in the snow of my own prime. Some call this melting a dreadful crime, but in this reality it's the nature of my own separated mind..



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