Buried

One flake, then another,
Drifting down from the sky,
Beautiful to behold,
Though a secret hazard they hide.

Alone, each is unique,
With fascinating nuances,
And features that inspire curiosity
And exploration of every detail.

But the task is endless,
And when a moment is taken
To appraise the surroundings
They are everywhere,

And the momentum of only a few
Causes the others to join in
And form an impossibly large
And foreboding avalanche.

There does not seem to be an escape,
And all hope seems to be lost,
When, out of the sky,
A ray of hope, peering through the melee.

A warm breeze, a full sun,
And the sound of water,
Rushing under foot,
From all around.

The coming of Spring,
And the end of a formerly beautiful,
And sometimes fearsome
Adversary of life.