

Snow Wave

By Holly Dunlea

The plow dominates minds.
A bully with no boundaries.
Solid steel rules the road.

The masses shift to gain position.
I fear a crushed future
with “got this” uttered into the frosty air, a solo audience,
my future throws me a curve.

The Steel Scoop
crashes endlessly,
a storm without end
shamelessly shifting the land.

I fear a return encounter with the beast
that heaves the snow as if it is ice cream in a scoop,
hard, but movable, and me,
a Matchbox replica, once tossed up
and around to land, returning the way I began.

The snow curls and churns
like an ocean wave,
picking up stones and sand
only to dump its load, letting the excess
fall back into the fold.

Am I part of the muck
like everyone else
on this frozen road?

Winter’s purity comingles
with the cascading wave
of earth’s graveled soil
as we maneuver our way
behind the Orange Monster’s thundering surf.