An April

Terry Savoie

Snowstorm's forecasted & seems to be bound for our neck
of the woods, but what am I to do about it, fall on my
knees & pray to the Almighty or simply sit here
with my eyes shut tightly & make believe
it's not going to really happen? Trouble is that
when I open them again, the threat's just as immanent.
What I'm hearing is this forecast's for snow that'll be more
than just a brief blast of Arctic cold, it's a snow with a big blow
likely, an unwelcomed guest certainly, perhaps God's rude gesture
telling us what simply must be, must be simply endured so that praying
seems to be the only recourse left & a safe gesture at the very least.
So I wait. And wait. And pray. But the snows are on the way
which makes me pray harder that they may miss us by a mile
or, better yet, skirt on by to harass others a hundred miles
or more north of here where some other hard-working
folk huddled around the stove in their out-of-the-
way farm & perhaps on their knees as well,
begging, pleading no doubt in their old-
world, Amish language with an elaborate
system of gestures to the Almighty to be
spared & pleading for all they're worth as I do,
sending heartfelt prayers to heaven while casting
their eyes earthward in abject humility. Theirs are
the same hopes, the same desperate hopes that kindle
in my heart, hopes to be spared, please, if only this one time.

Here I am, begging those snows might descend on the others
& make their hearts ache so that here, just a few miles away,
it'll be my good fortune that the snow will miss me &
that spring will come to my fields without any further delay.
North a few miles or south for that matter separates the disaster
from spring bliss. But, who knows the Lord's fickle hand with such
a razor-thin miscue on His part one way or the other? It took me nearly
seven decades to discover how obvious this is so that I wonder now
just where my Ma & Pa were who might've saved me all
this torture in just accepting my destined lot in life &
realizing that each new day is my good fortune?