

At The Mercy Of The Flurries

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You can see the strong winds rustle old leaves and barren branches
And you hope that it and the cold combined are good signs for snow
Snow is what your job depends on and you're hoping for it to stick
To be a good amount but not overly pile on
It's your job to clean it and keep it out of the way
To clear up spots and make paths
But the snow has been scarce lately and sometimes plain doesn't last
You keep waiting and waiting for the optimal storm
To get your equipment and get to plowing the snow away
But at most there's been a couple of flurries and that's not nearly enough
You're struggling to make a living this way
To wait on snow that sometimes comes
And sometimes teases you with only flurries
Most people would rather have at most the flurries and nothing more
Not liking the snow and considering it only the sign of a chore
But for you it's a living and one that you like when it's within a desirable range
So you wait and you check every so often to see if it's coming
To see if you got lucky and the weather has changed