The rain beat a staccato rhythm against the window panes. Its soft thump sounded like my nervous heartbeat, gentle yet sad. Between puffs of my warm breathe fogging the glass I saw cars pass my humble street, their tires throwing water up like thousands of shards of glass. A blooming glass flower; beautiful in its moments, its moment…then its gone. The car’s bright headlights shone starkly beneath a pale waning moon hidden behind sterling clouds. My hand slowly edged towards the drowning world outside and as it touched upon the cold relentless wall a different world blossomed before my eyes. Bright crystals of ice floated gently to the damp ground and joined the river running past me. The cold porch light above my front door illuminated the argent crystals that seemed to come from heaven itself. This slow frigid world that passed by me was beautiful.

However, my eyes never stood still. They flitted from one crystal to the next watching as each snow flake passed gently into oblivion. Their beauteous form there and then gone. But my fascination with a sudden splendor was gone as soon as the next came. And for a while, I don’t know how long, I sat there with my eyes darting from here to there. Suddenly I felt a soft tap on my shoulder. My mother stood there, a smile on her face, a smile warm enough to melt the frost forming on the window. She was there holding a cup of something warm. I took it wordlessly and smiled back as she turned around and left me. Lifting the mug up to my lips I tipped it ever so slightly back. Shocked I tugged my mouth back, the burning sensation still dwelt on my tongue as I hurriedly breathed in and out. Blowing on the hot cocoa I sipped attentively time and again watching the same scene I had for hours, its beauty as unique as each snowflake.