

First Snow

by Ulrike

For days it had been steadily snowing cotton balls, which now covered Central Park. Even the sounds of New York, this never sleeping town, were muffled and barely perceptible.

The winter had come back and it was now a very cold, frosty, cloudless night. Sparkling stars were mirrored like shining diamonds in the virgin snow.

Vincent took a walk through the night park, soaking up the extraordinary atmosphere.

He stopped and drew a deep breath of the dim, gauzy air. He enjoyed this taste of winter.

He continued on his way, thinking about Catherine and their many wonderful walks together, often here in the Park in winter. Sometimes, they were calm walks, rich in secret understanding, their bond floating with emotions between them. At other times, Catherine romped through the snow like a bold child, with a wanton expression in her eyes. Vincent smiled to himself, sighed at this memory and felt for her. She was asleep, dreaming now.

He suddenly froze at the edge of the path, under a tree. He melted silently into the shadows, and a deer left the cover of nearby bushes. Illuminated with star shine, it stepped daintily and warily, until it neared a light standard. The snow crunched under its weight. Then, with a burst of speed, the deer disappeared into deep shadows, leaving surreal hoof prints in the snow.

Stunned, Vincent remembered a poem from Christian Morgenstern.

First snow

There appears from silver grey grounds
a slim deer
in winter woods
and tests with care, toe by toe,
the pure, cool, freshly fallen snow.

And I think of you, most delicate formation.

Vincent's thoughts drifted back to the deer and then his love.

From somewhere, the noise of a breaking limb reached his ear and broke the spell of the moment.

It was late, and forcing himself back to reality, he continued his way home, transmitting his happiness along the bond.

Erster Schnee

**Aus silbergrauen Gründen tritt
ein schlankes Reh
im winterlichen Wald
und prüft vorsichtig Schritt für Schritt,
den reinen, kühlen, frischgefallenen Schnee.
Und deiner denk ich, zierlichste Gestalt.
Christian Morgenstern (1871-1914)**

First snow

**From a grey background, silverly,
steps a slim doe
into the wood that winter wrought anew
and step by step tests cautiously
the clean, the cool, the freshly-fallen snow.**

And, oh, most exquisite form, I think of You.