

What color is snow?

It's a real silly question, but I'll ask anyway
I'll run it by you, and see what you say
The answer's so easy, I'm sure you all know
The question is this, what color is snow
It's not red orange or green like traffic lights or jello
Its not blue its not purple and no, its not yellow
No, its white! So white, as white as can be
So white, so pure, so spotless and clean
It floats down from the sky without any sound
Like magic it comes, and piles up on the ground
It covers the world with a glistening blanket
We play in it, lick it, throw it and pack it
We sweep it, shovel it, plow it and blow it
Yeah, its white all right, and everyone knows it

But wait, is the answer really that simple?
Is it really as plain as a great big red pimple?
Is it really as obvious as we've always thought?
I don't know, let me think, maybe its not

Lets say for a moment, just for argument sake
That we dissect some snow, down to individual flakes
If we go that far in taking it apart
Even thats not the beginning, where everything starts
We break it down more, to tiny crystals of ice
And if we could go further, with a small enough knife
We'd end up with tiny ice ions
So very small, they're impossible to spy on

So to answer the question I asked at the start
We need to know what color the ice ions are
Well, they're transparent, there's not a color to be seen
As clear as a crystal, or a window thats clean

So why is snow white, it seems a bit strange
If it starts without color, how does it make that change
Well, the ions and crystals and flakes like old friends
Cling, and stick together, and turn white in the end

The church is like snow in so many ways
Just people meeting to pray and to praise
Covering blemishes, making things better
Just flakes like us, sticking together

So next time you see a huge blanket of snow
Think of the vision of healing and hope
Think of the safety that a blanket can give
Of people sticking together, to love and forgive

Dripping nose

There's nothing worse in the world I suppose
Than a gourmet chef with a dripping nose
Especially when he's known world wide
And there's not one secret that he can hide

Well this particular one whose name we won't say
Got a message straight from the queen one day
Prepare me a feast that's fit for royalty
Cornish hen caviar and o yes a blt

But let I be known what havoc I'll reek
If there's even a bit of a leak from your beak
If additional flavor your nostrils might cause
It's off with your head, no, wait, off with your shnauz

Well the poor chef he tried but the drip was perpetual
That a drop would escape was simply eventual
He was guarded so close that the drop was not missed
What chaos erupted when the frying pan hissed

With shouts and with flurry the dungeon slammed shut
All that chopping and stirring, and all for what
To become an example a public disgrace
And to live out his days with no nose on his face

But the public outcry one would not believe
Let the chef go and give him reprieve
And let it be known we'll give you this tip
All of our noses drizzle and drip

We all boil our boogers and sauté our snot
There's no turning back once they've entered the pot
We're all only human not one of us pure
We're all born equal that's one thing for sure

The difference between us and the chef in your jail
Is he's famous, well known, he's set up to fail
It just isn't right and it just isn't fair
His nose is our nose and his fate we'll share

So the chef was set free his nose still intact
A decree was issued to highlight this fact
We all are equal and oh by the way
For all of you activists out there today
Who want to take action and tackle this issue
Swing by the palace for a free box of tissue

Sensible shoes

Polished and poised they wait for me
With a patience almost too confident

Like an uninvited savior
An unavoidable friend
An eventual companion

Strong, sturdy, substantial
Firmly stitched and sewn
Tongue and sole and tread speaking of unyielding protection
And support, and promising comfort

Polished and poised they wait
And I resist

Because must they always be so dark
So black
So brown
So lacking in laughter

And must they always be fastened with laces that strangle and choke
Buckles that bind and restrict

And must they always be destined and determined
To crush the timid and tender petals that emerge bravely
From the cracks in the concrete

Is it a final act of resignation to allow myself to be fitted with
A pair of sensible shoes
Do I at last dismiss Peter Pan and place the magic dragon on the shelf

Do sensible shoes take us to the peaks of Moriah
Do they take us to the edge of the water
With chariots of baptism imminent
Can they keep from smothering the fragrance of
Extravagant perfume poured on bare feet
Will they carry us swiftly in a race to the tomb
Expecting anything other than death

They must

They must

So I'm ready I suppose for sensible shoes

But please, don't make them too dark

Not too black

Not too brown

Make them the many colors of the sun on it's journey

The many shades of curious inquiry

The multiple hues of puberty

The clear blue of blinking innocence

And please, don't fasten them too tightly

I'll need to escape once in a while

To twirl and dance and run

To flee

To flaunt

To face the beast

And please, don't allow them a destructive destiny

Allow them to sidestep and shuffle

To gently circle in awe the flowering genesis of a new generation

Let them take me down paths where sensibility strolls with beauty

Where logic walks with wildness

Where good sense flirts with nonsense

Let them take me down paths that are connected to my conception

Let them take me to dreamy places and pinnacles of delight

Let them take me to the temple where the old man and the baby embrace

And let them take me to the front of the line of spectators

Lining the streets at the parade

To expose the naked emperor