

*Author - Alana LeClaire*

## **A ROSE IN THE SNOW**

*His dazed, tired eyes were far away  
in deep blue oceans where he once played  
But the little girl beside him prays  
that one day he will remember her name.*

*It seemed more certain for a rose  
to bloom in ice cold winter snow  
than for grandfather to recall the name  
of a little girl who waits in faith.*

*We were all casting her hope away,  
trying to help her “cope,”  
to ease the pain of a little girl  
who longs for a rose in the snow.*

*Then, one night, grandfather sat next to a window  
that displayed a crescent moon.  
He turned away his face from it  
to look across the room.*

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*He smiled at her,  
She ran to him,  
He gently caressed her face.  
Then, he leaned over and in her ear  
He slowly whispered her name.*

*Her smile was such  
that its radiance  
could now outshine the moon...*

*And somewhere on Earth,  
on a snow-filled mountain,  
a rose emerged in bloom.*