As Crystals Come Together

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Through double-paned glass,
snow falls on cedars,
on forests of firs, and on blades of grass,
and on the pond,
and on the pile of dirt
near the place where we dug
into the earth only yesterday.

Snow softens all in sight,
bringing a certain sameness to the scene,
and yet drawing us out
from the warmth inside
into the cold outside.
To watch with wonder
and wonder what attracts us
as before us crystals come together.