

*When I fall in love,  
it will be forever...*

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## The Glory Of An Autumn Snowstorm ...

*E*arly this morning, from my bedroom perch I see an anticipatory rim of gold hovering above the tree line. I watch the sun inching higher and higher spreading its rays over a scene just short of heaven. All night while the world slept, five inches of snow fell and mounded and nearly covered autumn trees still thick with unshed leaves, red, burgundy, burnt orange and saffron peeking through. The neighbor's maple beyond my deck, though heavy laden, gleams gold.

I step out onto the deck, barefooted, night-gowned, snowy wet leaves under my feet to capture this scene on my phone. I do not feel the cold. Indeed the air is bracing, crystal clear and fresh. I breathe the smell of snow, the smell of fallen



leaves, a unique and pungent combination. I click away as the sun rises, the scene gradually transforming before me, a persistent ever-changing wonderland.

I pull the sliding glass door shut, reluctant to distance myself from being fully present to tingling cold, distinctive odors, dollops of snow, the air full of icy particles catching a breeze. I crawl back into bed, plump the pillows, feel a kind of joy though pierced with sorrow. Three and one half years out from losing my only love, I want to share with him the beauty of this morning. He was a nature appreciator. A romantic, who relished moons and sunsets and mountains and autumn colors and first snows and birdsong. Instead I find myself singing softly a song that I heard recently at a 50th anniversary celebration, a song I haven't been able to get out of my mind. It brought unbidden tears to my eyes then. Now it emphasizes and partially assuages my reality, defines the reason I still feel piercing loss. For when I fell in love, even as a junior in high school, it was indeed forever. And sharing morning glory like this? Oh, it was rich. 🌿

*When I give my heart, it will be completely  
or I'll never give my heart  
And the moment that I can feel that you feel that way too  
is when I fall in love with you.*

*Lyrics by Edward Heyman. ©1952,1980*