

Name _____

The Melting Snowflake

In a world of quiet whispers and dreams,
Where beauty and youth danced in moonbeams,
A snowflake fell from the velvet sky,
A crystal of grace, too precious to die.
Its delicate form, a fleeting delight,
A shimmering jewel in the pale moonlight,
But as it touched Earth, the magic began,
The snowflake's tale of beauty and span.
It danced with the wind, a waltz in the night,
A fragile ballet, pure and white,
But dawn approached with its warm embrace,
The snowflake trembled, began to erase.
As sunlight kissed it, a gentle caress,
The snowflake surrendered, a sigh of distress,
It melted away, its beauty so brief,
A whisper of winter, a sigh of relief.
Oh, how like the snowflake, our beauty does fade,
In the blink of an eye, in the twilight's cascade,
Youth's fleeting embrace, a momentary grace,
A reminder of life's ever-changing pace.
Now, as you gaze at the falling snow,
Remember this story of beauty's short show,
Like the melting snowflake, cherish each day,
For youth and its splendor will too slip away.

