

# *The Melting Snowman*



*A Collection of Writings By St. Joseph's Writing Collective*

# *Writing Credits*

Cap'n Gallimaufry

Marie Starsmith

Aurea Rosa

Dutch Girl



# *Illustration/Photography Credits*

HMS

Aurea Rosa

Cap'n Gallimaufry

Eliza Krasowitz

Maria Straub

Max Jennings

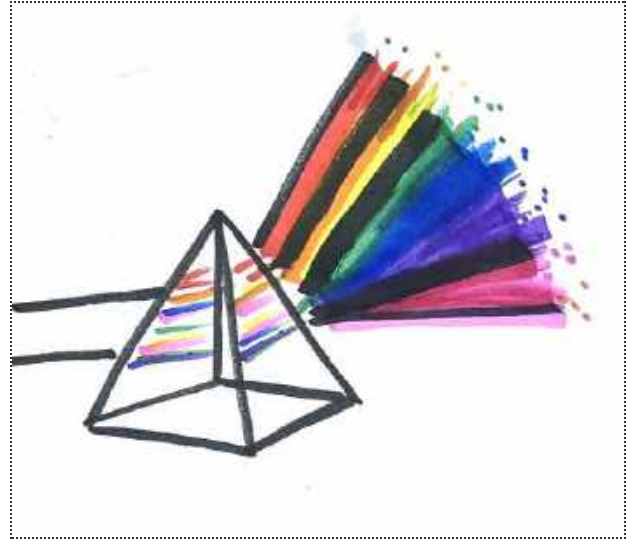


## *Table of Contents*

<b>Writing Credits.....</b>	<b>2</b>
<b>Illustration/Photography Credits.....</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>Table of Contents.....</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>Prism.....</b>	<b>6</b>
<b>Yet Again.....</b>	<b>8</b>
<b>Sonnet Assignment.....</b>	<b>10</b>
<b>Paper Snow.....</b>	<b>11</b>
<b>Rapunzel and the Chickadee.....</b>	<b>14</b>
<b>A Wish Upon A Star.....</b>	<b>16</b>
<b>A Pot of Gold.....</b>	<b>17</b>
<b>Valentine Blues.....</b>	<b>18</b>
<b>Sledding in the Mud.....</b>	<b>19</b>
<b>Snow Day Sonnet.....</b>	<b>21</b>
<b>Poem About “Cars 2” (Specifically).....</b>	<b>22</b>
<b>The Icy Planet.....</b>	<b>23</b>
<b>The Snowball Fight.....</b>	<b>24</b>
<b>The Sign of the Cross.....</b>	<b>26</b>
<b>The Moon.....</b>	<b>27</b>

## *Prism*

I speak in colors, shades, hues unseen.  
Everything is hard to believe!  
O burning blues that scald the skin!  
Coldest red that's ever been!  
Quickening pace of green and gold!  
Orange that's strong,  
and pink that's bold!  
Contradiction, upside-down!  
The world of light always abounds!  
Wonderland would sing my praise,  
See Alice dancing within these rays!

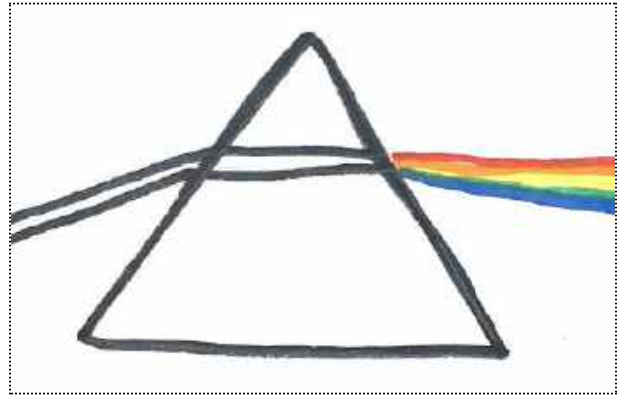


But no.

I speak in hues, shades, colors unseen.  
All is hard to ever believe.  
The blues touch without a hint,  
The reds ease by without a glint,  
Green and gold fade into white,  
Orange is gone,  
Pink lost the fight.  
Combination, all around,  
The world of light cannot be found.  
Wonderland knows it not.  
Of all of this... Alice never thought.

Wait.

I speak in shades, colors, hues unseen.  
I shall show you how to believe.  
Here are the blues that burn so bright,  
The reds that fade into the night,  
The green and gold of starlit dreams,  
The orange and pinks that I mean,  
Purples are here, forget them not!  
A thousand colors I have brought!  
Take your pick, take them all!  
A display of blending is my call!  
Contradiction, combination,  
Enough hues to fill a nation.  
If ever Alice saw my world,  
Wonderland would lose its pearl.



For...

I speak in colors, hues and shades.  
Undone I make the white light's braid.  
Who can resist this glorious light?  
A thousand suns in a thousand nights.  
Moons reflect, space glimmers, burns bright,  
Everything taken in is returned outright.  
I showcase a new world to you:  
In unseen colors, shades, and hues.

By Marie Starsmith

## *Yet Again*

“It’s snowing”  
the children say.  
I am the snow  
All the snow

They mold me  
Shape me  
Give me life

Yet again

“Perfect!”  
the children say.  
I am the snowmen  
All the snowmen

Sticks for arms  
A carrot  
And two rock eyes

Yet again

“It’s warmer,”  
the children say.  
I am the slush  
All the slush

Now I’m melting  
Into the ground  
No longer am I ice

Yet again

“Spring!”  
the children say.  
I am the water  
All the water

Believe me, child,  
I’ll be back  
When winter arrives

Yet again



By Aurea Rosa



## *Sonnet Assignment*

I keep the count of syllables each time  
By using fingers to make sure they fit.  
When making a new line, make sure to rhyme!  
Although it's tricky, I won't call it quits.

By putting hand to neck, I can remind  
Myself to feel the rhythmic pulse of life  
Each foot aligned, each iamb intertwined  
Enjambment splitting verses like a knife

It takes a forceful drive to write like Will,  
To jam a musing flow into a box.  
I'm getting tired, think I've had my fill.  
That Shakespeare was as clever as a fox!

I hate the English homework they assign...  
I guess if I just fake it I'll be fine.

By Cap'n Gallimaufry

## *Paper Snow*

Shielding her eyes against the blinding December sun, Julie hopped off the bus. Her strawberry pink sandals hit the scorched ground, and a cloud of red dust rose into the air. Following the worn path to Tumbleweed Elementary's front door, Julie stepped inside. The chill breath of the AC cooled her face as she shuffled her dust-covered sandals on the entry rug. Making her way to Miss Robin's second-grade classroom, Julie slid into her seat. Beside her, Lazy Boy the bearded dragon slept peacefully.

"Good morning, class," Miss Robin said cheerfully, writing a long word on the whiteboard. "S-N-O-W-F-L-A-K-E. Snowflake. Does anyone know what snowflake means?"

Waving his hand frantically, Richard yelled, "Ooh! Ooh! Me!"

"Yes, Richard?"

"It's a flake of snow," Richard said proudly.

Miss Robin smiled kindly. "Can anyone else give me a definition for snowflake?"

"Mith Wobin?" little Mary Ann asked timidly, "What'th a de-de-defoni-defonitoohun?"

"What a word means, dear. Can anyone tell me what a snowflake is?"

Richard crossed his arms, pouting. No one raised their hand.

"Has anyone ever seen snow?"

The class shook their heads.

"When I was little, I lived in the north," Miss Robin told the children. "They get lots of snow there. During the cold winters, the sky fills with gray clouds, and little, cold dots of whiteness float down to cover the ground. Those itty-bitty dots are called snowflakes. Thousands and thousands of them build up, forming fluffy, cold stuff called snow."

"Mith Wobin?" Mary Ann interrupted, cocking her head, "I'm confoozled."

Julie nodded. "It's never ever cold outside."

"IT'S ALWAYS TOO HOT!" Greg bellowed so loudly that even Lazy Boy turned his head.

“Indoor voice, please, Greg,” said Miss Robin, “In the north, it gets six times as cold as our school was when they turned on the air conditioning too high.”

“THAT’S NOT POSSIBLE!”

“Greg.” Miss Robin glanced sternly at the culprit, who looked away.  
“Class, today we’ll make paper snowflakes.”

Raising her hand, Julie waited until the teacher called on her. “Will they be tiny and cold like real snowflakes?”

“No, dear. But they will look a lot like the real ones, only much bigger.” Miss Robin told Julie, handing a piece of paper and a pair of scissors to each student. Demonstrating how to fold the paper, the teacher waited as they copied her.

“Mine isn’t folded right,” Mary Ann complained, holding up a lopsided triangle.

“That’s fine,” Miss Robin instructed, “they’re meant to be different. Every single snowflake is unique, just like each one of you.”

“I’M YOONK?”

“Yes, Greg, you are unique.”

“BUT I DON’T WANNA BE YOONK!”

“Uniqueness is a good thing.”

Before Greg could respond, Julie asked, “Miss Robin, what are the scissors for?”

“Good question, Julie. Class, cut bits out of the sides of your triangle.”

“I’M GONNA CUT THE WHOLE SIDE OFF!”

“Oh, Greg, don’t—”

It was too late. Greg sat staring the pile of diamond-shaped papers that had floated down to cover his desk.

“Greg, dear, maybe you should try again?”

“NO! MY SNOWFLAKES ARE PERFECT!”

Miss Robin seemed to inwardly sigh. “All right, Greg. Class, I think his snowflakes are a splendid example of uniqueness. They—”

“THEY’RE NOT YOONK!”

“—may look different from the other snowflakes, but they will still be a valuable addition to our arts and crafts board.”

“Done!” Richard exclaimed, unfolding his triangle to reveal a wonderfully strange paper creation.

“Wonderful, Richard,” Miss Robin praised, “Class, when you finish your paper snowflakes, you can tape it to the arts and crafts board if you’re finished.”

Smirking at Greg, Richard boasted, “My snowflake is the best one of all.”

“They’re all beautiful and unique, dear.”

“MINE ISN’T!”

“What’th boo-booteen-booteenful, Mith Wobin?”

“Good-looking,” the teacher said. Suddenly noticing Julie’s raised hand, she asked, “Yes, Julie?”

“Are snowflakes always cold? Are they ever hot?”

“They stay cold until it gets too hot for them. Then they melt and turn into water.”

Mary Ann’s eyes grew wide. “We dwink hot snowflaketh?”

“In a way.”

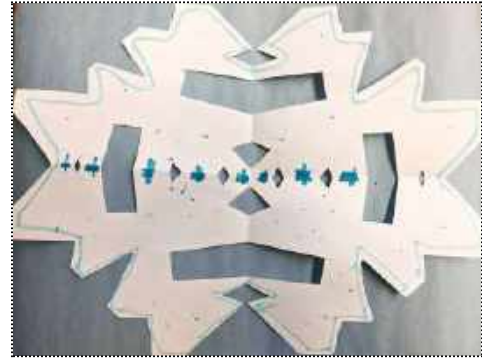
“Will we ever get snow here?” Julie asked, unfolding her snowflake. It was even more elaborate than Richard’s, earning a gasp of amazement from the girls around her.

“Not likely, dear. It’s much too hot for snow here.”

Standing to reach the board above Lazy Boy’s terrarium, Julie taped her creation above where the lethargic lizard slept.

“Except for our paper snowflakes?”

“Except for our paper snow.”



## *Rapunzel and the Chickadee*

Yesterday a bird talked to me. He seemed like a perfectly normal chickadee, a bundle of fluff cheerfully enduring late winter's cold. I can picture him now: lighter than a pence, perched on my windowsill. Seized by some strange whim, I opened the window for him, perhaps thinking to shelter him from the snow. Shivering as the chill wind danced through my bedroom, I beckoned, "Come on in!"

"You're very kind," the chickadee said, hopping lightly onto my bedpost. He had the voice of a young boy, no older than ten.

Startled, I sputtered, "Y-you talked!"

"I most certainly did."

"But birds don't talk!"

"This one does."

At the time, I thought I was hearing things. Perhaps, I reasoned, being cooped up in a tower all my life was starting to take its toll.

"May I ask your name, miss?" said the chickadee.

"You're not real! You can't be real!"

"Pardon?"

I could feel my face redden. If this bird was real, I was being incredibly rude. "Rapunzel. My name's Rapunzel."

"Like the herb?"

"I suppose."

"My name is Pinecone. I can assure you that I am a real chickadee, only cursed by a vile witch to speak the human languages."

"That doesn't sound like too bad a curse."



“I can no longer speak the language of the birds,” Pinecone lamented. “I am doomed to be separate from my comrades, forced to find comfort in human company.”

“That’s awful.” I thought his words sounded too elegant to belong to his childish voice. “How old are you?”

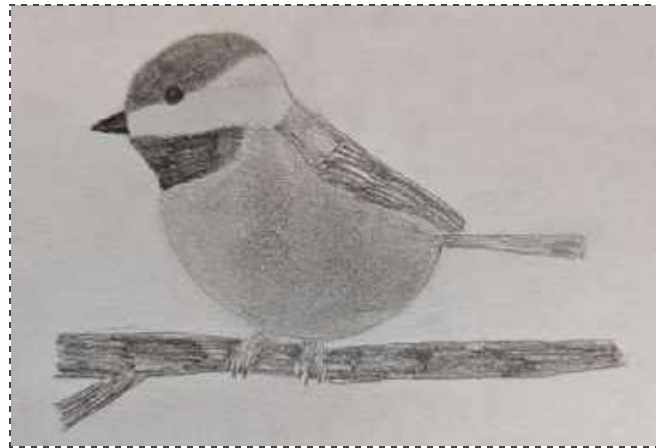
“Two years. Chickadees only live three or four years, so I’m well into adulthood.”

“That’s a short lifespan.”

“I don’t dread death.”

“How come?”

“Well,” Pinecone began, pausing to preen his damp feathers, “I have a feeling there’s something beyond. Something beautiful. Besides, dreading it won’t do anything to stop it.”



“I guess so.” Staring out the window at what I could see of the sky, I wondered what was beyond my tower. I know you made it to keep me safe, but sometimes I wish I could explore the world outside.

Turning back to Pinecone, I asked, “So why did you come here?”

“A brave prince sent me to tell you that he’s coming to rescue you from the vile witch.”

“I don’t think I need rescuing, but it would be nice to have a friend.”

“If you want him to succeed, you must not tell the witch,” Pinecone warned.

“Don’t worry! I’ve never met a witch.”

“Good.” Spreading his wings, the chickadee flew through the open window and out of sight, calling, “I’ll see you when the prince arrives!”

Isn’t that interesting, Mother?

By Aurea Rosa

*A Wish Upon A Star*

Late nights I wake and  
quietly I take them:  
bare-footed, bold steps down

down  
down the stairs.

Longing I ghost out  
quickly I look about  
blinking stars, bare moon watching

watching  
watching me.

Lingering, I reach  
questioning them there each:  
“Brave moon, black sky, and oh, stars

stars  
stars... hear me?”

Lost in thought I say,  
“Quite oft I wish and pray,  
Bring back, bring now, bring the one

the one  
the one lost.

Little do I ask!  
Quiet just this one task!”  
But no, blunt is their silence

silence  
silence then.

Late nights I wake and  
Quell my tears, my fears, and  
Bid goodbye – blank eyes – to the

the ghost  
the dream I had.



## *A Pot of Gold*

A rainbow appears, behold

Its colorful arc.

A leprechaun dances

In the city park,

Finding his pot of gold.

Patiently it waited

Beneath winter snow

For the springtime breezes

That did stir to blow

Once the cold abated.

The leprechaun smiles

Seeing his treasure.

Below the rainbow is

Wealth beyond measure:

Gold coins in tall piles.



## Valentine Blues

Big, lush bows and ribbons bright  
Tie the boxes firm and tight.  
A pink of fine, sweet rosebud  
Perfumes the halls in a flood.

And candies of caramels, mints, and tarts,  
Of flowers, smiles, and little hearts  
Hide in boxes so very discreet  
To delight a lover with a treat.

Notes scribbled quickly or typed out slow,  
Speaking of soft and quiet and low,  
Of delicate hopes, bright, bursting dreams,  
All folded in crisp, envelope seams.

But harsh is the truth that appears  
To quash the hopes of the year,  
To dim those dreams cold and dead,  
To drown a love in dark dread.

See, for once I gave a gift today,  
All swathed in silk of chardonnay,  
Coupled with roses of deepest red  
Adored by a misted lacey spread.

Such a note, handwritten by the heart,  
Bound by a sash, and left to impart  
A sacred message sworn to be true  
I gave it, whispering, "I love you."

Gift given back with a smile so sad.  
Note turned away - yet I couldn't be mad,  
Not as those eyes, with such sway over me,  
Asked if I was fine "to just let it be."

So this time every year, I must ask you,

Do you also suffer from the Valentine Blues?

By Marie Starsmith

## *Sledding in the Mud*

“Ellie! Ellie!” my little sister Marcie cries giddily, jumping up and down on my bed. With each bounce, the mattress ripples, shaking me awake.

“Not now, Marcie,” I mutter, gathering my quilt around me.

“Yes now!”

“I’m sleeping.”

“No! Awake!”

“Only because you woke me up.”

“Go sled!”

“Is it a snow day?”

“King day!”

*Right*, I think, MLK Day. “I still need to sleep.”

“Please?” Marcie pleads. Staring into her wide, pleading eyes, I can’t say no.

“Fine. Just give me a few minutes.”

“Yes yes YES! C’mon!”

Five minutes later, I find myself suiting up to face the bitter cold. Beside me, Marcie winds an incredibly long scarf around herself, chanting “Snow! Snow! Snow! Snow!” without end.

“Why did I agree to do this again?” I mutter, trying to force yet another layer of gloves onto my hands.

“Because she hypnotized you with her puppy-dog eyes,” my older brother jokes from the kitchen.

“Ellie! Done!” Marcie sings, showing off her tangled scarf web. Her puffy white coat makes her look like a miniature snowman wearing boots.

“You forgot your snow pants.”

“Don’t need!”

“Yeah you do.”

“Nope!”

“You’ll get wet.”

“Sit on sled!”

“Fine.” I don’t feel like trying to argue with her. She always wins.  
Readjusting my hood, I open the door with a sigh.

The sun is shining brilliantly in the sky, unhindered by the fluffy grayish clouds. On the earth below, barely a half-centimeter of snow rests atop mud. In places, twigs and leaves stick out, and in others, there isn’t snow at all.  
*This isn’t sledding weather, I think. This is keep-your-dog-inside-at-all-costs weather!*

“Marcie,” I try, “there’s hardly any snow to sled in.”

“Sled in mud!”

I open my mouth to argue, but “Fine” pops out instead.

“See,” my brother says, peeking out from the doorway, “hypnosis.”

Ignoring his comment, I slide the sled into a long patch of mud and lift Marcie into it. “There you go. I’m going inside.”

“No! Push!”

Tossing back my hood, I push Marcie’s sled through the mud. As soon as I let go, it stops.

“Keep pushing!”

“I’m going inside now.” Wiping my muddy boots off in the snow-dusted grass, I start for the door.

“Fine,” Marcie pouts. Grabbing onto the sides of the sled, she tries valiantly to get it to budge. Instead, it tips her into the mud. Splat! Tears fill Marcie’s eyes as she looks down at her now-dirty pajama pants. “Ellie, icky!”

I can’t help but smile. Lifting her out of the mud patch, I assure her: “Don’t worry, Marcie. We’ll get you cleaned up.”

Helping me drag the sled back under the eaves, Marcie decides, “Snow sledding is better.”

“Definitely.”

## *Snow Day Sonnet*

Before the waking light doth stream within  
Sleep-heavy eyes peruse a darkened room  
With ears attuned to hear a buzzing din,  
A signal of relief from winter gloom

A plea to see the screen illuminate  
Could it be fully closed, or a delay?  
The stress upon my chest feels like a weight  
The hope, the dream: the season's first snow day

Alas, it's now half-past, without a sign  
Alarm an hour away, held in suspense  
I clasp my hands and pray the stars align,  
A day deferred before it could commence

A taste of limbo, stuck in time and space  
Potential hopes collapse without a trace

By Cap'n Gallimaufry

## *Poem About "Cars 2" (Specifically)*

Coming fast around the bend  
A lightning-racer and his friend  
Roaring fast around the track  
Shooting for a speed attack!

2 best friends, Mater and Lightning

Such good friends, they're never fighting  
People come from miles around  
Everyone loves the engine's sound  
Covert operations like a spy movie  
It's a scene that's really groovy  
Falling straight out of the sky  
It's ok, with his jetpack he can fly!  
Coolest spy, a real heart-throb  
A tow-truck is his normal job  
Let's go watch this funny flick  
Love this movie, it's not a trick  
You should watch it, watch it quick!

By Cap'n Gallimaufry

## *The Icy Planet*

Something is rotten on the planet Hoth  
Terrible wampa beasts with mouths that froth  
AT-ATs causing trouble for Luke  
Rebels loop X-wings so fast they might puke

Wrapping around, long cords trip the great droid  
And send empire pilots into the void  
Rebel alliance forces win the day  
Setting up for the next strategic play

By Cap'n Gallimaufry

## *The Snowball Fight*

A silent and secluded wood  
Evening's snow obscures the ground  
Gentle breeze through shivering trees  
With not a creature to be found

Hark! Whizzing snowballs pierce the silence  
Missed their mark, lost in the white  
A signal of impending violence:  
The annual gnome clan snowball fight!

Hardpacked snow and shards of ice  
Flew left and right; those gnomes fight mean!  
Most days, a gnome will treat you nice,  
But this was not a pretty scene!

Jorner the gnome, a towering brute,  
Standing eighteen inches tall,  
Loaded the ammo into the chute  
Perched atop the tower wall

Graros Thistle, icicles in hand,  
Clambered up the well-packed face,  
But Jorner and his hardy band  
Of comrades put him in his place

Without a thought, they dumped the load.  
Before Graros could know what hit him  
He felt the avalanche explode!  
The snow fort guards would not permit him

For what purpose do they fight?

A secret kept from you and me  
[...Deep in the wood, a hidden light  
Emanates from an ancient tree...]

I suppose they have their reasons  
Traditions for tradition's sake?  
Reliable as the changing seasons,  
Mysterious as a fractal flake



By Cap'n Gallimaufry



## THE SIGN OF THE CROSS

Behold, the sign of the Cross,  
Now dusted upon us, for to dust we return.  
As night and dark, the ash stains us.  
As testament to sins, we bow our heads.

Behold the sign of the Cross:  
Dark has the sky become, the clouds as night.  
Dust and blood stains us, unwashed is our guilt.  
Claiming our crime under Pilate, we bow our heads.

Behold, the sign of the Cross;  
Standing sentinel towards the dark tomb,  
So dusty, unused - we enter. Death stains our steps.  
Life laid to rest within, we leave. We bow our heads.

Behold, the sign of the Cross:  
Silence, world broken, Life taken by Death.  
Dust to doom us, dark to stain us,  
We bow our heads.

Behold, the sign of the Cross,  
Now dusted upon us, from which we came.  
Death finished - stained in glory, we raise our heads,  
We leave the tomb, led by pierced hands - that is,

Led by the sign of the Cross.

By: Marie Starsmith

## *The Moon*

Good morning, my moon!  
My heart and birds flutter, sing  
Moon says peace be still

By: Dutch Girl



*Be sure to come out of hibernation  
for our next edition!*



*Between the seasons...*

*in this mixed shifting of time...  
when snow melts and yet*

*the early blooms still freeze...*

*words lost to the wind  
have been etched once more...*

*...into the confines of time.*