

“SNOWFLAKE”

WE TOOK A TRIP TO A QUAIN TITTLE TOWN,
TO HAVE SOME LUNCH AND LOOK AROUND.

WE CAME UPON A UNIQUE ART SHOP,
SO OF COURSE YOU KNOW, I HAD TO STOP.

ONCE INSIDE WE VIEWED WITH AWE,
AT ALL THE BEAUTIFUL THINGS WE SAW.

ONE SPECIAL PIECE I COULD NOT PASS
A SNOWFLAKE MADE FROM HAND FUSED GLASS.

I THOUGHT TO MYSELF, “THIS IS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE”

AS IN MY HEART, I WAS THINKING OF YOU.

I RAN TO THE REGISTER FAST AND HARD,
AND QUICKLY WHIPPED OUT MY MASTERCARD.

THE LADY THERE WAS SWEET AND KIND
“MAY I ASK WHY YOU CHOSE THAT, IF YOU DON'T MIND?”

I TOLD HER THAT I LOVED THE PIECE,
AND WAS BUYING IT FOR A SPECIAL NIECE.

I TOLD HER HOW MUCH YOU MEAN TO ME
THAT YOU HAVE A DISEASE KNOWN AS 'MG'.

A DISEASE THAT IS ALSO CALLED “SNOWFLAKE.”

HER EYES TEARED UP AND HER HEART SEEMED TO ACHE.

I COULD TELL THAT SHE WAS ABOUT TO CRY,
AS SHE WRAPPED UP THE PACKAGE AND WAVED GOOD-BYE.

“BUT WAIT”.. I STAMMERED. “I DIDN'T PAY.”

“I KNOW.” SHE SMILED. “HAVE A NICE DAY.”

“BUT WHAT ABOUT THE ARTIST? SHE CAN'T WORK FOR FREE!”

“DON'T WORRY MY DEAR, THE ARTIST IS ME.”

“BUT WHY ?” I BLURTED. “ IF YOU DON'T MIND THAT I ASK.”

“YOUR GENEROSITY IS MORE THAN I CAN GRASP!”

SHE FOLDED HER HANDS, AND GAZED TOWARD THE SKY,

SHE ANSWERED MY QUESTION BY THE LOOK IN HER EYE.

A GIFT FROM ABOVE BESTOWED THROUGH HER,

AND I AM JUST THE MESSENGER.