

FACSIMILE OF A SNOWMAN

Lee Evans

Before the rosy fingered dawn
The brisk December morning spans,
On Mr. Someone's white front lawn,
A store-bought plastic Snowman stands.

His heart is an electric flame
That glows his hollow chest beneath;
One hand has seized a candy cane,
The other holds a Christmas wreath.

A bright green scarf his neck entwines;
A top hat crowns his empty pate;
Two plastic coals serve him for eyes
As cheerily he smiles at space.

Meanwhile, across the slippery slush,
His relative has been employed;
Who imitates Saint Nicholas
Stooped over with his sack of toys,

And waves toward old Frosty's eye.
But Snowmen, real or something else,
See nothing but a Snowman's mind;
So too the Saint sees but himself.

Beside our upbeat Snowman grins,
Upon the garden's sandstone wall,
His counterpart and closest friend,
An artificial human Skull.

What ghastly red sparks coldly glow
Within the sockets of his eyes!
Cracked teeth in laughter he does show;
But not with Yuletide glee he cries.

Our Snowman and Saint Nicholas
Seem not to notice him at all—
Not quite the things they represent,
Yet just as real as that same skull,

They brim as full of thoughts as he

(Or for that matter, we ourselves.)
Is he a prop from Halloween—
Some ghoulish butler hired from Hell,

Who now greets present-laden guests
Before they reach the festive door?
Good neighbor, speak to us of this
Grim parable of Christmas morn!

“Facsimile of a Snowman” © 2008 by Lee Evans

Contemporary Rhyme Vol. 5 No. 1 2008