

Melting Snow  
Carol Mikoda

It is too high to hear,  
but each molecule cries  
over the change of state.  
Loss is loss; change is wrenching  
no matter the size of the universe.  
Each crystal dissolves  
with a tiny burst of energy.  
Heat transfer burns.  
Damaged skin  
falls away from bony icicles.  
Hear them weep.