

The Canon of Snow (To Know the Gentle Mark of Cail)

In a deep dream A rooster begins to belt that noise that many of us dread. That awful repeated screech that would go on and on if not tended, as it did for some time many mornings, but not this time of the year. A child or perhaps even a young man awakens immediately, and with purpose.

After coming to his senses for a brief moment, he jumps promptly, but quietly from his bed and proceeds to look outside for a bit at the frozen landscape in the yet black sky. Snow is still gently falling down, covering the small town in a veil of shimmering white. He takes in the sights for an extended moment, and then proceeds downstairs to make some tea and prepare for the next couple of hours. You see, had awoken long before anybody else, even though he dreaded mornings so very much most of the time, but there was an ulterior motive of course.

From the kitchen where the warm tea had already begun revitalizing him, the child (or was he a young man already?) eagerly rounded the corner into the living room, but there was no decorations for the Solstice. It was only the beginning of November, harvest had not even yet to come and pass. The boy's excitement did not stem from a holiday, or event in the common sense. It was a product of the snow. It seems that for years now, (or had it just begun?), he had been getting up early to be alone with the snow.

Sometimes he would bundle up and sit outside in a thick woolen coat and gloves just absorbing the tranquil aura of his environment. Other days, when it was bitter cold mostly, he would sit inside right by the window and do the same. It was his favorite when it was like it is on this particular morning. Everything as far as you can see is blanketed in a fluffy cloud, and the air is sparkling ever so slightly in the streetlights as they reflect on the still falling pillows. They don't come with force, or quantity, but rather they descend as large flakes almost floating down more than falling.

It's silent, and peaceful, and be he boy or man, for this same scene has played out many many times, a feeling nearly unattainable is achieved. A word for it could be serenity, another could be equanimity, or perhaps it is even a sense of love, he could never really be sure. One thing he could be sure of though was the encroaching movement of a town as it comes to life.

It always starts slow, with the first couple of individuals who must wake early going out to tend to firewood, or feed their livestock. Then, they may walk to their place of business, or ride their horse about if they are well-to-do. Each step leaving a hole in the picturesque landscape like a wound. Even worse they had trodden the snow along the road where that had rolled away, marring the scene further, but the image retains much of its beauty still... for a time.

Once it begins, it seems to accelerate at an exponential rate however. The sun begins to rise, more and more Aislings leave resting places. Eventually as the world around him awakens, the feeling fades away entirely and the day must begin in earnest. His illusions of tranquility put to bed once more, but he is not as upset about it as he could be, for tomorrow will be another opportunity to return to that dream state he so desires for another hour or two...

As before, he has barely missed his spark on this day... but the snow will fall again.