Fair-Weather Friend

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Anthony Liccione

Such a sad countenance I found
when I walked in the room, a face
as long as the winter blanket beneath.
The snowman in the backyard
turning to slush-
one button eye out,
pipe dangling limp
from its overturned mouth.
its carrot nose half pecked
by the black crows.
As my son lies on his bed watching
his creation his
short-term friend descending
in the ground-
sodden brown scarf heavy
around its neck. I break
the silence the moment I wished not defy
and say, cheer up my son
he'll return again next year.
I turn to his Frosty again,
and for a moment in the glimpse
it seemed as if it gestured a goodbye
with the hat tipped slightly
on its buckled head.
He lifts his face and turns to me finally
hanging on to my every word, and looks
at me with pursed lips from
where a pillow soaked up his tears.