

Vienna Teng, The Last Snowfall

If this were the last snowfall
No more halos on evergreen
If this were the last glimpse of winter
What would these eyes see?
If this were the last slow curling
Of your fingers in my palm
If this were the last I felt you breathing
How would I carry on?
This is not the last snowfall
Not our last embrace
But if I were that kind of grateful
What would I try to say?