

## **A Snow Avatar**

By Anitha Krishnan

I do not wish to become a star when I die.

Let me become snow instead  
so the snow clouds may carry me wherever they please.

Even when I tumble to the ground from dizzying heights  
a million flakes, a billion flakes,  
I will do so gently.

So pure and clean will I be,  
you will not have the heart to trample on mine.

I will wait for the lone child to come and press their cheeks to me,  
to make snow angels and bring them to life by the magic of their touch,  
to make snow balls to hurl into the air,  
to pack and roll me into a snow-person or a snow-bear.  
I will not mind a carrot-nose or button-eyes or twig-arms.

Proudly will I stand  
until the spring sun thaws me  
into a shapeless mound,

melts me, softens me,  
so I can slink through the earth,  
make the slow, deliberate journey  
to the roots and the seeds waiting for my call,  
and whisper in their ears,  
"Wake up! Now is the time to bloom."