

## How the Snow-Man Felt

"The dear little hands are gone away,  
The small soft hands so busy and kind,  
Which have toiled so faithfully all the day,  
And rounded and shaped me before, behind,  
My head, my hat, my wonderful clothes,  
And the pipe in my mouth, and my queer long nose.

"As long as they stayed I was almost warm,  
I could feel a pulse that came and went,  
A movement stirred in my frozen form;  
Or was it the children who shook and bent,  
Who shook me and pounded until I felt  
As if I were real, and going to melt?

"Now they are gone to their nursery tea;  
Pray! What is tea? I wish that I knew!  
And the cold white lawn is left for me,  
And the cold round moon in the sky cold blue,  
And the icicles hanging along the eaves,  
And the crackling frost on the stiff, dead leaves.

"If I only could move these useless feet,  
Or open these heavy arms once more,  
I would cross the brown grass, glazed with sleet,  
And pop through the crack in the nursery door.  
How the little ones would laugh with glee,  
When they saw their snow-man coming to tea!

"But no: I am fettered and prisoned well;  
I may not move for an inch, alas!  
My pipe is as cold as an icicle,  
And my pockets are each a chill crevasse;  
The long, long night must come and go,  
And tomorrow will find me standing so."

When the children ran in the morning to seek  
The snowman who stood there stiff and drear,  
They found a tear on his frozen cheek;  
But they never guessed it was a real tear!  
"He's beginning to melt about his head."  
That was all that the children said!

~ Susan Coolidge ~