

**What color is snow?**

It's a real silly question, but I'll ask anyway  
I'll run it by you, and see what you say  
The answer's so easy, I'm sure you all know  
The question is this, what color is snow  
It's not red orange or green like traffic lights or jello  
Its not blue its not purple and no, its not yellow  
No, its white! So white, as white as can be  
So white, so pure, so spotless and clean  
It floats down from the sky without any sound  
Like magic it comes, and piles up on the ground  
It covers the world with a glistening blanket  
We play in it, lick it, throw it and pack it  
We sweep it, shovel it, plow it and blow it  
Yeah, its white all right, and everyone knows it

But wait, is the answer really that simple?  
Is it really as plain as a great big red pimple?  
Is it really as obvious as we've always thought?  
I don't know, let me think, maybe its not

Lets say for a moment, just for argument sake  
That we dissect some snow, down to individual flakes  
If we go that far in taking it apart  
Even thats not the beginning, where everything starts  
We break it down more, to tiny crystals of ice  
And if we could go further, with a small enough knife  
We'd end up with tiny ice ions  
So very small, they're impossible to spy on

So to answer the question I asked at the start  
We need to know what color the ice ions are  
Well, they're transparent, there's not a color to be seen  
As clear as a crystal, or a window thats clean

So why is snow white, it seems a bit strange  
If it starts without color, how does it make that change  
Well, the ions and crystals and flakes like old friends  
Cling, and stick together, and turn white in the end

The church is like snow in so many ways  
Just people meeting to pray and to praise  
Covering blemishes, making things better  
Just flakes like us, sticking together

So next time you see a huge blanket of snow  
Think of the vision of healing and hope  
Think of the safety that a blanket can give  
Of people sticking together, to love and forgive

### **Dripping nose**

There's nothing worse in the world I suppose  
Than a gourmet chef with a dripping nose  
Especially when he's known world wide  
And there's not one secret that he can hide

Well this particular one whose name we won't say  
Got a message straight from the queen one day  
Prepare me a feast that's fit for royalty  
Cornish hen caviar and o yes a blt

But let I be known what havoc I'll reek  
If there's even a bit of a leak from your beak  
If additional flavor your nostrils might cause  
It's off with your head, no, wait, off with your shnauz

Well the poor chef he tried but the drip was perpetual  
That a drop would escape was simply eventual  
He was guarded so close that the drop was not missed  
What chaos erupted when the frying pan hissed

With shouts and with flurry the dungeon slammed shut  
All that chopping and stirring, and all for what  
To become an example a public disgrace  
And to live out his days with no nose on his face

But the public outcry one would not believe  
Let the chef go and give him reprieve  
And let it be known we'll give you this tip  
All of our noses drizzle and drip

We all boil our boogers and sauté our snot  
There's no turning back once they've entered the pot  
We're all only human not one of us pure  
We're all born equal that's one thing for sure

The difference between us and the chef in your jail  
Is he's famous, well known, he's set up to fail  
It just isn't right and it just isn't fair  
His nose is our nose and his fate we'll share

So the chef was set free his nose still intact  
A decree was issued to highlight this fact  
We all are equal and oh by the way  
For all of you activists out there today  
Who want to take action and tackle this issue  
Swing by the palace for a free box of tissue

## ***Sensible shoes***

Polished and poised they wait for me  
With a patience almost too confident

Like an uninvited savior  
An unavoidable friend  
An eventual companion

Strong, sturdy, substantial  
Firmly stitched and sewn  
Tongue and sole and tread speaking of unyielding protection  
And support, and promising comfort

Polished and poised they wait  
And I resist

Because must they always be so dark  
So black  
So brown  
So lacking in laughter

And must they always be fastened with laces that strangle and choke  
Buckles that bind and restrict

And must they always be destined and determined  
To crush the timid and tender petals that emerge bravely  
From the cracks in the concrete

Is it a final act of resignation to allow myself to be fitted with  
A pair of sensible shoes  
Do I at last dismiss Peter Pan and place the magic dragon on the shelf

Do sensible shoes take us to the peaks of Moriah  
Do they take us to the edge of the water  
With chariots of baptism imminent  
Can they keep from smothering the fragrance of  
Extravagant perfume poured on bare feet  
Will they carry us swiftly in a race to the tomb  
Expecting anything other than death

They must

They must

So I'm ready I suppose for sensible shoes

But please, don't make them too dark

Not too black

Not too brown

Make them the many colors of the sun on it's journey

The many shades of curious inquiry

The multiple hues of puberty

The clear blue of blinking innocence

And please, don't fasten them too tightly

I'll need to escape once in a while

To twirl and dance and run

To flee

To flaunt

To face the beast

And please, don't allow them a destructive destiny

Allow them to sidestep and shuffle

To gently circle in awe the flowering genesis of a new generation

Let them take me down paths where sensibility strolls with beauty

Where logic walks with wildness

Where good sense flirts with nonsense

Let them take me down paths that are connected to my conception

Let them take me to dreamy places and pinnacles of delight

Let them take me to the temple where the old man and the baby embrace

And let them take me to the front of the line of spectators

Lining the streets at the parade

To expose the naked emperor