

Bragi

Snowed

My brother waits for snow
to melt so he can walk the mall.
The snowplow heaves snow banks so high the top
spills down on icy slick street without stop.
Deep cold ripples chilled flesh of all.
My brother wants to go,

to stroll inside amid the walkers, prop
morale in his cancer fight, haul
hope, fight depression, know
each step could help cure, though
freezing news and medicines stall.
My brother wants a reality swap.

Bragi: 12 lines. Two sixains.

Syllable Count: 6-8-10-10-8-6 10-8-6-6-8-10

Rhyme Scheme: a-b-c-c-b-a c-b-a-a-b-c

Originated by Thelma Allinder