

# For Nevada's Winter Gift

Madison Sandle

The snowflakes dance within the streets of the winter night,  
Slow and fast, dressing the people in their cold touch,  
Descending from the sky to our delight,  
Creating a playground in our small home-town. It will never be too much.

This is Nevada's Gift sprinkled around.

The screams of childish laughter begin at dawn,  
Enjoy the fluffy mess that's piled high on the ground,  
Birth snowmen before they melt and gone.

This is Nevada's Winter Wonderland.

These creations are as precious as a swan,  
Both captivating and delicate, we try to cherish,  
Take a moment to look at the town we live upon,  
Give back to what the land gives to us. Don't let it perish.

This is Nevada's Heart.

Be here—in the snow-drift,  
As our lives begin to change and shift,  
Relive the small moments, such as Nevada's Winter Gift.