

Snow Patterns

Q and Not U

Climes, they heat me with deceit
The weather has been hiding secret messages in snow
Little fortunes so well hidden in the snow
Just waiting in the snow
I will meet you at an airport, a local airport
It's busy all the time
With people all in line
We'll have to meet at night
It's quieter at night
At the airport
I will meet you there
It's just a visit, a perfect visit
To the margins of the surface
Wrapped in fabrics
We'll wait patiently to see something so beautiful
And it will take the breath out of our lungs