

VALENTINE'S DAY SIXTH GRADE

For Mr. Henry's Class

By Helen Frost

Yesterday, snow was coming down, big flakes,
and you were writing "Love is like snow"
how it comes down so soft, one day,
but the next day it blocks you in, or it is gone.
Some of you left it new-fallen, tender,
how it should be, I thought, sixth grade love should—
then I remembered sixth grade, how all the girls
wanted a valentine from Steven. He gave us
each one, and we compared them. Two sizes.
Charmagne, of course, got a big one, mine was small,
and when Jane said "Let's see
your Valentine from Steven," I said "No."
Then, at the bottom of the pile, a big white envelope,
my name, a second card from Steven Deane.
He was watching me open it. We both knew
I wasn't pretty, he should like Charmagne, would
go on being her boyfriend. But there was
that moment, and yes, it was something like snow.
Its memory blesses me now like your poems,
their honest endings, melting away to nothing,
or turning -- Angie's puppy, to care for like love,
Damon's "Love is like football.
I hope I will have a 100 yard run."