

My Snow Globe

I don't even know when I got it, or where;
but it still sits there on the shelf.
Dust gathers behind the ears of the mice
and on beaks of the birds.
The water's still,
the glitter stays.

The birds will never get their bread,
the mice will never get their's too.
They sit there,
longing for that soft white bread.
That she, the snow globe lady holds

Every time I take a glance,
I remember being four years old
I remember my grandma too.
It's mostly the colours that remind me of her.

Maybe I'll lose it,
maybe I'll break it.
You never know what's going to happen.
You never know what'll happen
to your closest kept possessions.

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