

## The Last Snowfall

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If this were the last snowfall  
No more halos on evergreen  
If this were the last glimpse of winter  
What would these eyes see?

If this were the last slow curling  
Of your fingers in my palm  
If this were the last I felt you breathing  
How would I carry on?

This is not the last snowfall  
Not our last embrace  
But if I were that kind of grateful  
What would I try to say?