

"Snow" by Tidtaya Sinutoke & Ty Defoe

At first, you annoyed me
your laughter too loud
your questions spilling over like sleet that would not stop
You looked at everything with wide eyes
as if the world owed you wonder
I rolled mine, pretending not to care

We arrived from different worlds
you searching for something new
me holding on to what I knew
For a while, I thought we would never understand each other

You spoke about snow
like it was a dream you had been saving in your heart
a kind of magic you had only imagined
and I wanted to smile but also protect you
from the kind of cold that cuts through gloves
from the gray sky that forgets the color blue
from the loneliness that hides in long winters

I told you how winter is not always a picture
how it crusts over with slush
how yellow snow should never be touched
how the silence can ache
But still, you saw beauty in it
and somehow, that made me see it again too

As you talked, I realized
you were not asking for perfection
you were asking to feel something real
to share it with someone who cared enough to listen

And when I listened, really listened
I felt your excitement become my own
My memories
the sting of wind on my cheeks
the hum of radiators
the first breath of snow that smells like clean air
became stories worth telling again

Somewhere between your hope and my honesty
we met in the middle
and it felt warm
like a friendship quietly unfolding

It reminded me that we do not have to be the same to connect
we only need a little courage
to hear the world through someone else's heart

Because when we truly listen
the ordinary becomes magical again
and a simple conversation
can become the beginning of something real