



ROCKWOOD

Signature
ULTRA LITE



Winter Magic



“I guess the hat wasn’t magic.”

I thought, as she began to melt

Her carrot nose unable to smell the pine trees.

Her cranberry eyes lying blind on the asphalt.



Slowly bowing in prayer



**Until her face fell in submission
upon the driveway.**



She gave all to the Creator.



**Perhaps, there was
magic after all.**