



## **“Guangzhou Sees First Snow In 67 Years”**

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by Jaime Gill

Tomorrow, he'll wake into a universe transformed. The grubby road he's always known will become an ice river, gleaming in winter's sharp sunlight. Crooked laundry racks and haphazard junk scattered across rooftops will be snow-softened, their shapes made mysterious. He'll pull on shoes, dash down four flights, and hurl himself into all the white wonder. A stranger to ice, he'll slip. A woman will cry out and run, a car's brakes shriek—

But that's tomorrow. Now, it's evening, and snowflakes tumble from the stars, twinkling in streetlight. They melt on his trembling hands and outstretched tongue. He wishes: *fall forever*.