Playground on a Winter Night

The perfect snow has covered every footprint eliminating every trace of play on the ground at the base of the slide and formed a sugar-crystal glaze on the bars of the jungle gym

The swings have not been taken down Their chains sway back and forth propelled by childish ghosts whose laughter masquerades as wind

They race to see which one can fly the highest then skitter off to climb the jungle gym and tumble down the slide leaving no trace of their play no telltale footprint in the perfect snow