

**Nival Flora**

**By Jenna Lyn Albert**

**Poet Laureate, City of Fredericton 2019 – 2020**

*Written as a love poem of sorts to Fredericton in Winter, February 14, 2019.*

February's made meringue of the snow here in Fredericton, mounds of white whipped by the wind into stiff, sastrugi peaks and cold-cooked in sub-zero temperatures: crisp exterior giving way to the airy champagne snow beneath. Downtown, flurries temper foot traffic on Queen Street—pedestrians slow dance across the glaze freezing rain has made, shake the frost off in coffee shops. At what point does a city go from pitstop to destination? The pâtisserie where we had our first date scents the sidewalk: macarons and lavender infused lattes. Entering the café that day, the warmth brumed my glasses—when the fog dissipated, I saw you and knew. Today is mild, so we watch the sunset over the Wolastoq River before making for home: pastel shades of amethyst and turmeric like violets pressed into the white blank pages of winter.