

# Snow Day

Category: Bravery

written by Lyra Seaborn | February 2, 2025

I wake up to a miracle.

Snow, in Texas: *real* snow, not merely a listless splatter of ice and sleet. There must be two inches now, at the least.

Normally, I would be meeting patients, straining to hear narrowed valves and weakened lungs through the prim aluminum of my stethoscope. First, I would make a painless remark to help smooth the shift to the paper-lined examination table; something about the weather, probably. There's always something to say about the weather.

Instead, I'm sitting with my feet propped on my bed, taking a guilty sip of indulgence in the blanket tucked around my pajama-clad legs. I hate the cold, but I love the wind as it barrels unapologetically through the streets. There will be much small talk to be made of such a monumental occasion.

*Haven't you heard? There's no such thing as a real woman anymore, a patient's husband said to me last week. All this transgender nonsense!*

*Hush, his wife tutted.*

*No, I want to hear her thoughts.*

I stammered beneath my mask. I'm only a second-year student, still mastering my basic duties.

The patient came to my rescue. *Leave her be. We're not here to talk about all that!*

I wished to unbutton my lips. How would his face crimp if he knew that I have loved and danced and marched with *nonsense*?

Would he fall silent, or would he retort in disdain, if I told him that I am gay?

*Are you taking any new medications?* I asked instead.

The snow is pristine, thickening, covering up the litter and mud, not a footprint or tire tread to disrupt its work. It has brought the entire city to heel. I think of a million faces turned, at least for a moment, from screens and chores and jobs to cluster by the frigid windows, all of us joined in childlike wonder.

Last night, before the front blew in, a member of the LGBTQ+ youth support group I lead showed me recordings of him playing the piano: his fingers capering nimbly over the keys, a faerie waltz, and above the merry spectacle his face like a moon, set in stony concentration. Magic.

The snowstorm whistles and howls, making its own defiant song, as though it will never melt. As I peer out into the drifts, I choose to believe it.

*Lyra Seaborn*  
*Houston, Texas*