

WINTER AS ONE

Sparkling plateau of a fallen cloud...
too perfect to go unscarred.
The tear—proof I am the first and only.
I am explorer; destroyer; obscene.

Horizons of cold and darkness...
Subtle sounds of natural silence.
Moonlit prisms of crystallized branches.
We are still; tranquil; serene.

To be in the cold embrace...
Head on icy feathers of heaven's pillows.
To belong and be understood.
I sleep better; peaceful; between.

When branches become surrogate clouds.
When the ground drinks upon the water.
When everything winter ceases to be.
Will I vanish; accepted; unseen?

—William Friend