

Snö

Crystals perch on eyelashes
and alight upon cheekbones,
whispering the song of winter
to any who cares to listen:
snö, vind och tyst...

Mauve fades into the
rose vignette sky, until
midnight comes to rest
on a mountain's shoulders.
Moonlight filters through
the murmuring conifers,
the sentries of the woods
watching snow fall lazily,
drift in the slow swirls
of a carousel at closing time.

Boughs laden in mantles of white
incline towards the sloe-eyed girl,
who nestled in a cloak of rabbit fur,
Turns her gaze up to the stars.

Breath tentatively grasping at the air
coalesces into a misty wreath above.
Streams carve flutes in the vast expanse
while glaciers turn the earth over
in their sleep. Somnambulant,
breakaway floes float on the caresses of currents.

The evening glitters,
the colours muted,
the peaks shrouded in glow.

Soft footfalls lead the way home.