Passing
Joseph Ostapiuk

There's an entrance to the woods I should call my own, for to no passer-by has it ever been shown where leaves exceed and lean over the trail as if a shadow had cast his form above my eyes but under these white-December skies where winter’s fall lays its cloak upon the ground I find myself wandering through the dreamless snow towards the flowers that still show last I know my footfalls should bring me back to where I was once before but I'd never dream of going back I'd much rather be lost in snow and never find another soul or where the lamp-lighted streets cross through pastured fields where not a sullen eye wakes from the midnight drear

As each hollow crystal falls through my hands I sit myself against the wood and the unstable sheet of white beneath me each moment melting into the next like snowflakes upon my brow betwixt the trees somewhere far off from here there's an endless field of blanketed white who knows no word but silence
I find my clarity in the snow
where scarce travelers ever go