

## 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