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En nyligen skriven dikt. Hoppas ni gillar.

Memories of a Forgotten Winter

When the snow settles and covers the ground,
When there's peace and pain is nowhere to be found,
When the chains holding you are finally unbound:
Then you shall find it.

As the sun starts to shine on the distant horizon,
and the approaching day slowly starts to brighten,
As the atmosphere around you carefully is heightened:
Then you shall find it.

Where the snow-clad hills give way for the mountains,
and waterfalls stand frozen in ice-covered fountains,
Where majestic valleys make whirlwind-like curtains:
There you shall find it.

At the end of the night that has lasted so long,
as the breeze shyly tells you it's time to come along,
Where there's remnants of memories, beautiful like birdsong:
There you shall find it.

Hidden beneath the blizzard that's passing,
in the place where forgotten things are amassing,
When with newly found freedom within you're surpassing:
You'll have found it, you'll have found it, you'll have found it.

Oh, then you'll have found it at last.
And you'll search no more.
You'll have found it.

And you'll search no more.

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