

Publicerad 2023-12-18 01:24 av 1 SIGFRIDSSON

*FOURTH CORNER-STONE*

### **FORDABLE PLACE**

Blowing down powdersnow from a pine branch  
onto cold, light grey shadows; in the wilderness

(The verge of the ground a reminder of Our gathering.)

Gently gave Water and Wind Life to the cloud  
meanwhile snow journeyed in a concern to remain  
upon forest hills stones; to be glanced towards the edge

(Finding Now in the stillness,  
in a fleeing movement:  
All gone and awaiting time.)

Somewhat hesitant break runnels through the ice,  
somewhat insolent, asking: When do We reach Home?

This so grievously lovable clarity's Winterglade  
is surely leaving its Answers in the abstruse  
alike streamcaressed stones over the creeks have stayed

in the frozen years

Demand our new freedom, as all other time is stricken.

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