

lac de tueda, savoie

bonjour bonjour bonjour
opal mountain hidden chamois
bristle at our plaintive greetings
earthlings blade the frozen lake
melting waters of pure mind
translate impersonal
to its transcendant state
drawing us to it
in this vast cold bowl
there is no loneliness
a sky's anointing fragments
swell and bless the world
hours deepen and the limbs motion
is its own tranquility
there comes a dwelling place
so deeply grave
with art still unportraying
les enfants sur la neige
still unwronging