

the snowy road

on the sunlit snowy road
where now your footprints mark
the early morning light of christmas days
far trceries of young winter trees
make walking through their leaves
a symbol of this jigsaw universe
like good cooking flowers and wine
mathematics medicine and the end of time,
but if I saw you now so still
against the fields pink imbued snow
winter were to^o much for me too lasting
silent flakes multiply in my heart
commanding silence through decembers birth
a carpet laid upon your tomb
whose memories lie soft-shouldered
on your naked arm