

Sepulchral Winter

Abstract Spirit

As forgotten souls suffer,
In a blooming garden,
I lie paralyzed
In that deadly whiteness.
Entwined branches reach for me
With silent entreaties
As my hands they are
Tied by ruthless frost.
My eyes are wide open
Watching absence of everything
They are used to see darkness
That light will never disturb.
Forever be my tomb,
The snowdrift without edges,
Forever be my shelter,
From those who left me here.