

## **Windy Night in Winter**

I was found in a drift of snow,  
and as unusual as that may seem, it  
was predestined, as they would say;  
consternated and complicated as I was.

But I had gone out into the world, to  
find some piece of prognostication  
and was loaded with pith, unevenly distributed  
among my own wealth.

So many moments were spent in silent stance,  
all sitting there waiting for an answer...  
and, by the way, if you're waiting, just don't,  
but simple is sort of sparse when expectations are so high.

Try (and I am certain) that I, would have found  
some belly to balance a bargain or two on.  
For so unknown is that belly, it took so long to forsake...  
But in the end, its slow collapse corrupted its sponsor.

You have found me in a way, not unlike my life,  
but you can only apologize so many times, and  
then your pardon has become unpardonable...  
and conception is burdened in the borrower.

I had only meant to shovel the snow, and set aside the season.  
But I hollowed a whole in its mistletoe  
and was kissed through forgetting egregious...  
so totaled, the sum had forgiven the whole.

But I speak to you from beneath the snow,  
before I go and before you know,  
there is slowness here in the snow to hear,  
and even now it is crystal clear.

To me.

But I loved So the snow, and so much want to know,  
what I loved in the crystals of common, and like they, I'll decay  
into spring... then in May, there are flowers  
that will bloom on my borrow.