

On this bright snow
Lofted about by currents never seen
The pattern is stamped
Or is revealed
That pleases the heart with beauty
and the mind with symmetry

On this swift message
Carried by some unknown pulse
The meaning is encoded
Or is inhered
Of the meeting of the soul
with the beating heart

On these frail words
Conveyed by metrics misunderstood
My hope is written
Or hides itself
The treasure of the mind
seeking to please