

Falling Snow

Mary Martin Stockdale

The water pours its embracing arms around the stone
Decay drips from the unquiet void where the ice forms, where life ends
 The stone is by the crimson flood, swallowed
 The red tide beyond the ebon wound, contorted
My sacrifice bids farewell in this river of memory... a wave to end all time
 Red birds escape from my wounds and return as falling snow
 To sweep the landscape; a wind haunted, wings without bodies
 The snow, the bitter snowfall
You wish to die in her pale arms, crystalline, to become an ode to silence
 In the soul of a mountain of birds, fallen
 The cascading pallor of ghostless feather
The snow has fallen and raised this white mountain on which you will die
 and fade away in silence.

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