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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