Snowing Still

Rotting Christ

all my dreams
take me backwards
i can see
a little child
his mother
in black
what a pleasure
touched by death
snow falls
cover the dead
cold doesn't
touch her
ice melts
as the warm tears fall
kissing the dead brother
and it's snowing still
in a lake of white
swans stare
at their direction
sad they live
black strange birds are coming
although early
the night deep falls
tears turn to ice
by the cold
the snow covers his body
and the snow stops falling
in shape like crows and as swans
become wizards speaking human words
the morning next together they will be

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