

Slumbers In The Snow

The frigid silence rang through the darkness,
as a brisk wind bit his face.
No one knew he even existed,
his footprints were the only trace.
The tree tops appeared to cry,
covering the path of his feet.
Here he would stop for the night,
a fire soon created some heat.
His trek was long and painful,
in the morning he planned to travel on;
but here, for now, he would relax,
Before the wolves would signal the dawn.
Off his back, he took a canvas sack,
sleep was on his mind;
in his dreams, he had no idea,
of the images he soon would find.
He would never sleep again,
under God's uncut lumber.
He would never awake, you see,
this was this stranger's final slumber.

By

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