Weissmies

EDWARD WILLIAMS

Years had passed:
Mirroring the passing time,
The moon was well beyond the full;
And Venus, contrasted with before,
But brightly shining still,
Could barely penetrate the morning mist
As two tiny figures' torches,
Bobbing with many an uphill twist,
Mimicked Nature's greater forces.

The wraith-like silent figures slowly wandered,
Climbing the listening eerie landscape below
To the lighter, stiller, stillness –
Of the snow;
And opposite, the ghost of alpenglow;
Higher yet, until a brilliant carpet spread below,
Radiant, vast,
Setting off the intense azure world
Of the sun – about to come.