

A WINTER'S THOUGHT
Dane Moser

Beneath the canopy of a leaden sky,
Helena sleeps, cradled by the breath
of winter's relentless symphony.
Snow descends like ancient hymns,
each flake a fleeting verse,
a whispered truth too delicate for spring.

In the hush, the world is remade,
a landscape of odd purity,
where mountains rise like solemn gods,
wrapped in robes of marble.
The streets forget their names,
veiled in silence, as if language
has no place in this frozen tundra.

Each flake holds the weight of eternity,
its short life a paradox:
born of air and ice,
destined to dissolve into nothing.
Yet together, they bury the earth,
a unity of impermanence
that endures.

In Helena, the snow teaches patience.
It slows the heart, tempers the will,
and draws the eye to the smallest things—
the curve of a pine branch bending
under clear burdens,
the faint trace of a deer's path
etched into the blank slate.

Does the snow dream of spring,
or does it find peace in its own demise?
We, too, are fleeting,
carved from a moment,
bound to melt back into the infinite.
Yet, as the snow swallows Helena whole,
it reminds us that
to be, even for a moment,
is to transform the world.