

Slippers In The Snow

Tiles

Peaceful
Lay your head to rest
The mountain climbed
The summit reached
A reel of moments plays on rewind
Quiet burden endured
How odd this sense of welcoming
Grateful for release

"Because I could not stop for death,
He kindly stopped for me;
The carriage held but just ourselves
And Immortality"-Emily Dickinson

Hurdle through the night no light
No time to rest or stop on this hasty flight
The day arrives
Wearing slippers in the snow
I see the footprints leading to home

Pages yellow & dry
A calendar suspending time
Memories kindling a cherished spell
As pain dissolves in a trail of tears