

Snow Prison

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Regarding the earth stretched out so frigidly void of all its loveliness I am not capable of believing there once grew roses in the now barren ground.



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Regarding the earth stretched out so frigidly,
void of all its loveliness,
I am not capable of believing,
there once grew roses in the now barren ground.
So it is also, when I see the sun,
peering through at me on such a winter's day.
it is hard from me to accept the fact,
that to this desolate prison I am bound.

Could I just once more walk, alone,
among the grassy open meadows,
rejoice in dew-tipped blossoms that glitter serenely,
with morning's golden flecks.
Yet here I remain trapped,
dreaming instead,
of some other vagabond,
and his isolated treks.

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