

Specks of Dirt

By Sarah Rest

Cornflower sky above
But no flowers below,
Just snow falling
Down gaunt gullies
On a whipping wind.
Softness smothers
To become a dead weight.
Trees touch their toes.
Dead white silence
Embalms meadow grass
And birdsong;
Silence as golden
As dawn's dabbling touch
On distant summits.
Waterfalls hold their blue breath.
In the threadbare light
Crisp quiet is ground
Into icy shards
Under the dogged heels of
Fervent men and women.
They squeeze the short days dry
To satisfy their desire.
The air sighs and eats their clamour.
Under the deep sky
Now scratched with vapour trails
They are specks of dirt
On a sheet.
They hack, crash, kick and clatter

Until they hear

The hum of blood through body.

Spindrift soothes their ardour.

They leave before

Night's tight cold

Clutches at their core.

The debris and damage of their hunger

Heals in the sorcery of altitude;

Melt waters are held still

And smoothed by bitter chill.

Snow gently restores silence.