

Driven Snow

by dan *Wednesday, Jul 17 2013, 11:01am*

international / poetry / post

the crunch
of snow
under my feet,
my body
compressing ice,
crisp cool
clean

stepping thru
the whiteness
all around
my vapoured breath
adds to the frozen
snowscape
a texture of white
water-flakes
most precious -

an abused
natural resource
second (only) to air
polluted by corporatists

the forest is trapped
in icicles
pine needles locked
in tiny coats of ice -
steel needles embedded
in warm flesh/
blue veins
red rivers of life
pulsing in the whiteness
warm mammalian bodies
defying the cold

hot thoughts swirl
in brain
wrapping content
with revolution,
justice

the ice, the heat

inside outside
polarities
vie one with the other

a constant struggle
between driven thoughts
fire, ice
and the whiteness
all around me

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-699.html>