

Appalachian Winter , Eternal

Winterscape

-Truly the land of the fallen-
For I believe that Hell
Could be no colder.

The ceaseless, assailing cold,
The endless, howling wind,
The eternal white blanket,
Fall to darkness upon the long-drawn night.

And yet when the sky does clear,
That beautiful blue
And that bright sunlight
Look as does salvation.

Is this Winter's truth?
So be it.
I'll give myself.
Winter, let me be your prophet.

When this flesh and blood fall back to the Earth,
Let my ghost howl with that torturous wind,
For suffering is the temperance
Of a soul made worthwhile.

So to all whom I love,
One more embrace.
By the union of Heaven and Earth
We are made in the image of greatness.