



4.6.72

John Weber

A layer of ice soothes the abrasions of the pond;
‘Neath the stench of the skin the heart throbs still;
The frosted outer countenance hides tensions within;
While in the darkened wilderness birds sound shrill.

Incessantly on the threshold, life lies askance,
Flushed down waterless gorges and filtering through rocks;
Then, like a stream, the heart falls, too,
Drowning in the paradoxes of life that it mocks.

The wood burned bright ‘neath the fury of light.
Relegated now to darkness, cold and compromised is youth;
Hammered into the desolation of the moon-drenched night,
A lonely frozen statue slowly awaits the truth.