

“Snow Angel – Self Portrait”

Falling,
 falling.

The wind rushes in my ears and I can hear every moment as if it is its own song. A car down the road passes by in seconds filled with a cry for a new muffler, but after that is eerie,
ghastly
silence.

Beautiful is the only inadequate word that comes to mind, and I wish I am a poet as I lay and watch the flakes blanket me and collect softly on my eyelashes and melt on my face like wet kisses from frosty lips.

I want to blend into the ground and be the field I'm laying in, and I'm sorry for my footprints ruining the virginity of the land.

I want to be buried alive and suffocate under sparkling flakes and the misty crystal my breath creates and be missing until spring when the thaw will turn this land into mud.

I carefully rise and look at what I've left, and perhaps I'm not a poet but tonight at least I've been an artist and left my mark on the world.

-CJ Wukovits

