

The Bohemian's Winter Hymn

Madylyn Zeiders: 5 December 2019

Is this destined to happen again
as we expand through ours
and every infinity? Will we continue
to criss-cross like figure skaters
reuniting over our frozen tracks?
Or is this the only one,
like the hexagonal frosty patterns
hurled down by the indifferent wintry winds?
If so, we should be so taxed to consider the journey
a brittle tree forking off into separate and unequal branches.
Nevertheless,
winter's gales shift directions
as white covers the canvas.
The beauty is in the nothing:
bleak white fields of emptiness mute the town of chaos.
The nothing of this path, the purpose of it.
The "nothing" of the creators and destroyers of the world before,
gods.
The knowledge of our nothing, truly freeing.
We can be a self without cosmic punishment,
a self that can brace winter's harshness,
and have the patience for spring's bloom.