

The old man sits silent.  
He is back in today.  
He secures the gossamer threads  
With great dignity, and curls back  
Into this dark, lonely web.

## DAVID BOLLIGER

L'abri (of purity, change and freedom).

In falling snow your dreams are white  
And blindness is not dark at all  
Spirits wounded in the night  
Escape to break the gentle fall  
Of purity

But with their kiss the clouds must part  
And leave the newborn land to warm  
Beneath the sun that feeds the heart  
Of all who fasted in the storm  
Of change

For those of us who will to cry  
For blue to dome the pillowed hills  
Are those of us who seek the sky  
The spirit wind that she instills  
Is freedom