

Midpoint

I move silently through the world,
a snowflake amongst snowflakes.
Maybe I am tracking deer, I don't know,
the furrowed brow can take care of itself.
My footprints are covered in snow.

My happiness feels European, extinct.
I am moving through forest towards a town
but no lights, no signs, its one clock stopped
years ago by the weight of so much snow.
Only children coming towards me,

their footprints too covered in snow.