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I Dream Winter

Snow falls from dark sky.
Clouds blow across
winter moon.
Ravens fly in early daylight
and call
Raucous cries of winter
echo in my cold house
of dreams.
I wake,
reach to memory for dreams.

Dawn wakes.

There are no ravens here.
Where we live now
is too modern for them.
Houses are close together.
There is nothing here for them.
There is nothing here
for wild creatures.

Snow falls from dark sky
Daylight floods my cold house.
Clouds blow across
winter moon.

Cold and clouds and winter
and dark sky and falling snow
infect my mind
free my mind
to vision.

In early daylight,
ravens fly across
cold moon
through falling snow

Their raucous cries
echo
Bears lope down the street
Bison graze
across front lawns.
Stag stands up the hill and watches
eagle soars in dark cloud

I walk from room to quiet room
Snow falls thickly.
Morning sun shines
above dense snow clouds.

Memory becomes day
Memory becomes winter
Vision becomes brilliant light
winter
my eyes

In waking
is all dreaming
is all reality

I walk across grey stones.
black stones
open meadows
through forest of massive trees
growing into open sky
I walk across open ground
through dense brush
wilderness surrounds me
opens my thought
to eternity
vision
thought