

Images of my Nights

The flakes fall still on virgin snow,
as silence rings my ears;
nothing echos over the white,
as midnight quickly nears.
The moon stands full above.
The Heavens cry crystals of snow.
The sky is clear but dark,
and the ground just seems to glow.
All is silent in the north;
to the west are city lights.
In the distance, I hear wolves cry out.
These are the images of my nights.

By

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