

## Sepulchral Winter

Abstract Spirit

As forgotten souls suffer,  
In a blooming garden,  
I lie paralyzed  
In that deadly whiteness.  
Entwined branches reach for me  
With silent entreaties  
As my hands they are  
Tied by ruthless frost.  
My eyes are wide open  
Watching absence of everything  
They are used to see darkness  
That light will never disturb.  
Forever be my tomb,  
The snowdrift without edges,  
Forever be my shelter,  
From those who left me here.