

## Slippers In The Snow

Tiles

Peaceful  
Lay your head to rest  
The mountain climbed  
The summit reached  
A reel of moments plays on rewind  
Quiet burden endured  
How odd this sense of welcoming  
Grateful for release

"Because I could not stop for death,  
He kindly stopped for me;  
The carriage held but just ourselves  
And Immortality"-Emily Dickinson

Hurdle through the night no light  
No time to rest or stop on this hasty flight  
The day arrives  
Wearing slippers in the snow  
I see the footprints leading to home

Pages yellow & dry  
A calendar suspending time  
Memories kindling a cherished spell  
As pain dissolves in a trail of tears