

MY LIFE

By Flo Ellers

*The snow-capped mountain standing along
Without life, lonely, cold, rigid
Unmoving, except for the storm that rages on the crest.*

*The season passes,
The sun bursts forth!*

*The passivity of the snow and ice changes as streaks of
rippling streams flow down her face
Cleansing, purifying—
Carrying away with it the garbage of accumulated filth
of past season.*

*As the pleasant turmoil of change is over
Another begins*

*Heaving, pushing, lifting the burden.
In thunderous travail
A blade penetrates
Then—liberty!*

*Bending, bowing in submission
The winds carry past my nostrils the beauty of the flower,
It touches me,
I gaze at the wonder of this transformation of New Life,
And stand in awe of the Creator!*