

Poetry —

Journey of snowdrift

*You drift with the wings of the northwind
And drift wherever you want to drift.
The wind whines passing the human ear —
Often cold and bitter.
You come sliding upon the frozen land,
Silently, and yet alive.
Snowdrift, you settle wherever you want to settle.
When the wind dies, you are nowhere to be seen,
And yet, you are everywhere as far as the eyes can see:
As far as the stretch of the mind,
Soon to drift again when the wind comes alive,
And go with the wind as far as her breath can go.
You are never too tired, too sleepy, too lazy,
Or too burdened with the calls of the wind.
You can drift day or night —
Time is of no essence to you.
Instead, you gladly take to the wings of the wind,
Until one day, you take another form —
In the spring.*

*Soon, the north wind will not make you drift
Across the frozen land that was one day as it was.
The wind cannot be bitter or cold no more.
Somewhere you will settle over a leave that will appear soon,
And find yourself basking in the sun.
All around you, there is a new lifeform —
The spring teaming with life!
And you turn into a drop of water on the leave —
Ready to slide down the leave to its roots —
Giving life to the roots of the leave.
You were once a snowdrift, and now a drop of water
Giving life wherever you settle.
And you will drift again, and melt again
So long as there is life to give.*

— John Angaiak