

Winter 1983

*My feet wander to the top.
A mud trail covers yellow
weeds.*

*I pause for a moment
to watch winter.
Wind wakes the southwest.
Warlike mountains are warmer
to observe.*

Snow waxes stream

*creations.
Williwaw steps in without
introduction.*

*I take a weary breath
as the blue-gray ocean rustles
Willingly,*

*Boiling water winds with rampage.
White caps unable to end,
I cannot leave this
wrathful land.*