

Whitefalling Death/Life

In winter, the sun breaks gold across the back of blue
the snowy fields are copper, amber, ether,
however dead; beautiful, beautiful.

And the sun-on-his-back wanderer is lost but doesn't care,
the sun is on his back and the wind lives in his hair
and he's easy to trust;
while the world is gloriously dying
makes a lovely whitefall grave
since after all it must.

That, that is where we were,
above the earth in winter.

Haven't you been there, between joy and despair?
Where life and death are dancing and the traveller doesn't care?
Where the sun falls on the snow and is diffused into the air,
above the earth?

The planet spins, the traveller, with sun behind the ray,
and the pretty death begins of those upon it, during play;
Yet when has winter come that it appeared it meant to stay
beyond its due?

Besides, in winter does the sun break gold across the back of blue

and across the earth
this distant warmth
is travelling, is travelling
from death.