

the snow is on fire

she walks in falling snow,
her pale white skin
invisible within
its frozen flow,
a fluttering shadow,
a wind-whipped wraith
in the whipped wind's
wildly weaving undertow

she walks on frozen snow
below sun's brilliant flight,
a million ice prisms
refracting crystalline light
into violet flashes and indigo flares,
into burning blue,
etched emerald and acid red,

behind the silence
of her eyes
the snow is on fire
within her head