

WINTER, MID-1950's

KARLIS E. RUSA

gold beams the sun toward setting;
the afternoon slow-dying
lengthens the bone-thin shadows
of trees on glittering white.

and I, the child, sit dreaming
before the western window
and watch the pale gold grow,
glinting, on magic snow.

silence and warmth within;
outside, a muted glory
of legends half-remembered
through mists of infancy.

and there—in haze of distance,
are not those heroes, crossing
the snowy wasteland, driven
onward by some high quest?

O wait—I come to join you!
before the darkness pounces,
we shall have reached the mountains. . .

my eyelids droop. I sleep