

Testament

The white flakes
slide gently down,
cradled from cloud
to ground by the
strong hands of the wind,
only to melt.

each unique among millions.
each destined to the same ultimate end.

The ashes drop
from the chimney,
and the wind, uncaring,
lets them fall,
settling darkly above the white.

each unique among millions.
each destined for the same ultimate end.

A tree stands silent,
cold, alone,
covered in human snow.

Stephen Conway



Kathy Kurek