

The snow keeps on falling

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temperature continues to drop
until eyelids are pasted shut

Perhaps the world is manipulated
as a puppet on its strings
perhaps they do not notice
too concerned with the biting wind

Perhaps the people have been blind
all along unable to read the notes
to their silent song of the swan

Life out of death is nature's theme
can they not sense the patterns
or is the snow just drifting in

People give heed
listen to the words
how they are shaped
how they are served
for without the words
there are no strings