

Winter Solitude

I know of a place where the only pollution comes from my lungs and is quickly purified
by the trees.

I know of a place beyond the inversion where the haze is thinner than the air, making it
nonexistent.

I know of a place where the snow is as soft and pure as God's robe;
after I wrinkle it, I stop to admire my tracks
only I will see them before they are pressed out
by the gentle blanket of snow drifting from above.

I know of a place where there are no lift lines because the only lifts are my legs;
the only pass I need is an energy bar and a bag full of almonds and raisins.

I know of a place where the closest animal is sleeping quietly in a cave,
and will stay that way until the snow is long gone and so am I.

I know of a place where it would be unforgivable sacrilege to take anything with a motor
the silence is only broken by the muffled crunch of snow under my skis as
I ascend into paradise and the gentle hiss of snow from the wave I displace
as I fly back to the base to begin again.

I know of a place that took my breath away the first time I saw it,
took it again every visit since,
and will take it away as long as I live.

I know of a place, the roads don't go there and neither should you.

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