

What would it matter in the snow  
If I shall ever be alone?

I might be just a flake of snow,  
But lo! How much have I become!

My restlessness rallies the zest,  
My flames alight my scorched chest.  
I shine, I flow; I then arise.  
Indifferent be sacrifice.

I have a world I call my own,  
The abstract kingdom, sacred home.  
There is no shape, nor counterfeit.  
No humans, noise and no deceit.

There may be forests, may be fields.  
If not - surreal void realm.  
I witness stories others told  
Or rest in artificial cold.

Insanity is better friend;  
My legend is my own to tell.  
What would it matter in the snow?  
I am not shackled by mere hopes.