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ISSN 2278-9529

Galaxy: International Multidisciplinary Research Journal
www.galaxyimrj.com

Snow

Anissa Sboui

I can see the snow
Falling below
Declaring the chastity of the land:
Embroidered in white
What I affirm
And cannot offend
Is the meteorically clean site
No one may withstand.

I can see the snow
Falling below
Freezing warm hand
Heating heart bow
Stagnating nagging row
With the sweep of cleansing band.

I can see the snow
Falling below
Touching the green sand
Smothering flowers not to grow
Over the hills of Iceland
On the eve of ceaseless thunder of woe

I can see the snow
Falling below
After fierce flakes of snow blow
The clouds do mend,
Wait for the sunrise in the end
Transforming the sky, I saw
Into a resplendent rainbow