Carol Burdick After Storm

Mute and purely beautiful this night; Wind-driven snow at rest in a tranquility of white, carelessly crystal under light from quiet stars.

So might peace come within my breast, to fall as snowflakes fall upon raw scars; to mask impurity, stifle futile inquiry which seeks in chaos, reason.

Grant me my white season, make me cold.

Cool the scorching flame of why down to merest glow;
Come Peace! upon my spirit lie like freshly fallen snow.

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