

midwinterhorn

it was a damp and cloudy day  
no sky to see but lacking light  
was disappearing in dense grey  
almost forgotten the blue sight

amidst a dreary march he stood  
this lonely man almost a ghost  
lifting his horn to blow he would  
though useless at this outpost

I did n't know whoever began  
was it the sun or was it the man

before twilight invited the night  
the sky split open to our delight  
and daylight came shining bright

Barchem, woensdag 25 december 2013  
Jacobus Trijsburg