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## Wind

The wind whistles around me.  
I can feel the cold biting at my chilled body.  
My face numb, my eyes bleary, I struggle to place one stiff leg in front of the other.  
I must think about each movement, each shifting of my limbs.  
I creep through the frigid snow and ice.  
I cannot tell if I am making progress.  
Where or when or how I lost myself in this winter domain, I cannot remember.  
Only the need to go on, to find what was lost.  
All is white around me, save for the few trees that stand like sentinels around me.  
Who or what do they watch this night?  
Do they, like me, feel the fingers of winter grasping at their gnarled branches?  
The cold is permeating deeper into my body, my concentration slipping.  
The snow beckons to me.  
"Lay down," it says. "Let me bring you peace."  
The wind shifts around me, enfolding me in a translucent cloak.  
Ghostly forms dance around me.  
The winterscape has become alive, and it knows me.  
I can feel nothing, nothing except the feel of the cold.  
It no longer stings, almost comforting now.  
I can go on no longer.  
I must rest.  
I take a final step, then fall to my knees.  
I lay down on a soft embankment.  
The snow begins to blanket around me.  
My clothes are soaked through with melted snow, but I can't feel them.  
My mind drifts with the snow, my thought slowing.  
I feel the weight of my journey pushing my eyelids down.  
My thoughts circle idly for those few moments before sleep sets in.  
I take a final glimpse at realities and fantasies, memories and dreams.  
My body shudders one final time.  
With a last sigh, my mind loses coherence.  
Peace.