A Solitary Snowflake Falls

Mike de Sousa

25 December 2017

A speck of dust from soil or sand,

From powder down or loose brushed skin,

Encased within its centre lays,

A prick from past of living thing.

As snowflake falls,

The grain returns in shallow husk of crystal white,

Come gently lay upon this earth,

In wait of warmth in day or night.

The download is available to anyone who reads my short form journal Think This Today, follows my timeline on Facebook or Twitter, or has signed up to my mailing list.

www.mikedesousa.com

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The full size artwork can be found in the folder that accompanies this PDF.

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Thoughts

At the heart of every snowflake is a nucleus of dust. This tiny particle could originate from any number of places: the smoke from a forest fire; the minute specks of volcano ash that are pushed into the high atmosphere; the fine debris that falls from a meteor as it streaks across the sky; the microscopic particles picked up by the wind from plant spores and the cells of feather and skin that living things shed each day.

I ponder on the journey of a particle of dust. The dust from one living thing to another.

From someone standing on a hill looking skyward, from distant land, and then for days across an ocean far below, until on high, ice crystals enfold and change the particle of dust to form a single snowflake that lightly tumbles to the earth and, after time, comes to fall upon my palm. I sense its cold but cannot feel its weight. Like the image that accompanies the poem, it is as light as light itself, waiting to be known by the warmth of my attention. I easily ignore a solitary snowflake, yet its journey can be as great as any I have made.

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Thank you once again for your interest in my work.

Kind Regards,

Mike

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