

Sleigh-Ride

Far-off fades a cry of greeting
Where roads once echoed with the heavy hooves
Of horses wild and gliding on a velvet stairway
Soundless, the runners of our sleigh.

Whirling up snow in the clear
Winter morning; it lies sparkling on the pelts
Of our blankets, dogs bark,
Their muzzles white, and silvery bells tinkle.

From the brilliance which, spread out there,
Slides sparkling to our sight,
We feel our hearts and minds expanded,
Led with certainty to peace.

Across sentinels of fresh snow
Into the shades of white nights
Into the night of the splendour of stars
Into the splendour of Gods' might.

Flora Rosanes 1868 – 1944