Through the cloudless, clear sky the sun shone vividly

Bursting with vibrant colours,

Tucking us in a blanket of heat.

The gentle breeze brushed against our faces,

The golden mist filled the air.

Tonight we heard a call,

The whirling wind carrying a deathly blizzard

Dragging us by our frozen, icy fingers

Gnawing, savage, callous,

The bitter frost piercing in the dead of night.

Was it the raging wind conveying a message?

Ferociously howling, with a fading growl,

Shattered whispers pleading for help,

Piercing screams mourning for our souls,

A lonely shadow, gliding away.

We must arise and go,

The world is warm without,

And blazing and parched about

With sorrow and tragedies and curiosity,

But we must follow,

And spot the footprints in the sand.