The Elementalist

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Cover Page Footnote

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“Minus 10, again,”
The weatherman said.
The snow keeps falling, the arctic winds are blowing.
The ice is building up under
The snow.
Minus 10, again.
What is happening?
Is this Global warming or
Is this Global freezing?
We are tired of Jack Frost nipping
At our nose and the layers upon layers
Of clothes.
Mister weatherman please do not say,
“Minus 10, again” today.
There is no place to go.
To get away from the bitter cold.

Winter twilight filled the sky,
Summer heat filled up my soul,
Autumn leaves fell 'cross my face,
And I know as they touched they took their toll.

How could I watch as my life drained,
Did I not see my skin turn blue?
Could not I smell the burning flesh,
All I know is that the loss is true.

Small red lines etched 'cross my brow,
Showed true signs of the leave's passage.
I do hope that the marks won't stay,
Against cold skin they do feel savage.

I stand and smell the cool, cold air,
I stand and smell my burning hair,
I stand and smell the dead leave's blood,
I stand alone,
I, the seasoned man,
stand
alone.