

"Winter Landscape in Jura"  
Eustave Courbet



Sometimes the wall is futility's stone  
Though snow melts the passage  
That's bare but turns  
From the fall in its beauty of spring.

Oh path - plot the plod  
Through the winter's fourth season of year,  
For in faith has been slanted the wall  
To compute what of time is a stall  
From the vacuum that pressures behind -  
Through the snow which the fallen in sinks  
Tumble and crimson the crack of remains  
That in life  
Drive the driven to trudging  
Alone.