

The Arctic Tundra

At the dawn of polar night, as light as a feather,
Winter has fallen on all bloom.

Snow through the mist covers silently,
The wind blows light iridescent woolen pads,
On the bluish river marbled with frost,

Snowflakes fly feverishly, like in a ballet,
Wraps mosses and lichen covered stones.

They spread in white duvet,
Burying all life under a thick cloak.

In the sooty sky, the full moon,
So bright that it erases all traces of auroras,
Glow on the fjord.

The celestial body illuminating the sleepy valley,
Reveals the inhabitants of the tundra,
Whose footsteps are muffled by the snowpack.

Immaculate Ptarmigans merge with the snow cover,
Only their eyes glow in the twilight,
Floating in the middle of nothingness.

The birds remain on a hillock,
In search for vegetation,
To survive the long polar winter.