

**Sight**

The wonder of winter is its hidden treasure.  
We brave the cold in search.  
Not in the hills, nor in the high places,  
We follow the star.

We drank from the cup of bitterest gall,  
And pressed through the shadow of Death,  
For gold in the valley: for a starseed in clay.  
We followed through the night.

The curtain is parted: blinked open, the sky,  
We are caught in the gaze of the Terrible Eye:  
The piercing stare, the Eye of Heaven.  
Behold!



