Diamond Dust

THIS PHENOMENON OCCURS WHEN SHARP FROST MEETS FINE MIST, FORMING MINUTE ICE CRYSTALS WHICH AIR CURRENTS CARRY ALOFT, SPARKLING IN THE LIGHT OF THE MORNING SUN. SEE NOTE

I have seen
Diamond dust –
Pinpricks of light
Flashing,
Gleaming,
Sparkling like stars
In the glow of
The crisp,
Freezing,
Dawn.
Minute particles,
Shimmering bright
In rising air currents.
Floating,
Dancing,
Revelling,
Playing in the light
Of the pristine,
Frosty morning.
Fleeting sparks
Suddenly condensed
From fine, swirling mist
Rising from the river...
I gaze – Amazed
Absorbed,
Entranced,
Transported,
Briefly forgetting
To *shiver*.

NOTE: *I've witnessed this phenomenon twice. On both occasions I was standing alongside the Madison River in Montana. Sadly, my camera was not up to capturing the scene, but it etched resilient images on my mind. This poem is my attempt to draw the picture in words.*