

End of March

Dying embers punctuate my thoughts
Which trouble the room's darkness
Snow thickens the sky's black melancholy
Yet I find solitude in the flickering light
Whose warmth defies the night's dark cloak
Denying its unassuming softness—
A fight for life

But death is on my mind.
Not death, but the ultimate panic,
The suffocation that precedes it
Its worldly imminence
Which crushes all rebellion
Life ends not with a bang,
But with a whimper

Yet life is vague and death is real—
A return to our true refuge
Masking the world in red velvet
And life is but a distant dream
Perfect, perhaps, because it is so brief

I drown in my thoughts,
Dream of few and far between
Of pictures old and things unseen
Until the firewood creaks, as if to whisper
And a gloom to the west
Grows somber by the minute
As if angered by the sun's approach

The scene tempts drama, expectation
As walls cave in on tip toe
Yet all that remains is a faint afterthought
That envelops my mind—
A perplexity

And in the depth of winter's chilling grasp
I find within myself
A prosperous spring