[poem] On the first day of winter

november twelve

the world is in dust, combusted

out of the cold dusk

gray, overcast

yet promising no rain

the lamplight, already brighter

betrays the dying day

the haze

shimmering

flows as if boiled air

heat in the dog days

a deception of warmth

anything that could flee

freezes in the reverie

a remembrance crystalline

under the earth, un-mined

eludes undermining

the smell of coldness

haunts the weak

pricks the nostrils

cuts into the id

breathing in frosty air

blowing out as steam

the combustion of lunged creatures

conjures up the vapours

the winter child

baptized in the chill

his spirit gleams

his eyesight extends

recalling, the warmth

under whose arms

he'd split a share and cast aside

again, if not bereft

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give me a hug

a hug

will you come to find me in that city ?

if i have the chance

I have had enough

of what i had had

of your grace

your beauty

indulged and satisfied

until another winter i regret

i have not

for ever after

only eternity does not live

on bread

so dry as to soon break

the epidermis on finger tips

so tight and smooth

a scratch misses the itch

packed in boots and a pullover

a body, limbs and feet

the source of warmth, the wearer

mistaken for the wear-ee

walk slowly, officer K

the passed consensus

the passed consensus

failure/success ain't the sole basis

until you grit the teeth

the bearer of hope

mistaken for the bear-ee

faith gives in and takes you

further away when you redeem

time and mistakes compound

the reason why youth's most want

once left

two visages of youth, a couple

converse in delight

in the crossing, waiting

for the traffic light

still red

unwrinckled eyelids, clean as mist

diverted looks, dusk lit

a portrait of winter children in love

on november twelve

blue as glacier

burn

as an inner summer