

## Rondo

still winter  
shroudy skies  
in the mourning

still mourning  
dawn dribbles through curtained pain  
seeps into puddle on sill  
evaporating

still evaporating  
crusts upon my bed  
i'm holding on to mould  
and whimpers of immortality  
i twitch

still twitching  
i crawl around the wasteland of my life  
around the wasteland  
around the waste

still waste  
shall i end with a tierce de picardie?  
do i dare?  
do i care.

still?

yes.

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