

Dark Seasons

cold is this:

the claw that caresses your face
the wind that scratches bone

heat is this:

a balloon inflating in your head
napalm

we dress for these

the lonely child
the quiet telephone
the television's sick light

: these are the dark
: these are the seasons
hardest to dress for

buying clothes buying
love
we attempt
dressing for the dark

SEBASTIAN GRAY