

## Bitter Cold

Winter smells of her.

Inhaled crisp cool breezes stinging nasal membranes,

The smell of dying

With hopes of renewal,

Regeneration,

Rebirth.

She smells of winter.

The cold and brutal hawk

Nipping at your fingertips and earlobes,

Biting,

Tearing,

Taunting.

Thoughts of her bring the chill inward,

Memories imprinted in plowed snow:

Dirty,

Disgusting,

Deeply defying doubt-filled diligence.

We died in winter.

Flourishing full in summer,

The cut of sub-zero temperatures

Split us in two,

Into a space where I'm never near you

And you can't stand me

And though you want we,

I just cant stand you taming the fierceness of my individuality.

That's what you want.

For me to ignore the duality of consciousness.

So you're annoyed.

I'm astounded.

We tried again,

Rebounded.

Dumbfounded,

I just drove away.

Stayed away

Plotting the day we would reunite.

But shit happens.

Fuck,

She happened.

Love happened.

Then I realized I never loved you at all,

Nor you me.

I was the tea you sipped to soothe your pain-ridden memories

But you were too self-righteous to really see the truth.

I don't know why I saw and not you.

I saw what we became for each other:

A dependency, physical lovers.

Caught in the ever encapsulating whirlpool of me,

You saw my dense forest but not the simplicity of my trees,

The most important thing being the strength found in even my leaves.

Like when I left.

The strut of my strength could be heard in waves.

I sprinkled your world full of autumn colors that day.

Strong yellows and ferocious reds lay in my wake.

But it's nothing like this cold bitter wind

Forcing its way against the warmth of my skin.

This pain smells of you.

Like retched memories finger painted in piles of dirty snow.

Like the way I wanted to stop us but you wouldn't let me go

And now I wish I could just get you out of my dome.

I bundle up against this chill while memory lane I roam.

Winter smells of you.

A cold and brutal hawk

Nipping at my fingertips and earlobes,

Biting,

Tearing,

Taunting.

Winter feels like you.

Inhaled crisp cool breezes stinging nasal membranes.

You are the smell of dying

With hopes of renewal,

Regeneration,

Rebirth.