

Teenaged Winters

Oh winter,
The girl with the beauty most deceptive,
Whose delicate snowflakes, glistening under the sunlight,
Once charmed me,
Whose trees with powdery, white shawls and crystalline spears of frozen dew,
Once allured me,
Now shrouds my body in a dreary blanket as I sit by the fireplace.
The fire that only serves half its purpose,
For although it keeps me warm,
The dancing flame doesn't seem to be any good in lighting up the dark abyss in which the season
has trapped me in.

Oh winter,
I look back on the simpler times,
The times when I'd compress the snow in my palms,
Shaping them into firm spheres to toss at a fence.
Never then would I have imagined that one day these months would turn me into a messy slush.
Slush that I stomp into the cold concrete before carelessly kicking off the curb,
And melting into a puddle that runs down a storm drain.
I fall deeper,
Deeper,
Deeper.

Oh winter,
How I wish I could go back to the simpler times,
To catching flurries on my fingertips in the crisp air,
Admiring the intricate structure of each flake,
Before it disappears into my warm skin.
I guess that's the harsh slap of growing up,
That you can't hold on to snowflakes long enough to treasure them.

Oh winter,
How you feel so endlessly blue,
Though it vanishes from the sky, the color blue echoes in my heart,
A melancholy weight that whispers, *leave it alone, don't bother.*
I sip away each morning, every evening,
Like hot cocoa — wary of burning my tongue with every sluggish, lethargic taste.

But something in me tells me I cannot stop now,
A subconscious need to keep sipping,
The promise of spring, of new beginnings,
Of the sun peeking out again over the clouds to remind us of who we are,
The promise of regrowth,
Of little seedlings that peek out of our soil.
I hold on to that hope,
And I keep sipping,
Slowly.
Because my heart will thaw,
My mind will sprout,
The darkness will pass as it always has,
And the light will be restored.