

an ode to winter

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**"In the midst of winter, I found there was, within
me, an invincible summer."**

Albert Camus

november

autumn's warmth

the long days now fading fast, so much for the defiant sun,
shorts and a hoodie keeping you warm while you chomp on the bun,
mosaics of browns and yellows and golds, did you notice hun?
the fiery vigour of that youthful summer, now another lifetime,
by braving the invading cold did you, those vestiges of that youthful
bravery, mime?

shortening of days

the days are slowly becoming shorter, dare say meeker,
while the nights seem to spring forth subtly bolder,
the last of the braveheart leaves finding the will to let go!

the sporadic bursts of cold wind, extinguishing feeble warmth,
from under the jackets, a passive aggressive shoulder bump,
crumbling that fragile hubris that the boisterous summer let accumulate,
ahead lies a journey through darkness with the spikes of doubt tightly
bound!

gold, yellow and brown

the richness of these shades, originating deep within,
never too scared of all the worries in between,
the adventures that could be had were had,
whatever hasn't happened might just be for the best,
maybe a dozen giggles and inflection points lay unactivated,
but maybe this version is the one you were meant to be all along,
because otherwise you wouldn't have heard your daughter cackle!

first frost

the dark of the night continues to get darker,
the winds colder, the air chillier,
the tiny blades of grass, always pokey,
but never uncomfortably sharp.

as the darker nights settle in,
the freeze creeps in ever so gently too,
its grip ever so unrelenting,
roaring quietly in the darkest hour of the night,
the blades of grass, holding strong, letting their
extremities freeze, knowing, believing,
that this will not always be.

a temporary pause in the flourish,
until the thaw, for all it comes through,
even if it doesn't seem like it at all.

december

nights at 3 pm

the most surreal days, in store for those who don't believe,
the black of the nights ever so satanic, almost the precipice of heaven,
the later sunrises forcing you to contemplate while the shadows,
begrudgingly end their dance for the night.

some heavy moments,
can leave the temple ringing, o caffeine's sweet release,
a home full of love and kindness might also solve.

chilly pill

the cold of the darkest hour, too invisible too loud,
the floors and the walls contracting until they can't,
the bitterness of the cold determinedly seeping through,
futile is resistance, only parlay is absolute surrender!

cold beneath four layers

the cold finds ways to freeze your skin, numb you become,
scrunched and ambling through the trek, just holding on to get home,
each icy breath a little puff of life, sign of a fire raging bright,
don't let it go out, it'll all be for none, learn to sit tight,
and remember that the last 10% is another 90%!

green in grey

most trees have retreated back to their roots, shedding all the extremities,
giving up on growth, rendezvousing with its brethren under the frozen
ground,

in the warmth of the twittering roots, vitamin flavoured water the drink of
choice,

a few remain, their green foliage lush in naughty defiance against the winter
chill,

starkly contrasting the greyness with their abundance of green, a
testament,

to the strength that a few can muster, to persevere, to thrive, in the harshest
conditions of all, so that the numbing, darkening greys cannot make us
forget,

the splendours of the many selves that we can bloom into!

january

whites don't crack

the snow under your shoes, compressed irreversibly within a moment,
shape shifted so forcibly even mr fantastic might get dizzy,
moving to shield their kin, never ready to let them go, quite the lesson,
changed into something alien, fleeting memory of what came before,
always open to possibilities that are teeming on the other side of fear!

flickering fires

slow the days have become, cold making the simplest chores heavy,
mere existence becoming the most winding chores, the stillness too
paralysing,
crackling of the flickering fires rippling the depths of contemplation,
brownian aesthetic, if categorisation is to be insisted upon,
the time is ripe for the seedling to birth new roots, ones that have been
proselytizing,
waiting to illustrate how they can intertwine with and buttress the load
bearing roots,
possibilities of a bountiful future on the plane gatekept by courage!

surrendering to stillness

deafening the silence of howling winds, silent snowy spectators abound,
the darkness is pregnant with the potential for inflection,
the collective bated breath so heavy it creaks and groans,
the pain and doubt, a cerberus only in your head, about to metamorphosise,
into a happy little golden retriever, upon a teeny step teeming with courage,
don't fret if you let the moment pass you by, a winter will greet you again,
the only real regret should be the kindness that was lost in vain!

wardrobe reevaluation

heavy is the wardrobe with the lightest of the clothes,
filled with shrapnels of your being that once was,
a dizzying array of choice you might've given yourself,
but which of those really smoothes the blunt edges out?

february

mercury hopscotching

the sunlight's touch might graze instead of caressing,
this aberration of a day making you hope of dancing
light rays that fill up the room, warming the corners
instead of simply galloping off of surfaces like it do!

memories of warmth

the sudden uptick causes longings for balmy nights,
pulling you along from dance to dance, laughter spilling,
the darkness seems lighter, the clothes hug your body tighter,
joy to be found in cackling toddlers and fragrant flowers,
letting their sweetness ooze, sponsoring the bees mating nights,
a sonder world in bloom, our sanctuary replete with wonder!

icemelt

the thaw is never sudden, just another deception we want to fall for,
imperceptible to our clogged pores of perception,
always becoming, wasteful to be worried about the metamorphosis,
the rigidity that held you through the darkness now needs that wiggle
room to help you find your way through the oncoming simmering madness!

birds finding their voice again

the begrudging dance of the shadows now crossfade into,
an ever so gentle chirp here and a tweet there, a reminder,
that the promise of false thaws might be hard to cope with,
but just like how hope is a road that appears in the countryside
when people walk along it, follow the birds we should,
in gently ushering in the warmth to the nooks that held strong
through the depths of the midwinter!

acknowledgements

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the pages, my friends and family.

if you've reached this point, thank you for your time.

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~may peace and love be with you~