

Midwinter has me pinioned
Like a long-dead beetle
My iridescent colours
Turned grey in the dying light

They keep telling me
The light's not dying at all
But the rebirth is slow enough to be backward
Slow enough to be forgotten

February like a boulder
Swallowed down when I wasn't looking
Force-fed in my sleep

I will wear it away
Through attrition
Compassion
The right cocktail of meds

I'll sneeze in the weak light
And the cat will realise I'm alive
And start meowing for her breakfast

And I'll remember I'm alive, too