

## Winter Haikus

moon behind thin clouds  
mysterious veiled lady  
sadly looking down

false spring swiftly flees  
despot winter marches back  
mounts his snowy throne

balmy wind retreats  
pursued by icy soldiers  
laying waste the fields

once more nothing grows  
nothing blooms, nothing ever thrives  
purest white despair

I cannot move, change  
frozen into bleak patterns  
once more barren ground

so cycles hope, birth  
death, rebirth and death again  
still I struggle on

dragging noisy fears  
clumsy feet and awkward thought  
I fear the monster

I hold the monster  
cold self-hate knives from within  
the monster holds me

silent, I shout help  
I'm cold and scared, I hurt  
get some help, you say

I hold the hand that  
holds the knife too near my heart  
frozen, nothing moves