

THE COLD REMINDS ME OF YOU

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The cold reminds me of you
Mountain air nipping at my face
Your presence nipping at my heart

Sometimes I imagine
myself on that frigid mountain,
looking down towards the reality I left
Then I look up to the orange sun falling out of the sky
And so I take off my jacket
And my gloves
And my shoes
And I lie in the snow
The powder a blanket enveloping me
Soon my fingers will be blue, my lips purple
I close my eyes and say goodnight
The cold is all I have left of you

But I'm not like you
I'll wake up shivering in my bed on those hard nights, but I turn on the heater
And I don't leave
I don't die in the depths of night

Because I'm not you,
Because I know I will be more of a man than you ever were.

