

North of Winter

If only I would become the night,
a child of darkness.

My future is in the unconscious.

Arms searching North of winter,
the sun folding slowly, tracing
an irremediable heat, no longer me.

Droplets of sweat running across my window,
hypnotized by Vancouver's torrential rainstorms,
days looping into one monochromatic frame,
never begging to differ.

If only I would become
the night, a child
of darkness.

Eyes, naked of light
but for a slight slit
caress of a gracefully skin.

Embracing the wetness
of the naked woods.

Forgetting how to remember,
the memories I feel
by being terrified of my impulses
down South.

A sex once grey, residue
of a previous owner,
unbelonging

an entirely other gender
to discover.