

Gloves hold you in.
Accessorize.
Corners of sin, and potential crimes.
The cold scolds your chin.
Draws some salt from an eye,
But even the winds can't get much of a rise.

How long will it take you to want to go home?
How long will it take you to learn there is none?
You were a sister, a daughter; just what was your role?
In a family now scorned by stitches and holes.

You got no where to be.
So you just can't get lost.
And your fool of a substance that melts heavy frost.
I'd want to take you to dinner,
But you'd rather hang out at rest-
stops engaging in discourse better scratched into desktop.

Then your phone rings.
It's just me.
How long will it take you to trust me?
I'm coming down to get you even though you don't answer.
Because the snow was okay, but the rain is coming faster.

Water sinks in
Faster then thickens.
My Pockets, my pockets are drinking.
Your fingers, my fingers are sinking.