

Never In Anger

Rainer Maria

My name is
jean briggs,
it's 1964, and language leaves me.
cold and quiet,

It's punishment
for trying to stand on your side.
eat snowflakes,
fall down
on thousands of layers old.

See sometimes i'm seasons
yet the closest place from hearth to home.
i can't imagine the sun never setting,
lives in the snow.
maybe i'll leave here.
been through a bad year.
too cold to die here.