Inconsequent

Sometimes it feels like all the positive experiences in my life must be the ones I allow myself to forget. There are two poems I am now writing. One I wish to write. The other one I must, if simply to stay my mindless hands. Though this isn’t the first time I’ve done something I didn’t want to do.

Forgetting is a blessing for the unbothered mind. What it takes to live in a land of winter sun. The summer nights can be had more cheaply elsewhere, but don’t feel earned. To live where we have weather is part and parcel with learning how to live with the dying, and nearly how to bury the dead.