

Hibernation

KATJA ROGERS

This quicksand of my own making has grown teeth and claws
And snarls at me from behind the splintered door.
At every glance, my skin grows cold until I shake and shiver
And my icicle hair begins to splinter and burst.

This winter I plan to hibernate in books,
Make a second skin out of handwritten pages and leather covers.
I will carve a deep tunnel through crumbling layers of wallpaper,
And I will be safe, and think nothing.

But in spring, in summer—the world is dipped into heat and haze
And only some of us will make it through to its end
With sunburns, cracked lips, and shaking fingers.

