

# MY FROZEN SUMMER

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I have learned to despise the very moment of waking.  
Not a second is wasted as I am reminded,  
with the barest flutter of an eyelid,  
how tentative my control has become.

The summer's breath could never unthaw my frozen skin.  
My nightmares are lined to dry in the sun warmed air—  
freshened each day to be draped over my shoulders  
like a winter shroud. Breezy and light, they settle.

Morning sunlight shines brightly through the open windows.  
Birds sing of girlhood dreams, ready to be caught in gentle hands,  
but my fingers have grown cold and weary,  
and my palms feel beaten and cracked like the old walls of my room.  
With the morning songbirds, my dreams have flown.

Little girl trapped, waking forever in this winter house of terrors—  
innocence beaten to a pulp of desolation  
while my will to stand, my will to walk and run, or play,  
has bent and submitted to a staggered crawl.  
My tears drift like molted feathers, lost in the sun.