

Brandtson, January

i can't feel my fingers as i hold on for my life.
quiet as this blanket hurts to breathe hurts to try.
i have defined january.
the end of another new beginning draws me out to white.
the cold of what i came for chokes the shine.
i have defined january in my life.
i think they call this winter.
dead like everything.
harsh as it's silence and the pain that it brings.
i can survive january in my life