

Winter Wishes
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You peer through the frosted windowpane,
index finger extending to draw
diaphanous circles on frosty, damp glass

The once misty world comes into focus:

Blankets of white drape over stockade fences,
ashen powder lines crumbly bark and brittle branches;
The cold of December
has never looked so inviting.

You wish you could leave your mark on the world,
dotting the snowy sheet with your footprints,
as you traverse around with your tongue stuck out between chapped lips,
lapping up every tiny patterned popsicle that the sky has to offer.

You hear a muted squeal of joy break
the silence of dawn through the pane
That separates you from an infinitude of insouciance,
Denying you the innocence and bliss you so desperately crave

You stifle a tired yawn
Before swivelling back to the lighted screen -
You finally understand why they say,
"You don't know what you have until it's taken away."