

Sometimes the dark gets to me—

when she spreads her wings before the supper hour
and beckons me to brain fog
and body-heavy lethargy

when the only lights I see out my window are dollar-store LEDs
sending out their ice-cold lumens low to the ground
in displeasing arrangements, sometimes blinking

when moonbeams and constellations hide,
covered in the kinds of clouds
that promise there will be sleet tomorrow

when my mind seizes on grief
and night's velvet cloak offers me no escape
and welcomes no deceit.

It's easy to busy myself in the soft glow of indoor light,
as if there is nothing to the darkness but absence
to be filled by merriment and desire

but I am not fooled by rich wine and bubbling sauce,
small talk around the table
and the warm, heady scent of cinnamon and cloves.

I scrape the leavings into the compost bucket,
food colours, mingling brown to black,
the alchemical genesis drawing me in

and I fancy that the salt from my tears
will mix lament into next year's soil,
where seeds will bathe in its memory before taking root.

