

Forgiving the Winter

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Inside the miracle -
The muscle of thought and emotion
there's a slightly transparent veil
that separates me from my shadows.
Within the reflection of a mirror
I've smashed time and time again
my shadows struggles lay forsaken
until the veils pushed open through their wind.
And the years crawl forward, inching towards me
from behind the safety of the veil.
They bring with them the torment of my shadows
and all the secrets that they tell

It never seemed meant to be -
that shedding my skin could be so painful.
It only left me naked, with nothing underneath,
In a winter that lasted 7 years.

1989, she's hiding under the bathroom sink.
In the back of the house, uncomfortably scrunched,
between the pipes and the corner,
She's counting the seconds and bargaining with God.

Gods in this room,
surrounding me,
but I can still feel the slightest draft.
I need the chill there to remind me
that the floor beneath me can still collapse.
The warmth could break all around me,
and I could wake up in the snow.

Gods in the room all around me,
but still my trepidation grows.
Because God was there for the viewing
God was there when she died
and he gave one hell of a eulogy.
What was left of me stood in the background and cried
for the summer that slipped further from me
with each wind that blew passed with an arctic sort of cold.
Until I found myself in a blizzard that mocked the fragility
of the season through which I ever felt whole.

Through the darkness, a bathroom door opens -
Cold hand hitting the light switch.
And I close my eyes and image
melting into the towels beneath my feet.

The cabinet door opens and I realize
I didn't melt as I'd imagined at all.
There's no more reason to hold my breath any longer.
All bargains have been apparently called off.
But, while there's still time, I toss her back
because safety exists only in this way.
Where staying in her boundaries means
keeping this desperation at bay.

I gave myself away to winter's birth
with each contraction, piece by piece.
I thought if I bargained I might keep winter from coming.
Now there's so little left of me.

And the dreary hallways of unkept rooms
are haunted by my fears.
There's an existence I sustained behind closed doors
that only warps into different years.
And, from behind the frigid, silken clothe
they dance, and cower, and rage.
The only relief I seem to find
is when I whisper their names on page.
But Gods in my room with me again
where its warm for the first time in 7 years.
But I can still feel the slightest draft.
Winters still whispering in my ear.

In a frigid language she keeps trying to convey
That nothing could over power
the need for her in my world.
So that I might learn this art of survival
but she never made it to the funeral
where I misplaced all my past fun times,
where I can't remember exactly
all the things I once loved.
I dropped so many pieces of myself along the way.
Sometimes it seems too broken to make sense of.

The putrid scent of this betrayal
stole all the warmth that remained in my breath.
How can a child's eyes reflect this grave?
How can this conclusion be all that is left?

Am I still the little girl that survives the winter
by burying myself in the snow?
Am I still in the trench, under the bathroom sink?
Hiding in imagination so that I might cope
with these ritualistic acts...mechanical...
that smell of alcohol and broken promises of love.
Forced to breath while under water...
Tared feathers that once belonged
to the body of a dove.

The dull movements never expressed a human emotion.
The shadows never contained a human soul.
Frozen...slowly thawed..re-frozen,
and transformed through different roles.