

## My Summer Days Are Winter Borne

By Mark Edgemon

My soul is bare; stripped of life as the Earth is forlorn in winter days.  
Wanting, wanton; in need of sustenance, during absence of living warmth.  
And yet, I have determined the season of change for my house and myself.  
Propriety has been my decision and mine alone; therefore I remain...alone.

I have played a waiting game, while life moves on about me and hope continues without me.  
What makes a man close himself off from the things that would give him life.  
The unwillingness to surrender to the inevitable Truth that always wins the day,  
That sustains the way that purpose is built upon with each labored action over time.

She waits without, this Truth; at the door she knocks; anticipating my response.  
I hope I will answer; I fear not to, for she will depart and never return  
If I tarry too long, during my time of palpable darkness. It is my great desire to gain her favor,  
To become one with her and be warmed by the light of her countenance...throughout.

The End