

Stained Winter Wonderland.

The cool crisp winter air, beats me like a drum.

My coat is open, as I cry.

Scarves and gloves are long forgotten, as well as my memories.

Why am I here? How did I get here?

Please, leave me alone-

let me run away.

Running through a crowd, I feel small snowflakes hit my face.

I have no idea where I am, or why I am here-

yet I know I need to escape.

A voice calls for me in the distance, trying,

attempting to get me to follow, but-

I just run. Run far away.

Just let me go home.

Desperation and desolation are my only companions

as I fight for what once was mine.

I have lost all control of my thoughts,

I feel little and damaged.

“Mind, please come back!

Help me get home!”

My pleas drowned by the howling wind,

as the cold takes one more victim.