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In My Bedroom/Winter Has Been Far Too Long

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In My Bedroom/Winter Has Been Far Too Long

even in the limelight, through shades,
all white collared, in rows of school
children, I seek winter's late

light, trapped in the gray
ceiling, dormant like my premonitions
of salvation, turning desperation

into lateness. I think of intimacy:
wearing another's skin for thrill
of ambiguity; a nose, a breast,

the glisten of a big toe's knuckle hair -
still there was nothing
I could do with my iced over

bones, cracking like denial.
You were what I needed
when the walls of my room

were lined with the flesh
of my second life.

