

## January

Brandtson

i can't feel my fingers as i hold on for my life.  
quiet as this blanket hurts to breathe hurts to try.  
i have defined january.  
the end of another new beginning draws me out to white.  
the cold of what i came for chokes the shine.  
i have defined january in my life.  
i think they call this winter.  
dead like everything.  
harsh as it's silence and the pain that it brings.  
i can survive january in my life