

November

by William Owen

Miles of road pass by
shared in conversation
spent watching you sleep
Jack,
whom I love having never met
talks about this thing we share.
I have become November.

You sleep in equative lip biting slumber
hugging a pillow you think is someone else.
The cold season moves slowly
approaching backing away
drifting around my island
coming closer in the darkness
as I burn a fire high, with wet leaves.
The lanterns of the bow drift away in the twilight
with dawn
pale and misty
I stare at an ocean.
I have become November.

Nice is last at the end
of the year
time pushes forward
ever onward beyond the cellars
There is no time to stop
there are more doors to open
In the rain I pace back and forth
Not knowing which way to turn
I have become November

With time I've begun to think
but the timing isn't nice
And I sit in the halls of idea sleeping
dreaming of being a son to a father
instead of a half complete orphan.
I wake up under a female star
smile
turn to my electric connection
trying to hold those impulses of subconscious
from sliding into the depths of the rainwater shadow.
In the headlight covered rain
I return to the presence of my imagination
believing I have driven away
I have become November

I answer questions that lock me away
with no reason I cannot find freedom
Feeling myself, happened upon
day after day
Disbelieving the winter that is approaching
I hold steel to my abdomen without faith
Rains fall slowly around the world
surrounding me the rain hurts
I have become November

Delayed lies to live, compound
to hold out choked hands which fail
to restrain
Standing room thoughts
from generating tight lipped tears in waiting
For creation there are no words
until dawn breaks to draw forth stifled air
and a murder of crows
Hardly knowing enough
speaking only in fragments

I have become November

Denied winds run red lights
sit in bars drinking, trying to capture brown bubbles of brew
Meekly feeling a new need to be useful
I cannot care anymore
is it the finger or forgetfulness
that puts a monster in a cage
when he fears being free.
Living day to day, loving as little as possible
laughing out of spite
outdated, offensive and objectable
put on the curb the day after pickup
I have become November

Waiting the past returns
and it should it is never so far
that it cannot reach out with sharpness to draw across flesh
In the dark, wetness suggests blood
saltiness confirms it on the tongue
and still it is early
It happens
not how I imagined
while the 11th month draws to its end
strong winds return
The cold season marches at last in the late hour
I am warm
you are soft
I have become November.

