

Bitter Winds

by Joe Haward

Born on the shortest day
Has the light always faded from me?
Shadow self lost within obsidian longing.

Sagittarius identity
Knowledge courses
Too aware for my own redemption.

Half-life
Self shaped between double desire
Searching singularity to quieten chaotic mind.

Inward loathing pierces broken heart
Disgust the archer
Loosing arrows of revulsion.

One day I'll ride to freedom
Turning my face towards the winter sun
Healing strides stretching out behind me.

