

hidden crimes

are hard to spot
on a bleak december evening,

for i am easily lost amongst the
bare-branched trees lining the sides

of a gloomy, asphalt road.
i am twisted and naked and *alone*,

chained to the fingers of an invisible man
whose touch is cold, but heart is colder.

my shackles blend in under the haze
of the winter sky without the sun.

they are the same shade as the bruises
drowning my collarbones

in a dark and hopeless grey,
bark long lost to the biting frost.

but they are numb to it all—my crooked limbs
who have long forgotten the touch

of anything close to spring,
steeped in shadow as I am.

Only my heart remembers the sun
in its endless golden glory

and hopes that one day
somebody will lift us out of the darkness.