

Yaseen Kader

Cycling Home on a Winter Evening

*"The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep."*

Robert Frost, 'Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening', 1922

*"And I've been making promises I know I'll never keep.
One of these days I'm going to leave you in your sleep."*

The Magnetic Fields, 'Born on a Train', 1994

As if the act of moving weren't a chore,
As if my veins weren't pumping acid yet,
I carry on, as though I'm craving more.
My shoes have turned a whole new shade of wet.
My Frost-bit ears resound with words I know.
(How many miles to go till *I* can sleep?)
But then, just as I feel like letting go,
My home appears, a home that I can keep.
Your Fair Isle-knit embrace invites me in.
Like everything you wear, of course, it's mine.
You've taken residence beneath my skin,
And sewn our hearts together using twine.
You're sure our threads are finally aligned,
So why do mine feel ready to unwind?