

Abi Williams

HOW CAN I TELL YOU WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO BE HERE IN THIS PLACE

black
frost

black
sky

wet stones
skittering onto the
drain cover

...

above us
white stars pierce
the sky
below us
the dark grass mops our toes

the cold air stings my lips

...

i have a strong urge to tell you how it feels to be standing here
but it's warm inside
so we leave