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

This poem is reprinted from Not Averse, the Girton Poetry Group website, at http://poetry.girton.cam.ac.uk