The Cold

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I traveled upon midnight,
The ride was expectedly cool,
Cold enough to freeze a man,
Cold as the man who rode beside me.
His eyes were hollow,
Hollow enough to see death.
Those eyes turned and,
Gazed at me.
Within that sightless stare I felt the freezing wind blow outward,
I felt that wind begin to blow within.
My skin billowed outward,
A torn, colorless curtain.
It wanted to race upon the darkened night,
It wanted to feel the cold air of that dark night.
It
Wanted.
I can see a star now,
Faded glow like a slow decaying firefly.
My eyes freeze fully shut,
I find that my vision has improved.
And move closer to my companion to seek,
His warmth.
He moves to give me room,
And like that night,
He takes me away
To
The cold.

The power of the wind
is demonstrated by the bending trees,
not by its whistling sound alone.
Unheard doesn’t always mean unknown.
The rhythm of the rain
is clear with every silver droplet’s splatter,
not only by its tapping sound.
In silence there’s often much to be found.
The danger of the fire
is found in its burning heat,
not just in the noise of a crackling flame.
Sometimes words and sounds are too tame.
The passion of love
is shown by how we act,
not only by what we speak.
Without the actions to back them up, words are very weak.