

Permafrost
By Morpheus Shield

Summer dies quickly
Like it did those years ago
And the trees run with it as the clouds
Clear the sky.

People take to their
Hoodies and warm sweaters
Adorning layers to hide away from their
"Favorite time of year".

There's no cold, though.
No frost, no freeze.
Just the mind-numbing ache of the chill that came
From a power outage at the end of
Adolescence.

Without the shivering,
All that's left is the hoping,
The seeking.
As the cold touches skin it finds that
An impossible ice sheet
Has formed at the core.

For no summer can defrost
Nor winter out freeze
The indifference of a lost
Coming of age
And a quiet ache
For the one that took it with them.