

## POEMS THAT DON'T RHYME

### December in London

My heart aches-  
I cannot breathe  
I cannot eat  
I can not-

Winter Wonderland is in full swing  
But I'm a stranger there-

I will not go  
I will not participate  
I don't believe in winter magic anymore.

But magic in itself I do believe:  
It guides you  
It looks after you  
It shakes you until you have to wake up.  
And it puts up fairy lights.

'A fool in love' - you say  
A fool I am.

It hurts.  
It hurts.  
It bloody fucking hurts-  
But I would not change it to the world.

Because magic is what we had  
Because magic is what I tried to avoid to address  
Because magic doesn't last forever.

It's still 12C outside  
And there is no snow  
But nonetheless,  
December is still December.

My fairy lights are brighter than the future  
My fairy lights can be charged  
(Unlike me)  
But nonetheless,  
I would not change it to the world.

And when it starts snowing,  
I'll know that it's a cue  
To find a cave for my heart to sleep through the winter  
Until it changes its coat.

Canonbury,  
December 2024