

Cold

By Denny and Maya Hoffman

*"Every man has his secret sorrows which the world knows not;
and often times we call a man cold when he is only sad."*

~ Henry Wadsworth



The candle flickered... then died
So I sit here now in the dark, an old man
The weight of years pressing down upon me.
Brought to this drafty space by age.
Where now I sit, amongst empty rooms.
concerned with I know not what.
Looking out upon the stark landscape.
Through the thin frost that gathers on the panes
All out doors looking darkly back at me.
Remembering what it was that brought me here
A weight as heavy as the snow upon the roof
Gazing at the icy trees, the cracking sounds of branches
One aged man can't keep a house alone
Can't live a life filled with only ghosts
And if he tries, it's thus on a lonely wintry night.

© 2011 Denny and Maya Hoffman