

## Never In Anger

Rainer Maria

My name is  
jean briggs,  
it's 1964, and language leaves me.  
cold and quiet,

It's punishment  
for trying to stand on your side.  
eat snowflakes,  
fall down  
on thousands of layers old.

See sometimes i'm seasons  
yet the closest place from hearth to home.  
i can't imagine the sun never setting,  
lives in the snow.  
maybe i'll leave here.  
been through a bad year.  
too cold to die here.