I go there

Victoria Bozinovski

When day favors gloom
Both in the pallid tufts of condensed cloud
And those gray tinted glasses which shroud my eyes,
I
        close those eyes
                and walk away.
I find my way to that sunlit room.
Its
        panoramic views
Of beryl-hued conifers
Soaked
        in buttery light,
I go there.

When day favors heat
Acrid iron is left in my mouth by a blistering sun
And its sweltering heart is a constant clench at my throat,
I part my mouth
                and breathe.
I allow myself in that soothing space.
Cool water calms
                my face,
With a winding current down my spine,
A palate cleanse to
                this tender wound,
I go there.

When night favors snow
A hard sting of falling flakes meets skin
Sharpened crystals bully the air out of my lungs,
I cling to
            myself
                and thaw.
Until I find that warming refuge.
Smells of
            bleached tropical shores,
Lapping blue foam over briny grains,
Beading sweat
                that tastes like
                        the sea,
I go there.

When night favors storms
The wild drumming of overfed droplets on panes
And a thunderous beating strains my ears,
I let those sounds be
drowned.
I search for that hearty place.
The crackle of
book paper
And the eager pop of the fireplace
Mingle and
chatter like friends,
I go there.