

In the dead of February

I meander through the broken stone
the snow, my silent companion
The fallen flakes tell a story.
The ruined halls of a once-great structure seem familiar
As I climb the rusted iron spiral stairs
coated in a slick layer of ice
I pray they don't give way before I reach my destination
The next room, I know before I step into it.
The moment I walk through its crumbling arch
I am suddenly younger
years younger
and the snow is no longer my only companion.
The room is now illuminated in flickering candlelight
and the stones no longer cry out in pain
and the corner of the room
a girl, not much older than I, sits in a wooden rocking chair in front of an open wardrobe
crafted of a dark oak with beautiful, gilded accents
ornate, in design, it towers over her.
She hurriedly flips through magnificent frocks
all made from the finest materials one could imagine
"How will I ever choose"
she speaks as she turns to me
with a grin across her face that made the frost on the windowpane melt
her golden hair pours over her shoulders, illustrious in the light of the candles as she awaits my
response.
Before a response exits my lips, I blink
and when I open my eyes, the room appears as dilapidated as before
every surface of the room is covered in graffiti once again
and there is no trace of the wardrobe.
I turn and stare out of the empty window
the scenes of late winter sprawled out below the castle
as solemn snowflakes sing me a tune of distant memories.

Your race car

"I took care of her like you asked me to
Found her in that old storage unit of yours
Your black beauty had been waiting for you all this time

You'd have lost it
if you saw the state she was in
The neon green lettering that once proudly shouted '23' on her spoiler was almost invisible
Her chassis had atrophied into a collection of dust and grease

After washing her off, I could finally see the sleek, white racing stripes that band around her
And that 23 on her back started to shine
But don't even get me started on the engine, took me all damn night

When I took a look inside, the interior had retained most of its original charm
underneath the faded, leather passenger seat, the J+V engraving was still as visible as ever
And when I stuck the key in the ignition, I almost didn't have the mettle to turn it

But I'm sure glad I did because she still purred like she would've back then
And as she rumbled back to life, I laughed
Because I could've sworn she sounded like you"