

Wilderness House Literary Review 20/3

Emily Sanderson
Seasonal

The air is getting colder by the second.
There's a sinking feeling in my chest.
Rain drips down from the trees,
making droplets run down my face.

There's a sinking feeling in my chest.
Melancholy is a contagion,
making droplets run down my face.
The world is quieter now.

Melancholy is a contagion,
even the trees look bare and sick.
The world is quieter now,
because everything is slowly dying.

Even the trees look bare and sick,
losing themselves to survive the winter,
because everything is slowly dying.
The air is getting colder by the second.