

## February (n.)

1. Sharp words and dead eyes, seeking warmth wherever it lingers. We will burn ourselves to ash if we have to, if only to escape this unceasing cold.
2. Grey. Except for the colors we force onto a world still asleep. Fleshy reds and pinks to stimulate some sense of connection. Eating an orange, desperately trying to remember what sunlight tastes like.
3. The Earth is not a cold dead place. Spring will come again, but our hollowed-out hearts burrow even deeper within ourselves for the anticipation of it. They whisper, *when...when...when...* in this time between the changings.
4. The grey lingers, the world sleeps, and we march on, dreaming of color.

## **Fog (n.)**

1. Being all that there was and all that will be. Are we dreaming? Or are we living, caught in the inbetween indefinability of an insignificant moment? I saw a frog leap across my path and could no longer tell if it was an illusion.
2. The condensing water and dust of early morning air, floating together like a sleepy dance of ghosts slipping away after late night waltzes. Soft – so very soft – and yet we are feeling nothing at all; chilled air obscuring our eyes from all night things that linger.
3. It is a purgatory of the in-betweens, in time, in space, in life. We can no longer see what was or what will be, stumblingly blindly in a grey-white present, curling around selves that can no longer distinguish if we are awake or asleep. Button your coat and wrap your scarf a little tighter. It will be a while yet before light will penetrate these ground-anchored clouds.

## Hope (n.)

1. The North Star glimmering on a cloudy night, its lonesome twinkle like the flickering candle of one's soul, far more powerful than its meager light betrays.
2. The smile of a stranger on the street, the shine of something sympathetic in icy mists, out of place in a gray world laden with decay; a reminder that the cold won't last forever and the trees will bloom again.
3. Whispers in a dark cave, promises of future salvations; stories told over and over of heroes and triumphs and lost things found. For are we not all seeds with dreams of souls unfurling? Stretching our hands through the earth in the hope that one day the warmth of sunlight will caress our skin.
4. When evils escaped into the world, it's the only thing that stayed. The humblest of treasures that we hold so close so that it might never fly away. For if it should leave, our hearts would soon follow, leaving us hollow and extinguished.
5. Something akin to butterfly wings: fragile, aglow, and quivering with vitality.

## Rise (v.)

1. The feeling of a hand reaching down into this muddy hole that can't be climbed, but you can be lifted out. Finally seeing that damn light at the end of the tunnel; and by God, it has never looked more beautiful
2. It is the stars overhead in their multitudes, with a pink dust milky way and the type of indigo night that feels anything but lonely. Warm shivers of delight as a heart clutches the quips of passing friends. Small exchanges that make this fragile life feel like it is more than just a pinprick in the universe's entropy.
3. Deep breaths and standing to face all that is ahead, having settled what is past. We can fall over and over again; just as long as we remember to stand. Because the view of the world from up these heights – the horizon calling us home – is worth it.

**Violaceous (adj.)**

1. Wine stained lips and the smell of a vineyard in a lazy summer heat. Laughter over incoherent trivialities as the sun sets in an ocean of warmth, just tinged with the deep color swirling through our veins; a richness unparalleled.
2. The decadence of Roman emperors crowned in golden laurels as they triumph through populous streets. The sweet song of victory shimmering over an empire like a flag. Who needs blue when the world is full of wine-dark seas and endless, shifting skies?
3. The hidden strength of fierce heart resolutely beating; the proud display of bruises earned from defending our righteousness; The shine off a raven's wing as it soars in the dawn, and the taste of bittersweet treasures held in earth-baked hands.
4. Amethysts refracting sunlight; fields of wildflowers in a mountain's hidden valley as the world defrosts; the dust of nebulas as new stars arise from the dust left of old ones. Not quite hope, and not mere survival; obstinance as we laugh in the face of conquered adversities.