

Frederick Ynclino

ode to joy

when the taps on the window woke me  
i pulled the navy curtains to welcome  
the soft light from the gray sky  
as it left clear stains on the glass

i slipped out my window  
onto the drowning brown  
my feet took me across the green  
until the clouds cracked above me

there was the ray of light  
where i started my climb  
my knuckles redden as i was slipping  
but i didn't let the tears win

my hand felt the warmth

you made the storm white  
you made the sky blue  
despite my wet clothes  
i don't need a clear sky to feel you