

My Rjukan

That warm hug of total darkness,
wrapping itself around my mind.
Enveloping my very being.
Embracing, swathing, shrouding me.
Sarcophagus like.
Biblical.
In that brevity of daylight
when brightness is an
unwanted, unbidden intrusion
into these darker days.
Counting the hours between
dawn and dusk , dusk and dawn
till my refuge extends its arms
and catches me in it's
warm, benevolent confines.
That's when I feel safe.
And loved,
and coldly loved.