**Love is like Winter**

[Recorded reading of poem by poet](https://youtu.be/6s4aWRlqvog)

When I’m inside looking out, winter is glorious;

tea spreading warmth in me,

the delicate frost,

the joy of sitting in radiant sunlight.

When I’m outside, winter is harsh and cruel;

fingertips turning colourlessly numb,

lifeless, shrivelled, gnarled trees,

shivering uncontrollably till my lips turn blue.

And it got me thinking.

Maybe lost love is like that.

When I’m inside, not in love, love seems content and beautiful.

But my friend has been outside, in love, and she says

love is hard

and love is scary

and love is full of loss.

Maybe love is like the winter, so I’ll yearn for the spring.

*-Tia Priest-Willimott*