

# The Fever

*The air full of small sparkling crystals,  
the cabin surrounded by cold.  
Winter has just begun, the nights are  
long and cold.*

*As I look around. My thoughts within  
these four walls remain.' I tell myself  
some stories to keep from going insane.*

*Each year the fever comes.  
Each year the fever goes.  
Each year the cabin smaller.  
Each year my body knows.*

*Some day will come the fever to visit  
me perhaps. I hope my mind can take it,  
when the fever sets its traps.*

*When it comes upon you, can you push  
the feeling back? The closed-in walls around  
you and the roof upon your back.*

*Will it come at day?  
Or will it come at night?  
Or will I walk in circles  
one moonlit snowy night.*