

I MISS THE COLD WEATHER

**benedict abbit
& edited by alex vellis**

Benedict Abbit is an artist who specialises in illustration & poetry.

**his work explores a mixture of fantasy and fear, describing the obscure,
the liminal and transient.**

**this book reflects on four months of his life. a summer of loss, heartbreak
and change.**

dark & sordid, yet he designs hope on the tongue.

I MISS THE CO

OLD WEATHER

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in loving memory of molly

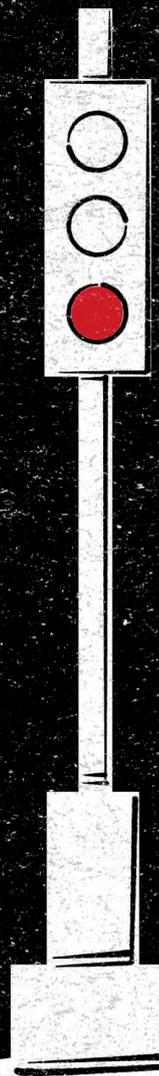
[gardens grow with shit]



out of sight

in the capillaries of city

i long to feel seen



[i hope you haven't changed a bit]



[i had to grow, so i did]

i'm hedging my bets;

gambling with love, lust & limerence

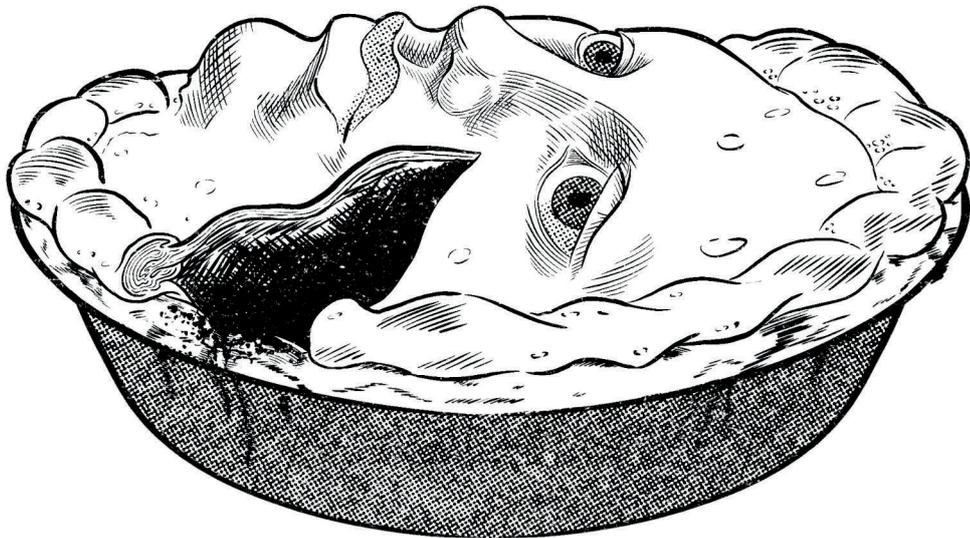
with no safe investments in desire,

why be any different?



we never think we make the right choices

until they work out



because of you i'm too nervous

to smile back at strangers





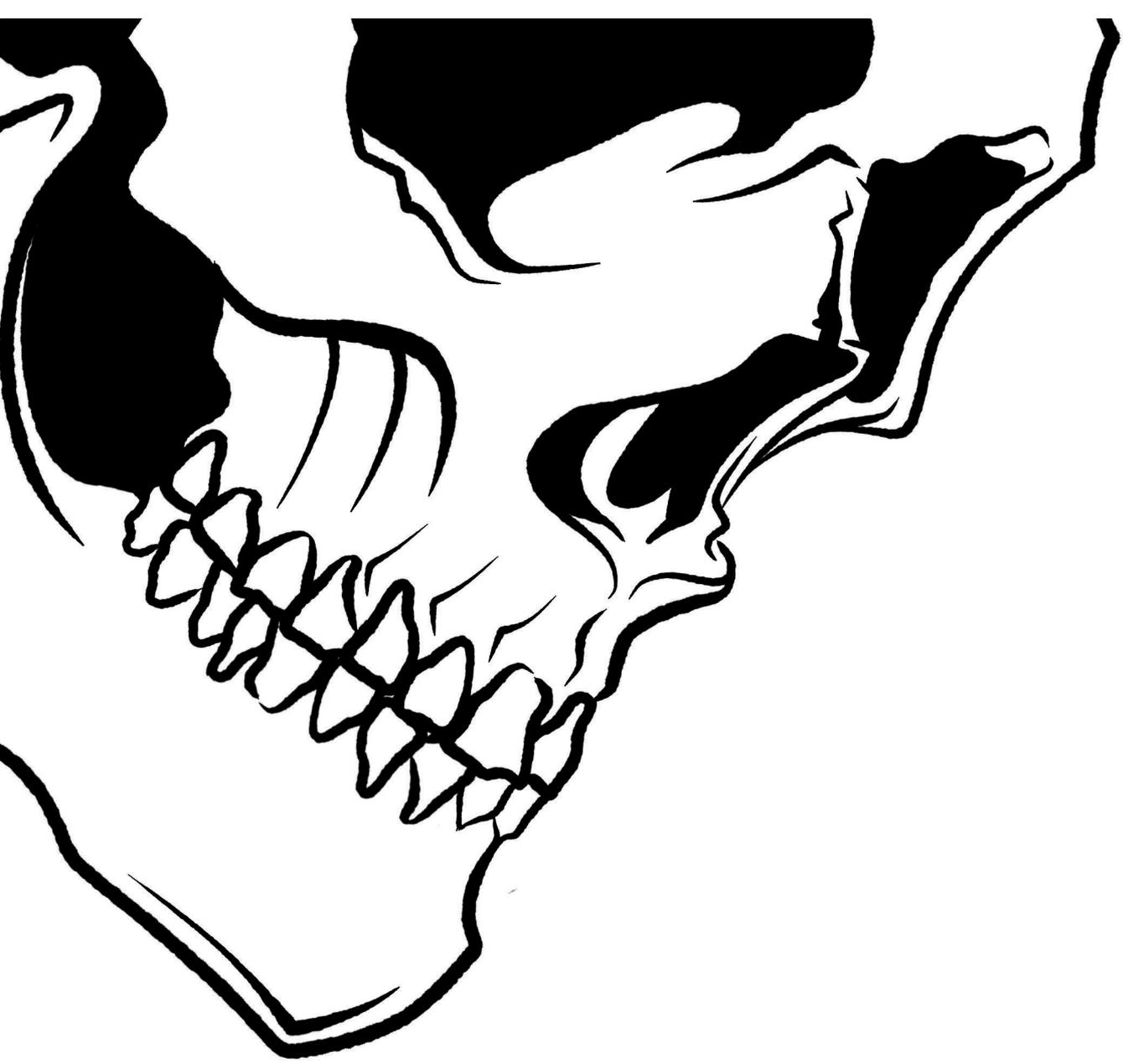
god forbid

you form

some attachments

or you care

for anything at all



i spend my time like currency

but currently i don't earn enough

unless i subside the spite in me

i can't afford to be in love



i wish

your love

felt

like

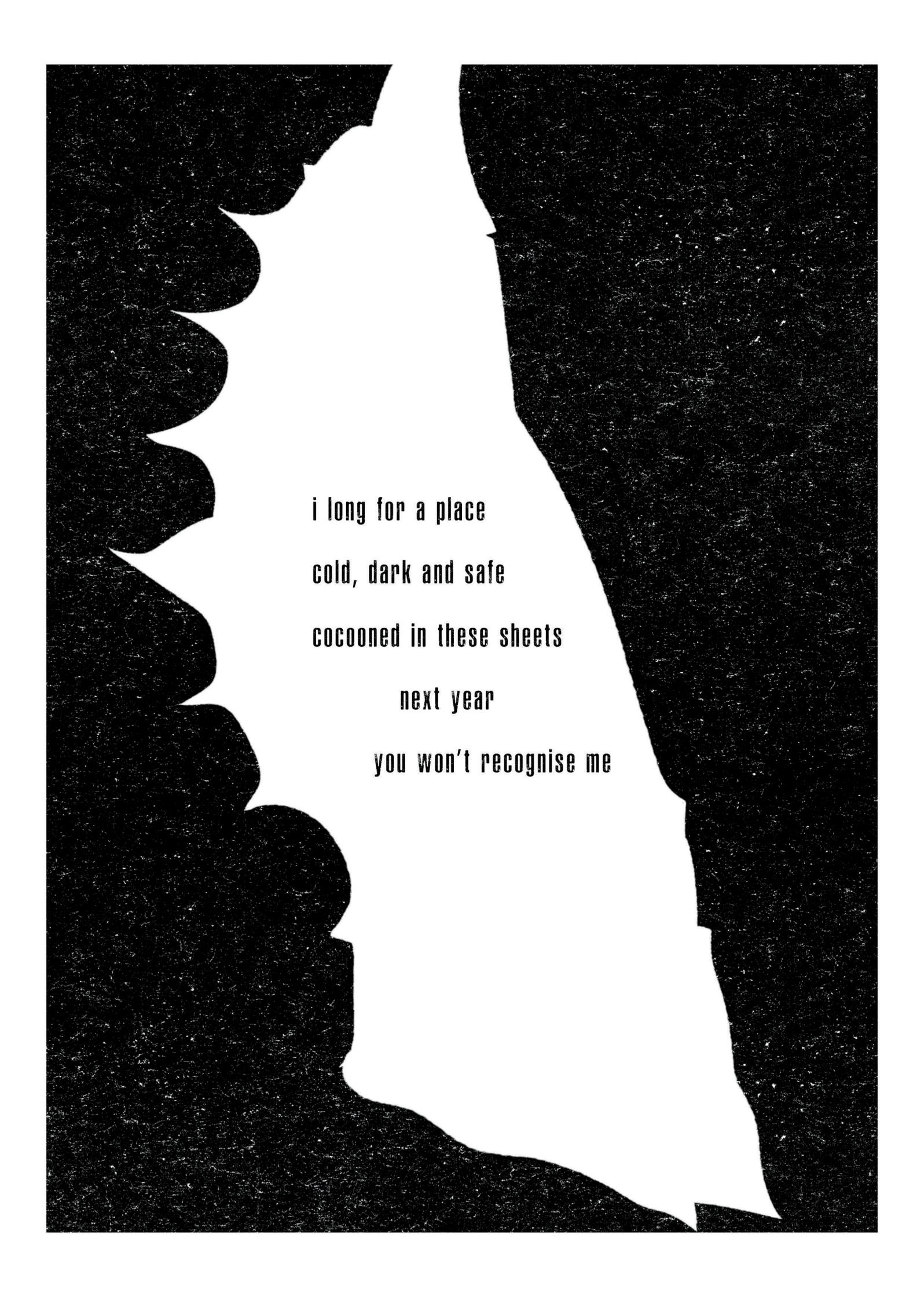
you think

it does

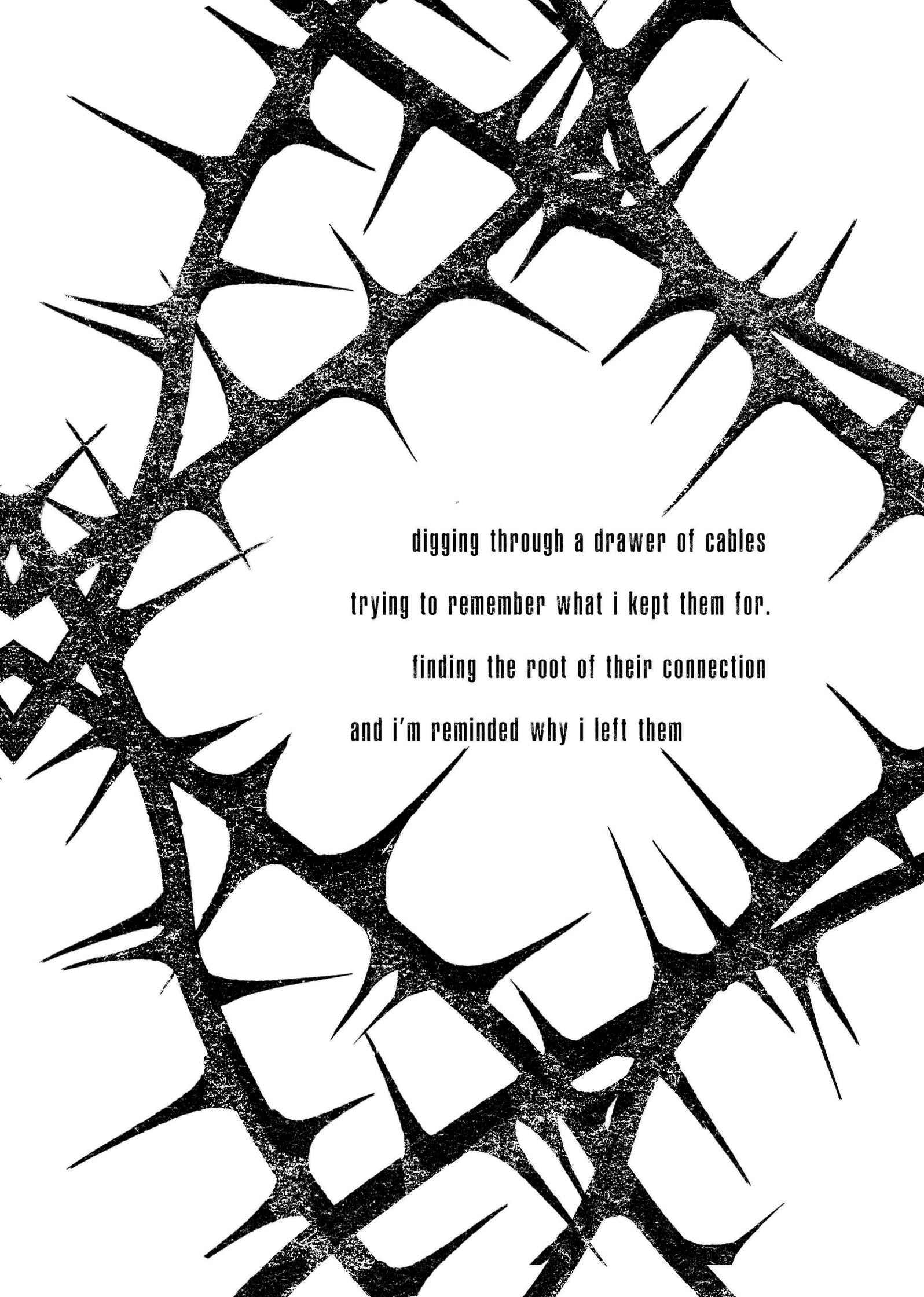
as a child
i would unconsciously
bite my tongue



even after all these years
i [still] crave the taste of rust



i long for a place
cold, dark and safe
cocooned in these sheets
next year
you won't recognise me



digging through a drawer of cables
trying to remember what i kept them for.
finding the root of their connection
and i'm reminded why i left them

my youth is a stolen relic

i've been digging

in the dirt

since



i could change my name

move away

but I can't outrun our blood



you were like a sister to me

even when i disappeared

i wish i'd been a better brother

i should've been there

i'm so sorry



when the fire in my belly goes cold

i fear i won't be able to feed yours

charming but
devoid of
love

glutton for
every drop of
blood



insatiable
with an empty heart

if i don't make it to winter
bury me with the seeds
so i can be the root of something
bigger and better
than me



long talks, longer nights

Fall Out Boy & bags of wine

i'll never forget you

friend of mine



i've been drinking
like this is the end



as long as my hands keep working
who cares what happens to my head?

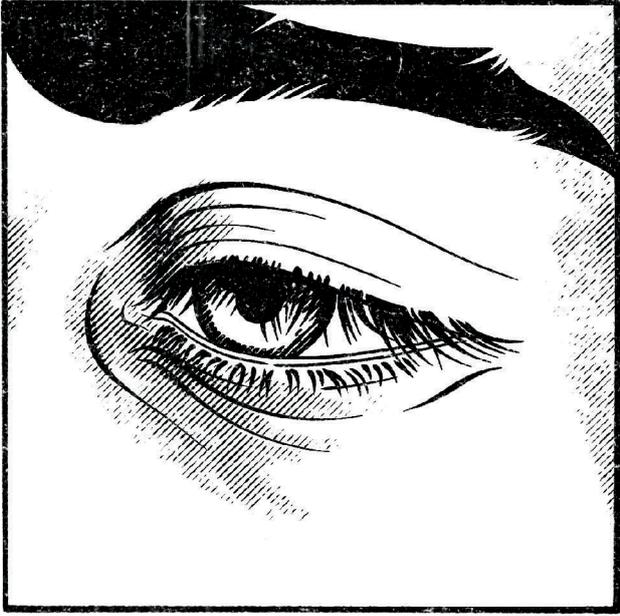
i'm still under construction



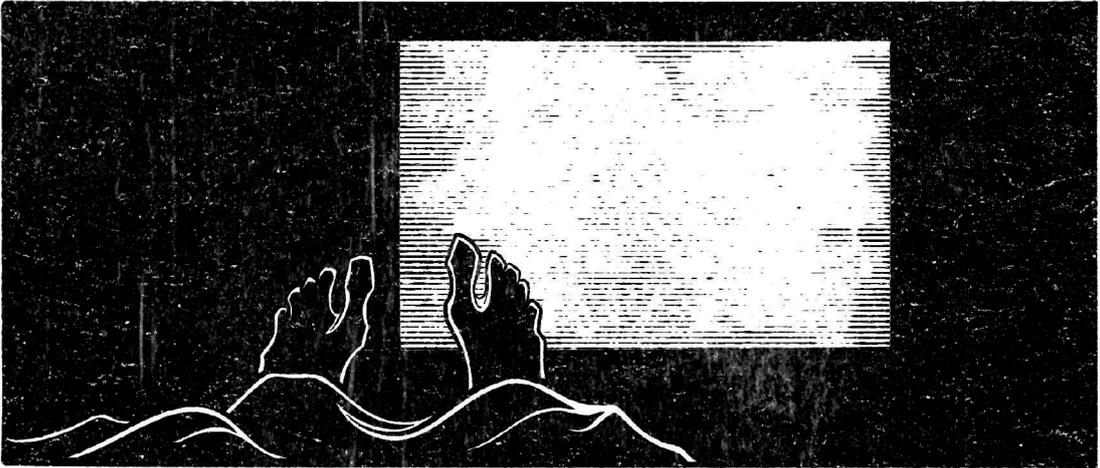
we

all

are



struggling to sleep



listen to a tv

it stops me from thinking



in moments of desperation



that you can hear me

you tell me to stand tall

yet you constantly gnaw at my ankles



think of me like a hotel

just another step to climb

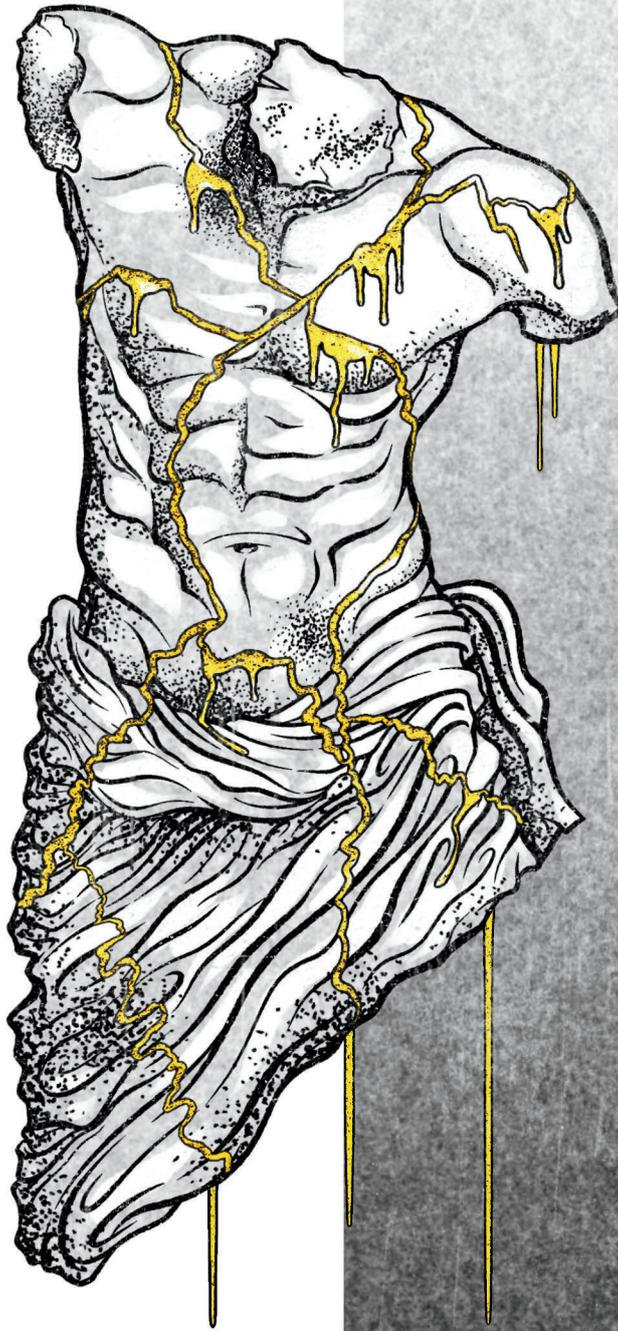


remember me like a thursday morning

or all those nights I thought you were [mine]

tarnished,

regardless.



i am worth my weight in gold.

a summer of loss, heartbreak and change. longing for the familiar dark
chill of winter.

Benedict Abbit is an illustrator and poet, this book documents four
months of his life.

themes of melancholy, horror, hope and liminality are explored here and
delivered through Benedict's signature neo-gothic artwork and his blunt,
yet carefully crafted words.

dark & sordid but he designs hope on the tongue.

