

New Winter Musings

Mehitorea



foreword.

Hi, I'm Mohit.¹ Welcome to my second book, *New Winter Musings*. In the twenty-eight days between November 27th and December 25th, I went into a weird kind of psychological reverie in response to a persistent writer's block, trying to force myself into uncomfortable writing situations to create some unique pieces. It worked. Here are ten of my best works during that period.

This book tells a linear story, so it is recommended to read it in order. Some parts deal with religious ideas, but they're not meant to mock the religious ideas of others. It's just my way of telling a story.

Anyways, foreword over, happy reading!

Mohit Gore

¹ Pronounced MO-hit, not MO-heet. "Mo" as in to mow the lawn, and "hit" as in to hit a high score.

table of contents.

1. rain.

2. brim.

3. moon.

4. train.

5. mist.

6. flake.

7. board.

8. rind.

9. concrete.

10. snow. 

*Click to go
straight there*

1. rain.

11/27/24 | POEM | P1 | *downpour, neophyte, yearbook*

Rainfall doesn't care where it falls
It stumbles out the sky to enter your lawn
Pitter-patter, start the chitter-chatter
I wrote myself a book and made
The alphabet its namesake
I told a couple stories
Lots of family took them as a keepsake

For me, it was new.

I'll admit that it was rocky
But I vowed to never forget it
The cringiness; contrived themes
Made me not want to accept it
Back when I had friends,

1. rain.

11/27/24 | POEM | P2 | *ache, spice, longing, confidence*

I could text them to escape the rain
Move my mind to someplace drier
Now I sit and wait
Inertia can't get to me if my mind starts racing

Droplets get lost in my hair
That the spice once tightly entangled
Now I feel far away from my culture
As if my very soul were violently mangled

I really, really, really wish it snowed more.

For my life, I have advocated
For spreading your ambition far and wide
Lately, I've been doubting that.

1. rain.

11/27/24 | POEM | P3 | *fantasy, lemonade, welcome*

Yeah, I really, really really wish it snowed more.
The rain forces me to feel
And right about now, a fantasy would strike my fancy...

Oh, look. The rain has stopped
And the sun is out
And right about now, I'd like to live in reality again.
Are the caps dying?
This new winter is warmer than my loved ones
But it forces me to muse
And when life gives you lemons...

Welcome to my New Winter Musings.
Straighten your backs, relax, take a deep breath
And remember that the musing only happens in your head.

2. brim.

11/28/24 | POEM | P1 | *lassi, privilege, flood*

A sip, then another
Drinking lassi, my patience wears thin
How many thank yous could I possibly discover?
Thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you, until I reach this brim

The first sip makes me think of the elite
Poised the same, drinking the same
But when they reach their brim,
Blood will stain their lips

The second sip reminds me of love
Hurry, hurry up, before your hope gets cold
When you reach your brim
Your heart will flood once again

2. brim.

11/28/24 | POEM | P2 | *midas, acrophobia, yūgen*

The third sup makes me look up
The color of the trees is the color in my cup
I'm drinking liquid gold, pigments of the leaves
With it flowing through my veins, I'll be brought to my knees

The fourth sip makes me look down
Through the cracks between the planks,
I see the ground below
Standing on the deck, musing while it rains in the new winter

The fifth and sixth make me look left and right
The world being small is half the fight
Strength comes in numbers to set the world alight
The universe being huge is a great big lie

2. brim.

11/28/24 | POEM | P3 | *scrabble, mirror*

The seventh sip makes me look back
My sister and my mom, playing Scrabble on the tabletop
Thanksgiving hurts extra hard when you're not alone
I'm waiting for the snow, but for now I'll let it rain

The eighth sip makes me look... in.
Who am I? I don't know.
Who knows where I'll go.
But this drive is too strong to ignore
Dreamworld is too alluring to be real
It's the day of giving, the day of thank yous
I'll ground myself down and look past tomorrow
But for today, thank you.
For everything.

2. brim.

11/28/24 | POEM | P4 | *bard*

And with a final swig,
I have now reached the brim
I can trudge back upstairs
To sing another hymn.



3. moon.

12/01/24 | POEM | P1 | *burden, hoarded, labor, stolen, victory*

(inspired by a much
worse poem I
wrote in 2022)

When the hunter shot the arrow, she heard the squeal
Over a red-and-orange fire, she cooked the meal
Her kin dug in and she stared at the stone in the sky

The moon took her gaze.

When the triangle topped the pyramid, the workers all cheered
Rustic inventions were the most impressive of all
The most tired looked up to the setting sky and saw the stone

The moon took another gaze.

When the battle was finished, the city was captured
The warrior staked his sword in the ground
Morning was creeping in, but the stone still stared back at him

3. moon.

12/01/24 | POEM | P2 | *taken, interruption, gathered, freedom, collected*

So the moon took another gaze.

When renaissance was one thing, this woman was another
History isn't always kind to the artists who've already suffered
Glancing up, pleasantly surprised the stone was still standing tall up in the sky

The moon took yet another gaze.

When they ran out after dark, hands clasped together
Their innocent eyes commit the gentlest of sins
Staring up are noble men divvied up by the time

And the moon took two gazes.

3. moon.

12/01/24 | POEM | P3 | *AGSMNAKADVJA, immortality*

When she traced the globe with her plane and waved,
When he filmed the moon with a face,
When she petitioned against chains at seventeen,
When he let freedom ring its true colors out from a dream,
When he hurtled towards it for a step of faith – for mankind,
When he unfortunately moved the suitcase to save his life,
When he remembered your confiction,
When he donned his flannel and wrote a coming-of-age,
When he fortunately wasn't a very good listener – even after success,
When she wrote feminism into a college meal,
When he put his graffitied crown back on the walls,
When she climbed that hill we all climb,

They all looked up at the moon, and it took their gazes as well.
That same moon is still there, y'know.

3. moon.

12/01/24 | POEM | P4

(bonus points if you can guess
all 12 figures I reference)

4. train.

12/10/24 | VIGNETTE | P1

It's the twenty-third of November, and the dark hours of the evening are starting to creep up on me, even from inside the train. The excitement of the Hack Club Counterspell hackathon is still lingering in my heart and eyes. Brooklyn feels unfamiliar and familiar at the same time – a little bit of both worlds. I'm in the middle of unzipping my blue winter jacket – an item of clothing taken from my mom, and therefore entirely the wrong size – and I'm looking up, straight across.

Sitting on the bench parallel to me are two of the coolest gentlemen I've ever seen in my life. One has wavy, beachy blond hair in a middle part, with a clean beard and mustache. An unbuttoned leather jacket puts his simple tan shirt into completion, tight jeans and belt to boot. The other one has dark hair tied in a sleek ponytail. His beard is more ruggish, his eyes more tired, both dark to match his skin. He has the coat of a suit on, the button in the center being the only one buttoned. Both are holding Bud Light beverages in their hands, heads inclined towards one another, eyes alight with an intellectual fervor only dim lighting can inspire.

God, I think to myself. I need to start dressing better.

5. mist.

12/16/24 | POEM | P1 | 5'9, hedges, meditation, frustration

Why did I speak so, so quiet?
My voice shrunk down
Though my brain was tall

Sleigh bells and Santa always seemed slightly sordid
Friends and foes always fractured fiery feelings
It took me a while to find my route.

And now I sit, engulfed in the mist behind these clunky train tracks
And think.

How much farther past these breaks and bends?
How much sooner could I have broken free?
What could I have done to escape my friends
And learn to embrace my own humanity?

5. mist.

12/16/24 | POEM | P2 | *weakened, amusement, truth, strength*

Why did it take me so, so long?
My stature shrunk down
Though my brain was tall

Lies loomed over lackluster lust
Hurting me helped their hysteria
They liked me better when I was sad.

And now I know, engulfed in the mist beneath these watery trees
Some Friends Love Hate.

My friends held me down on the ladder of life
Boasting they were above and I was below
But if they were the ones who held me down,
I was above them all along.

5. mist.

12/16/24 | POEM | P3 | *possibility, declare, stars*



was momentary peace

In a space of unhappiness

The knots untied when in her hands

But it was my hate for myself and my life

That made the foundation give way.

Now, here and now, I declare

I'll soon start seeing sound everywhere

I'll soon hear my own voice reach the stars

I'll soon project, you'll hear it wherever you are

And with that thought, the mist has cleared.

I'll run away from these train tracks, voice feeling vast

Mud squelching under my shoes and my arms dangling down

My head turned up and eyes on the stars.

6. flake.

12/20/24 | POEM | P1 | *quiet, robot, lining, hope*

The snowflakes are falling to the cadence of my shaking
The pepper flakes are falling down to land on the pizza slice
My sister sits beside me, quiet as a sleeping mouse
I take a bite that feels like it echoes through the empty house.

I felt the flakes start to fall when I inhaled the crisp air
They landed in my hair, clustered in groups of Perlin noise
I was walking to my mom's car, my back to the school
When I felt my personality flaking, breaking the rules.

I took this path a year ago, back then it was the same
Even now, I hear the ghostly giggles of my former friends
Breeze past me in the wind; they held me down and knocked me out
But those times still shine bright.

I rest easy knowing my new friends wouldn't ever hold me down.

6. flake.

12/20/24 | POEM | P2 | *spectator, flake, maybe, andy*

I stop and sigh, my back to the pep rally
Brenda Lee was singing as they pulled in tug-of-war
Some senior commentating in circles 'round the gym
He cheered them on, mouth too close to the mic.

I would have been a better host than the guy they chose
But if they had asked, I would've backed away, would've flaked
It's been in my nature lately, I'm sorry to say
The slouch of my shoulders matches my smile's downturn.

Ten days of freedom in our winter break,
Maybe if I keep writing for this book, I won't flake
I need to practice what I preach and start to live life
Keep at it and perhaps you'll hear a couple cheers.

After all, it's the most wonderful time of the year.

7. board.

12/23/24 | POEM | P1 | *desperation*

Three days ago, the snowflakes were falling to the cadence of my shaking
Two days ago, the snow was falling thick and fast against the earthen carpet
With one hand on my closet door, I pulled and pulled and pulled
The whiteboard would not be detached from the door, but I swore
As long as I'd live, I'd get this thing off; I pulled once more
I pulled and pulled and pulled, but I swore, so I
Took a few minutes to recollect my thoughts of bore
I pulled and pulled and pulled, and I thought I might have heard a crack
Some of the dark green paint must have stuck to the back
So I pulled and pulled and pulled, and there was another one
With another pull and pull and pull, another crack sounded
Now I could peer in from the top to see the thing half-hanging
Off the door, with another pull, it snapped and came right off
It left a bunch of cracks
But it was worth it
A weight off my shoulders

7. board.

12/23/24 | PHOTO | P2



7. board.

12/23/24 | POEM | P3 | *escapism*

I glanced down, down, down at the board in my hands
The scribbles of my former friend adorned it in my hands
I remembered the marker swooping across the surface
Quite a while ago
I yelled "no!" but it wasn't enough
I must have chosen a permanent marker in advance
My friend had made his mark
I had scrubbed it with my hands, but it maintained its stance
For a while, it was covered up with post-its at a glance
But it stood there, ever-smugly
When I lost my friends, I stood there, ever-angrily
So I pulled and pulled and pulled, and it came off
The last attachment to that friend, I was finally free
Nobody could hold me down
I was finally free
...Right?

no.

8. rind.

12/24/24 | POEM | P1 | *memory, grip, half-full*

You can never be free
You can try to stop remembering
You can try to forget
You can try to move on
But if you try to go to sleep,
This night will never end.

Try to hold on to the good memories you made,
Try to hold tight because they will fade away
Something wasn't useless because it wasn't perfect
Something isn't broken just because it was stolen.

Make the silver lining gleam brighter than the shadow
Close your eyes and reconcile a gift that never gives
Invert the glass of water and see what this will bring
When I focus on the top half, I feel my stomach sinking.

8. rind.

12/24/24 | POEM | P2 | *casing, ten, cover*

Sometimes, the silver lining is the casing
It's true for tangerines, the skin will gleam
Wheatpaste it on the table in act of reconciliation
Sometimes, basic erasion is all you need.

Lay it all out, take a deep breath and count
Your toxicity should die
Like the fruit you just ate
Digested inside, some more would be great

I'm as turbulent as ever, you can see it in my face
The shaking in my soul reaches a fever pitch today
I said I had some empathy before, well, guess what
Poised against success' locked door,
I need to do it once more.

8. rind.

12/24/24 | PHOTO | P3



9. concrete.

12/24/24 | POEM | P1 | *drill, mark, fallback*

A few fortnights ago, I felt a tremor in the earth
Orange-clad workers, children giving them a wide birth
Across the street I stared, and so I was unaware
Of my New Balances sinking down, a worn pair.

With a slight pull, I managed to step them out
Wet concrete now covering my shoes all around
I stared at my footprints, wondering if they'd endure
I walked on quietly, each step trailing on the floor.

My shoes stayed flecked grey for a while
I felt my emotions fall in an ever-familiar spiral
It felt like an anchor that was pulling me back
I always felt three moments away from a panic attack.

9. concrete.

12/24/24 | POEM | P2 | *discomfort, humanity, fate*

A few weeks later, the grey had faded
But my worries weren't sated
The anchor still pulled, I felt frustrated
I thought nobody else understood

We all look different on the surface
But strip our bodies of our skin
Look down at what we're fed
Stare at our streams of blood
And notice how the color
Is always ruby red.

Everyone wishes it could snow more,
Everyone contemplates their drinks,
Everyone feels like a small part,
Everyone wants to be who they aren't,

9. concrete.

12/24/24 | POEM | P3 | *journey, anchor*

Everyone wants the mist cleared,
Everyone doesn't practice what they preach,
Everyone tries to move on by force,
Everyone realizes they can't,
And everyone drags a concrete anchor around

Just because you can't see it doesn't mean they can't.

10. snow.

12/25/24 | POEM | P1 | 2025, snow, joke

Christmas draws to a close as the new year steadies
My New Winter Musings will be leaving soon
I feel like I'm tired of the cold already
Even though it was snow I wishing for
I feel like I'm trapped inside the mundane
I want to get out, I want to feel humane
I want to feel strong, but right now I feel weak
I want to work on myself, but I can't bring myself to

I got my wishes and gifts this season
But it was a white Christmas treason
This wasn't a miracle, it felt like a jab
I don't feel perfect, not even close

In fact, it feels a little bit like a joke.

10. snow.

12/25/24 | POEM | P2 | *metaphor, maturing, respawn*

A weird cosmic kind of joke
Where my dreams are the setup
And the truth is the punchline
My wins are the fish
And my luck is the fishing line
My heart is a bomb
And it's running out of time.

Not long until I'm an adult
I won't have anyone to blame anymore
I'll have standards to meet and people to please
Money to make and children to tease.

I want to do my childhood over again.
Can I? Please? Please?

10. snow.

12/25/24 | POEM | P3 | *inertia, free, difficult*

When I was a kid, I would play in the snow
This time, I was lucky if I even stepped past the door
I didn't grow up washing dishes and mopping floors
I wish I could go back and do that then.

I wish I was free, why can't I be free?
Why can't I wear what I want with nobody to appease?
How come I catch myself acting so *male*?
Why can't I just be me? The man I want to be? Please?


Why do you make this so hard?
You always go halfway
Surround me with new friends
Who understand me best
But talking to them feels like a test.

10. snow.

12/25/24 | POEM | P4 | *holed-in, exasperation, almost*

You give me snow
Like I've been begging
But the last time I went outside
Was forever ago.

You give me a family
Like so many long for
But I feel tired of their presence
And shoo them away.

You give me 
And it felt almost perfect
But we fell apart
As soon as it started.

10. snow.

12/25/24 | POEM | P5 | *ambition, stop, why*

You give me dreams,
Overwhelming ambition
You act like you want me to succeed
But then I get nowhere.

Stop playing these stupid games!
Please! I'm so, so, so tired of this!

Why pour so many thoughts in a person's head
If so many of them are marked by dread?
Why give a person such an easy life
If they eventually have to understand strife?
Why give a person confidence
If you're going to give them racism?
Why give a person Indian blood
If you make them American?

10. snow.

12/25/24 | POEM | P6 | *anger, silence, confrontation*

Why give a person talent

If you want them to waste it for years?

Why give them distractions

If you don't want them to be distracted?

Why give them planning skills

If you take away their time management skills?

Why make them expressive

If you make them self-conscious?

Why make them boastful

If you make them sensitive?

Why make them procrastinate

If you want them to succeed?

...

Do you even want me to succeed?

10. snow.

12/25/24 | RANT | P7

No? Then why, whoever is controlling this stuff, did you even give me life? What's the point? If you're going to play hard to get like a stereotypical popular girl in a '00s teen romcom or something, what's the point? Huh? Do you even have an answer? Do you even exist? Am I just making a fool of myself, sitting here on Christmas day, typing a stupid poem that's not even a poem at this point, just a rant, to God or whoever the hell I'm even talking to? Why am I even getting annoyed? I don't believe in God, right? I don't even know anymore, because I really want there to be a god so I can slap the everloving love out of them, because this is getting *tiring*. Just stop it! Stop! Decide which direction you want to go in! You can't have it both ways!

You want to teach me a lesson? NEAT! Keep doing that, I love growing as a person (no seriously). But to do this – this ridiculous act of making me think I'm destined for greatness and then snatching it all away with a grin on your face – is so, so, so mean. It's torturous. You are driving me, a normally pleasant and patient person, up the wall with your antics. STOP. You can't give a person gifts and then go *sike* and ruin their capacity to enjoy their gifts or use them for anything positive. I want to change the world, goddamnit. I want to tell stories. Sounds corny, doesn't it? Hell yeah, but unfortunately you gave me unabashed confidence. So why, *God*, did you parallel that with terminal laziness? WHY?

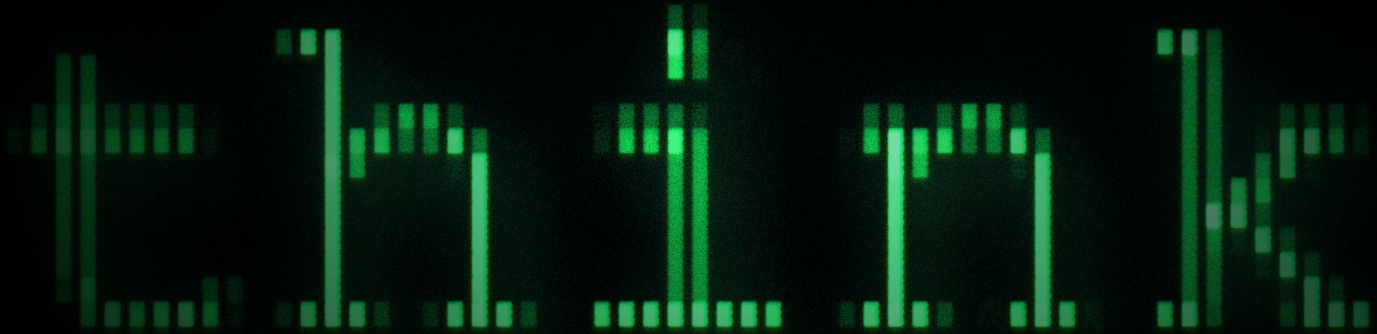
10. snow.

12/25/24 | TRANSITION | P8

ANSWER ME!

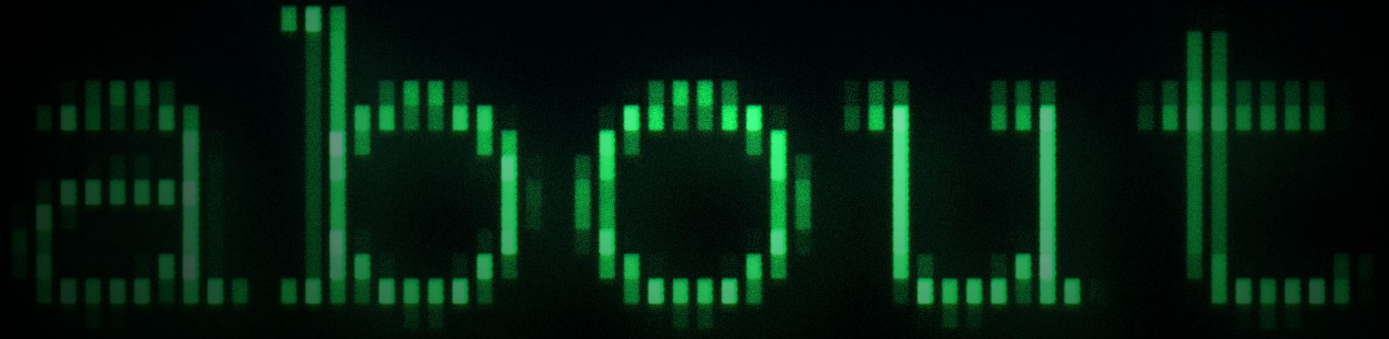
10. snow.

12/25/24 | RESPONSE | P9



10. snow.

12/25/24 | RESPONSE | P10



10. snow.

12/25/24 | RESPONSE | P11



that just happened.

You know, I genuinely can't decide which one is better between *Alphabiography* and *New Winter Musings*. It's funny how they both started off as small-scale projects in the beginning, but *AB* turned into an in-depth exploration of society and mental health and *NWM* turned into a growing existential crisis where I literally talk to God. Fun times.

Despite being under a fourth of the length, I think *NWM* is more cohesive and more interesting. Neither is anywhere close to being perfect, however.

Enough waffling. Thank you for reading! Not many people take the time to, and I REALLY appreciate it. If you're ever interested in checking out what else I'm up to, stop by my newly remade website, <https://mohitgore.com>.

that just happened.

And if you're curious, I'm currently writing a sci-fi thriller novel, *Magpie Crumbs*, that is currently aiming for a sometime-in-late-2025 release date. Not sure where I'll put that, probably on my website with everything else if another option doesn't present itself :)

I'm also working on a top-secret webcomic with one of my friends, but it's too early to reveal anything...

Mohit Gore

toolbox.

Typesetting and formatting in

Digital art in

Photos taken with

Google Slides (professional as always)

Adobe Photoshop, Adobe Illustrator, GIMP, Blender

Canon EOS Rebel T3i

for my typography nerds.

This book was designed by Mohit Gore. The text was set in Funnel Sans, a typeface designed by Kristian Möller. The display type was set in Basteleur Moonlight, designed by Keussel in 2022 and Amarante, designed by Karolina Lach in 2011. Additional typefaces include Courier New and my own handwriting.

MO
HI

honesty

