

The Space Between

If you are the moth
Drawn to my light
I am the flame
Burning for you

Uncertainty chars my wick unrecognizable
The world dissolves around me
Leaving a molten pool
Where there once was solid ground

I think we had it right
The first time – lovers quivering and new
Until fear took hold
Turning our courage to smoke

Ephemeral time whispering promises
We have but the present to live in
So we must ask our future selves
On which path lays regret?

The kiss withheld
Or surrendered to?
The experience gained
Or avoided?

What now, dear little moth?
Will you fly back into my light
Or extinguish hope's flame?
I cannot live in the space between

He Made a Promise/Still Death Came

Sleep my darling, fear no fear
For I am here beside you
And so that you will shed no tear
I'll make sure pain can't find you
I'll hide you from your loved ones' deaths
I'll shield you from your own
Forever you'll live peacefully
And never be alone

Death perched on her like a spider
Stuck his tongue in her ear for a taste
Blood dripped from her nose as he swirled it
And sucked up her memory in haste
Slowly he tightened his grip
And strangled the light from her eyes
So she wandered the rooms unencumbered
By anything heavier than flies

The Disappearing Act of an Anonymous Piece of Paper

My eyes return to a square of paper
Laying on the ground, forgotten.
People parade past like characters in a book.
One girl almost steps on it,
Her slipper flaps so close
The white square trembles.
Another tells his story to a tiny box
He clutches to his jaw bone.
A large truck rumbles past
And the paper somersaults to catch up.
Then it's gone.
I search the hands of everyone I see,
I sit up taller but it does not show itself.
Perhaps it caught a ride on the truck
Or got stuffed in a pocket
Riding to a trashcan or recycle bin.
I don't know what was written on it.
Maybe nothing.

Twisted Moon

Clouds sail over the twisted moon
I expect werewolves to lunge at me
The stars are missing from the sky
I find them in concrete, gleaming menacingly
My fingers wriggle like worms
As red nail polish I smeared on them
Flakes off like dried blood

Autumn Morning

I wake to a sprinkling of powder on the windows
And watch as the sun licks it off
Savoring the wetness on its tongue

Bundling up, I put my headphones on
Adding a soundtrack to the world
My feet beat the time to the bus stop

The primal songs of autumn leaves
Fill my ears as they leap and tumble
Swirled into gymnastics by speeding hunks of metal

The wind throws grit in my eyes
And bites my face with its frozen mouth
As it bit the leaves last night

Weeds push up from the cracks
Forcing the concrete to acknowledge
Nature's strength one root at a time

A tiny leaf dances along the sidewalk
In front of me like a moth
Pulled by the gravity of light

As shadows slide down rooftops
And the sun drives its fiery horses
Above the burning treetops across the sky