

Connotations

Morning Darkness

The heat leaves clues everywhere. The steamy residue floats above the frozen oxygen as it breathes to warm itself up. The crystallized cold clings to anything in its way. Suddenly a bellow and a light obstruct the obscurity of the night. Foggy breathe floats around the enlightened air. Eyes squint, teeth chatter. A livid pale succumbs to the florid intensity that rushes to the finger tips as they grasp the insipid leather. As motion is imparted a roar echoes silence.

Petrichor

The cloudy energy begins to arise from the dark boundary between my soles. It caresses the depressions of the bark that covers my nerves and my consciousness. As it makes ripples through the melody that commonly buzzes in my ears, it accelerates sentiment through my spine. Each disk clicks to the sound of the ripples that flow through the pages of the old books. The ashen chips of stone in a deep meditation with the words on the pages, some spots more clear than others. The bittersweet buzz from above rains heavy as it illuminates the valley below and leaves the mountains in the chilling dark. It exposes the surfaces and deepens the swart cavities collected on boundaries. Moving in a somewhat formal cadence, a resonance floods the air. A melancholy stench burns brightly below the darkest grotto.

Fog

Strokes of distilled sadness and steel, line the erect squares. A distinct vex in the way of sight. The livid paleness of the ordinary air that sits heavy on your shoulders and stings your lips. Bundles of black lines reflect heavy on the soul; a shiver runs down the outline of reversed affection. Narrow streets occupied by translucent figures whose shadows are non-existent and trapped under the soles. Black lines frame the single-toned gray paste. The corrosion of the connections above the depressions left by the soles, smells heavy as it trickles down the archway. Extended stretches of naked gallows frozen into position.

Fleeting

Slivers of brilliance fading behind light-less limbs that sway to the the rhythm of the disappearing aura. The luminous celestial body glows as it sinks deeper into the lustful blanket, which carries it. It's luminance observed by the swaying limbs and reflected onto the ripples of the earth. A division is formed between the ephemeral and the eternal. Hidden behind peaks and fleeting, the ephemeral begins to disappear into the eternal. A pale sense of lucid fades behind a mass of dullness; it is encompassed like two lovers stealing kisses in gloaming. The dissolving becomes faster as the hues vanish ardently; the zealous dusk ready to arise. The beaming promise shines one more time, at it's brightest, before it's married to eternity.

Snow

The white flakes drift down, illuminated yellow, and land first in the crevices of the earth. One of those white winter nights when the sky shines dark blue. Evidence of the paths, tread daily by ghosts, are conspicuous in the fuzzy, cowardly radiance of the ominous night. The weight of the world placed upon the saggy shrubs that stay somber as they reach down to trap the footprints who make their way around them. They leave a negative space of positivity, with untouched white ground. As the ribbed prints turn to brown slush, the drooping green fingers reach down to touch my face. The heat behind my heart rushes to meet these fingertips and fight off their cold grip. As my shoulders quiver and the opening between my collar bone and the clothes that enclose it lets out a gust of heated energy, the sharp green tips ghostly sweep across and score the corner of my eyelid. Hastily, my body swings to the side as the languorous creature decides to dig its claws deeper and drag them down to my ear. The center of my heart lets out one big gush. It rushes down the tubes in a race with itself to escape from the fervor that encompasses it. I begin to feel the tracks of zeal run down from the corner of my eye. I lift my frozen tips and trace the tracks; instantly shocked by the warmth on my cheek. I caress the cracks of the sensitive, flaky skin above my teeth. The zesty taste of iron runs through the hairs of my nose. Both eyes shut with the flashes of the sticky ruby before them.