

*Cold Sand*

Deep void of space  
intertwined to the vast sea  
black like oil,  
connected by uncertainty

Street lights buzz softly,  
fading halfway along the beach,  
the familiar aura fails  
vying to reach  
that line marked with uncertainty

Stars, fading along a gradient  
up and down the sky  
appear and disappear,  
growing brighter, more alluring,  
resting past the entrance of uncertainty

I sit between the lights,  
natural and unnatural,  
staring at the dark  
yearning to walk forward with feet,

buried in Cold Sand

*forgetful haze*

Wistful glow beaconing  
past the purple shade,  
smiles tied to yellow warmth  
endless days begin to fade  
growing distant, shrinks  
through that forgetful haze

Bright rays beaming  
like the day  
blinding laughter, combustion from the sun  
the precious summer but  
time runs away,  
slowly replaced by gray  
all thanks to that forgetful haze

Burning love fueled with scorching  
coals mark the soul,  
surging through body and mind,  
bright rays beaming with the day and  
yellow warmth, glowing past the shade  
soon smiles die away,  
the gray comes to stay,  
growing distant,  
shrinking,  
through that fucking haze

*Cherished*

twinkling memories, linger  
deep within the confounds of the heart  
resting like cooling embers,  
the dark red glow,  
slowly fading, but never gone

burn through the seams of walls,  
deep pain  
breaks the surface,  
heat diffuses through the soul  
slowly fading, but never gone

yearning for what can not be touched  
elusive temptation  
unyielding urge chained to regret,  
weighed with remorse.  
strength bends  
slowly fading, but never gone

the cooling embers,  
    the dark red glow,  
            slowly fades  
                    but never goes

*Purple graves*

Frigid cold, whips  
covered skin chilling  
the air that seeps through lungs,  
freezing flowing blood  
The purple graves lay there, callous

Soft snow, sleeps on hard ground and  
stubborn stone,  
quietly radiating the slate blue, mimicking  
the deep vastness of the winter sky  
The purple graves lay there, apathetic

Neon orange, glows  
from street lights, dancing  
between shadows  
The purple graves lay there, captivated

like spirits,  
joyous on the earth,  
The purple graves lay there

*Spring-time Moon*

Floating, upon the blue fading  
sky with a faint glow of red  
stained across the bottom

You lay there, comfortably  
intertwined into your background  
yet owning your place,  
the center of attention

All sight is drawn to this dusty white light,  
blurred, and soft upon the eyes,  
Waking sleeping ambitions,  
Arising guilt from complacency,  
sin from stagnation

I am a wolf  
Ready to howl