

Romancing Entropy

You laughed like a whale
except
you didn't.
Perhaps because only
a whale can laugh
like a whale.

Instead you laughed,
or should I say
guffawed
at the creature
in the casket
a sound that matched
who you were.

Cornered.

Bleached with a strange
white light that glowed
in your gray eyes as
you laughed—no,
guffawed.

You moaned hysterically that
she (the casket animal,
the thing once human)
“Held a bouquet
of moons.”

Which is, of course,
crazed.

Plucking moons
is hard enough.
How did she
then
gather so many?

Drip

The moon is dangerous. Shuddering,
the girl holds a coat of fog tight
around the mold of her neck.
Frigid, squeezing air does nothing
to heat her hungry breathes.
Alongside her, Night creeps

on broad tip toes—reaching out
with arctic fingers and seductive
smirks. A promise of frenzied
kisses is on his lips and he beckons.
She recognizes the viscous danger but
he pulls at her skin, unwrapping at
what kept her safe from stars' judging
eyes. She wonders if she'll let Night
sink into her. Instill pleas for pretty
painted bruises. Glide across her bones
until she is again alone in the dark.
