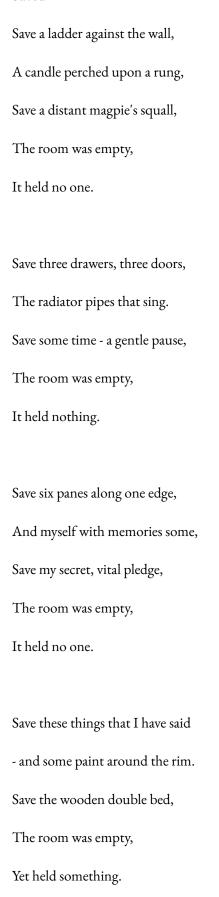
Saved



A Moment

The wood let out a gentle sigh of smoke,

Which inched out and into the air.

It's tail still held by the log's blackened maw,

Flanked by white, chipped teeth.

The sigh began to twist and twirl and snake,

Ever rising upwards, until it wriggled free.

It knotted up - vermicular,

And teased apart, again and again,

Until its form flattened, spread and withered,

And faded completely,

Dispersed upon the winds,

As a dwindling grey zephyr.

A gasp.

A sigh.

First Impressions

Still

I remember that night

You stood there, glassy-eyed

Wearing a look I've not seen before

Or since

A look of curiosity, of intrigue
And one of delight
Like I was a puzzle
You couldn't wait to solve
Turning on your heels
You headed back to the crowd
And disappeared in the throng
Leaving me puzzled
About you
The Middle Place
I find myself on a beach.
Behind me, last night's full moon hangs festive,
Bathing the buildings and trees,
In faint, gentle memory.
The future lies before me,
Concealed by shadows cast by tomorrow's sun,
As it rises from behind the hill,
Obscuring any sense of what lies ahead.
I urge to turn around and start towards,
That other side, with the familiar moon,

Which, now, is quickly dimming into obscurity, and vagueness.

But the long glasses are blown over like abatises,
As if to discourage any retreat into nostalgia,
While large expanses of salty water restrict,

The path is only linear, onwards, forwards.

Any deviation from the route.

I hear the rasp of wet sand beneath my feet,

As I weave between the crack'd, bakelite husks,

Of horseshoe crabs that litter the sandy shore.

I can see tomorrow clearer now;

I can make out some features on the bank,

Illuminated by tomorrow's sun as I approach,

And it becomes now.

You are the Sun

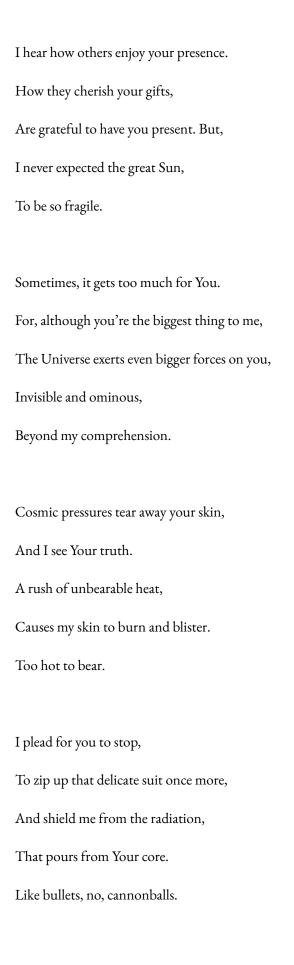
You are the Sun,

Whom everybody loves,

Bringing joy and warmth and light.

I, too, love your rays on my skin,

And am sad to watch you go, each night.



My damaged skin, barely healing, They only remark how, You bring them warmth, not pain, Nothing nuclear. And, although I try to pull away, Your gravity drags me back, Trapped, again, in perilous orbit. Not understanding why, Only I suffer that side of You. I know, someday, Your fire will consume me, Because, some days, The worlds don't revolve, Around You.

And when I show others,