

## The City

Evening brings shadows and  
Trees with long branches while  
Forests of paths map out  
Fiery labyrinths

Visions of meadowlike  
Pathways through impassive dreams;  
Posing midst mountains,  
Awakened by screams—

City lights, gentle skies,  
Tricks of mistaken eyes—  
Woken by keepers of  
Foreshadowed guise

Soothsayers meanwhile  
Sign ledges of walls—  
From buildings, from rooftops—  
Continuous falls

And beautifully lettered,  
lined together with ease—  
“Is there time?” asks the pianist,  
“For one final piece.”

Murmuring memories,  
Muffle uncluttered pasts—  
Tales buried in bookshelves  
Of lives they outlast

Dusk skylines mix color  
With volcanic ashes  
Like misguided fear of  
Misunderstood passion

## Cycles

The rain washes over the sky  
Watches over the tide washes  
Over the sand

While the moon works furiously to  
Prevent the day and slow the time—  
My dear, lean in—

Amongst the trees the moon is heard,  
And whispers of the wind recite:  
*anything but the sunrise*