

The Thief of Dreams

What is that noise?

Nocturne visitors
Come to those
Open to falling from grace.
One such drifter slipped past the moon
On quiet wings
To take from sleep
That silent beat that falls
Between the echoes of his dreams.

The wind under the door.

She laid witness to his menagerie
Of coffins housing dead stars,
Anthologies of petals
Lost in faceless crowds
With nothing left to say
Mimed screams
Through walls of amorous glass,
Bloodless pages hanged to dry.

What is that noise now? What is the wind doing?

That thief of dreams
That fall from sleeping trees
Cast no reflection over him.
With no need to prove himself a lover
For her little death,
She slipped away unnoticed
Filled with direst cruelty,
Carrying seeds for a future garden.

Nothing, again nothing.

Playing at Stars

Once, we played at stars on screen
Driving dangerously through the night.
Form rarely followed function for us
As grid guided voxels flared in the lens

That raced to illuminate the growing horizon.
But stop motion traffic
Wrapped in plastic strips on reels
Lined up against the first light

Projecting present day on a time delay.
Bang flashed wetware aesthetics
Live streamed Polaroid moments
Sliced in Planck-space lengths of time

Stuffed in a letterbox format
For a click happy network—
The looking glass dimmed,
Weak signals now hiss violent memories

As I drive toward the sun,
The lack of bandwidth stutters the frame rate
Leaving me sun blind with my foot on the brake
Rebelling radio silence.

Music of the Spheres

The solar winds of
Our white sun shake Earth's halo
Tuned to twenty hertz.