

### *Simple Hues of the Same*

Such an existence. I bite my lip and stare at nothing a little too long, before he notices. Counting the seconds passing by on my fingertips, I lay. A patchwork of sunlight weaves its way across barren backs, and warms so to the core. I bask utterly diminutive beneath the braided oak, that spliced in unison with the duple pine. Aught alike, never less a duo. They fold into one another, seeking refuge in their like branches. The drowsy summer air, dense in the back of my throat. I swallow hard and will myself into peace.

Must love bleed simple hues of the same? Mustn't the swallow flushed navy hearken the trill of saffron, and quell their lust? Perhaps it feigned fate to find artificial infatuation in azure. The grass pressed low in fields of thought, pressed flat by their trampling feet. I grasp at empty air for a salvation, as faith runs out with the drain of my cheeks. The heart by which you twist the ring around your finger, that same heart by which you braid a child's hair with steady hand, aches.

The warmth of golden sands lull me into slumber; those of a sun kissed seaside, and those of a god. Ethereal powers in collision to breed comfort. I find myself fumbling for your hand in my sleep, eyes shut. Beneath the incessant sun, beneath incessant stares blinking by as the stars, my hand interwoven with yours. We were an abstract painting, and they were close minded. Such an existence, I ponder.

### *My Fair Fate*

She drew long, thin fingers from her coat. They were the sort that a pianist would envy so. I watched, enthralled, as she played the ivory

from button

to button.

The act carried on until she was in nothing but a pale sundress and the light of a dimming dusk. She steps so lightly, I didn't notice her crossing the oaken foyer until a hand was set delicately upon my breast;

I gasped at the sensation,

at the stripping away of Choice with the flush of my cheeks. My fair Fate paid a visit this evening, though she said she couldn't stay long. Her touch lingers like an omen;

why couldn't she stay?

## *Skipping Beats*

I'm sick in the heart; Loving you has driven me mad, mad, mad.

My heart skips a beat.

But no more.

You walked away; The distance lodged between us ever grew. I could feel my heartstrings tighten, ever connected to you.

I could feel my heart flicker, as a candle dwindling by deprivation of love. You smiled and pretended that you hadn't noticed, while I pretended that it hadn't meant a thing. Though I could feel the hot wax melting through my fingers, I let him fan the flame. Now I'm but wick and scar tissue, and it doesn't seem to mean a thing.

Oh, my heart no longer beats within my breast; I can feel it pulsating within everything that I love. How selfish.

That is not partnership. That is not love. That is safety, and it will leave me utterly dissatisfied the rest of my life.

But at least I've got heart. I've enough left to try again.

Because there is nothing broken by what is wrong with love that cannot be fixed by what is right with love.

### *I Confess unto the Sea*

I confess unto the sea my most rancor of acts, and she replies with alabaster foam. I wish all could be as forgiving as the sea. Wading in to the hem of my skirt, I feel the current curl around my thighs and a hesitant breeze tousle my hair. I think of you. The ocean swells and folds unto itself with each gravitational contraction. Each and every pleat in the water, leaving ivory creases in its wake. A mirage of depressive tones, leaving artists to ponder how the paint could ever match such hues; and wonder how the paint could ever capture such fluidity. But you, the way you twist in silk leaves even the sea to stare. As the ocean weaves itself into prose, let the poets sit at the shore and ponder how the pen could ever write such truth; and wonder how the pen could ever shape such a story. But you, the things that drip from your tongue send the whole of the world spiraling into quiet, and hanging on to every drop. Even the sea stops and stares a while. Man sees and seizes and soils with drive and persistence. He sees the gilded surface and assumes it is but a reflection from beneath.

*Winded*

The ballad of the breeze by which days melt  
endlessly over and again into pallid night.

Bated breath she stills, naught be felt.

Upon shaken umbrage is pent ire dealt.

The tremulous gusts, saturated in spite;  
the ballad of the breeze, by which days melt.

A callow wood, a bashful creek dwelt  
in Apollo's retreat seeking refuge by moonlight.

Bated breath she stills, naught be felt.

Her meek pant upon an ivory pelt;  
that of an allusive altruism, that despite  
the ballad of the breeze by which days melt.

The birch wood about her thighs, the skyline her belt.  
Her skin the velvet ocean breeze, gilded curls pure light.

Bated breath she stills, naught be felt.

By her steady hand was bronze budding smelt.

The encore of gale force a habitual rewrite;  
the ballad of the breeze by which days melt.

Bated breath she stills, naught be felt.