

I Dream of Tangerines.

What the fuck does that even mean.

A plain where nothing more grows
than succulent vines.

Adorned by the azure backdrop
of an endless horizon.

Which stretches and yawns
from feet firmly
Planted within the damp ground.

I Dream of Tangerines.

Sweet little things.
That fade too fast.

Peel aware the thin veneer,
no softer than its pulp.
Bright—so bright, be that
translucent little thing.

A single bite...
from the fruit
found in this field
only one

...

That's all
it really takes.

To find some skies... Which feel the need to fade.
Vines once supple and ripe—shrivel, beneath the weight.

Feet which took root
in soft soils
are now met by barren
sun baked floors
that feed quickly
on deep roots.

I Dream of Tangerines.

As sweetness fills the mouth
the horizons grow shorter.
Where the sun once caressed
gently... It now bores down.

All around... only grows bleak.
Sour juices rolls by
dulling tongue and cheek.

Eyes which gleamed
a brilliant azure
shimmer slowly
to a silent gray.

All which was once bright.
All that was sweet.
All in and around...
Fell—rotted.

Once I Dreamt of Tangerines.

Sun Sets

No more does the light
of day grace this flesh.

The hours have decayed—
swallowed by the maw
of the moving hand.

Waning lights leave
no satisfaction nor
stir a yearning
in this sullen chest.

All serenity is fleeting.
No matter how glorious the day

...

The sun always sets.