

Dusk

The sky.
Desire tickles my skin-
desire to be swallowed.

Sky suspends over me;
power of seduction
over me.
A hand seizes my neck,
grip tightening each time its name touches my tongue.
My soul fights,
but secretly embraces.

The beginning.
Darkness approaching.
Fluid threads race to my fingertips,
then back again.

Colors swirl,
engulf my eyes in selfish delight.
Chemical pleasure seeps into my lungs, expanding them
until a sigh relieves the pressure.

Tears trickle from my eyes.
I try to shove them behind skin gates.
Droplets plummet to their doom.
Tears like decaying bodies
sprinkle my cheeks with hateful ash.

Sky
has my attention.
It has
all of me.

I shiver in the fading light.
Once smothered with spectacle;
now abandoned.
But this shaking has driven me
to maddening joy.
I smile like a dizzy child.

The last radiance flees below.
I beg it to let me follow.
No sympathy.
No shelter from fuliginous night.
Tempt me with resurgent day;
enslave me to dark solitude.
Dusk baits me with splendor,
only to choke me with dread.
I crawl away from the dark.