

Flash me back, let me try and heal

The wind screamed, angry, gray wounds flashing.  
coffee brown eyes blinked. She says something,  
words garbled, I can't  
quite make it out.  
It's quiet, almost serene.

She warms me like a storm, ebbs like the tide. She sings out, declaring her presence;  
I am entranced. I float, music  
Pushes me this way and that, bending me to her will.  
I bow at her feet  
her voice is soft  
and like a dove's powdery feathers,  
they lift me. Away

Two seasons, dancing on  
the verge; they crash

Running, clumsy, Angry, wet clothes sticking to me like  
her love letters.

I hurt, but no one can hear,  
Pearly rain pattering on my face like  
Glue. I'm blind, but I hear

her voice again, sweeping me away. Consciousness flutters back  
and forth, until—

Stop

A garden. Cherry blossoms, like coral pink tears.  
They sink down, fading into  
Faraway dreams and butterflies  
She is there, back; we dance a midsummer's ballet  
wind whistling past us and lifting up  
the fruit of the sky. Her eyes are

gold. I flicker

Cloudiness bids goodbye, the mermaids choked  
By sailors. I'm alone, with flat, scarred plains. I want to  
cry, but if I do I'm afraid I'm going to  
burn, empty  
and panicked. I can't let go because  
she was Real.  
I trip but there is no end to the storms,  
I try to feel but there is nothing to find, I wish  
to evolve.  
Her cry echoes, chasing me but I can't  
Move, because  
She is everywhere.  
willows push me along, garlands of silver curling  
behind my ears,  
Her sounds subside; I can breathe  
Once more. But maybe  
that was it. Maybe  
i am free

My mind takes me back,  
Fueled by longing

I plant tulips. She is there.  
she pulls me back and we are  
suddenly Spanish dancing, I do not  
realize. Songbirds accompany us, and  
I am filled with a  
distant emotion.

I don't know. I conflict,  
She screams; I am dropping down again.  
My eyes burn.

I do not want to continue. she has me enraptured,  
but against my will. I feel only pitiful sorrow,  
for myself.

She dances with the devil,  
His melodies of despair  
Guarding the gates. I cry out a pleading  
Lullaby, but  
all has already come crashing down. The deep,  
anxious rhythm crushes down on  
me, and I am lost, thrown

about,

It's quiet, almost serene. I am sorry.

Her voice returns,

But it's not chasing me anymore.

Dark winter wraps around

Us; she is there. There is finally

Willing peace, and we look towards the moon. I glance back

down; her brown eyes are cold and gray

defeated but still

beautiful.

Her hair billows behind

Her like ocean waves, black like

sesame dots. I reach

out,

She is not there anymore.