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 patterning 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.