

made of sky

this evening breeze	slaps the skin of sky	fractures the fragile eye
leaks languid light	by a trick of thought	falls into itself
my heart imploding	as it claps alone	a bright monster
floods my mind	like bloated thunder	cracks as the sun breaks
finally out of its shell	paralyzed by its own light	open the paint box
reign in the deep rain	despite all its flashing the	egg-white cloud
the humped-backed	thunderhead squirms away	the sun yoked
arch of hue	toys with hidden strings	waves of meringue
hunched over	how the bent worms shrivel	scatter the rainbow
the gleaming green	in puddles full of life	the misted twilight
leans over to whisper	everything aches	where nothing lasts
colored legs bowed	rain drips after long drop	darkness yawns with scarlet lips
across night's edge	hungry shadow cranes	swallows the blistered blue
mottled feet fade	in the crimson afterglow	as if blood swirled from cloud
into golden mud	as if the lightening	knows me by name
sienna stretched	streaked with magenta	seizes me in its bright embrace
my hand reaching	always burns inside	as if I were made of sky