His eyes were wet as he looked at her, as she looked at him. His wife had created a safe haven free from death the best she could, and here was his love, mid-February in motion. The woman that moved with him, stayed with him, revived him, haunted him.

Here was Hell. Here was Reality. Here was Redemption. Here was Forgiveness.

She moved her fingers to the aglets of his sweatshirt and twirled them as she did his emotions. She stirred his emotions, prolonged them. She looked up from the aglets, and at that moment, he was in love with her and the red and the poster and—

Wake up.

Matthew, you okay honey? It’s 5:10, you should probably start moving.

His eyes were wet. He looked at his broken alarm clock. It was 5:43.

1.
I dream, and we are two bodies somewhere, not hunted. I love you and when the sun rises golden at dawn, I open my mouth to swallow it whole.
See the city smothered in light. You are kissing me, and existing is no longer the glare of light reflected in eyes. I am holding you close to me and hear in you the shifting of feathers, ready to break through soft skin. God feeds the Ravens as he has promised, and the stones in the field turn over.

2.
I found a dead bird on my walk home last night, I wrapped it in my soft red scarf and placed it in the river. I think of you often, your fingertips as they traced my name through the window fog in dawnlight. I lived inside the morning bright white, the sunrise bleaching bones. I do not live there anymore. You asked for your things back, so I wrapped them in red tissue and placed them in a box. I'm not sure when they will reach you.