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Dance of Alabaster

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“Dance of Alabaster”

I see you in a dream and
your beauty is unbearable.
I want it to last forever
but then, the dogs arrive.

You are dancing under
a winter fat moon in an endless
field of upturned earth.
Your body is polished marble,
your eyes, sparks of black obsidian.
Two arms float in infinite arcs
that bend blue, fluid as a thought,
from the grace of god.
I watch the silent dance
and drink you with my soul.

Then the dogs come,
savage and wild.
They circle you with snarls,
fangs bared, ready to strike,
their yellow eyes dead with empty lust.

The lead dog lunges,
a slashing box of kinetic power,
his teeth search for your flesh
but instead find stone
and shatter.

Jay Speiden