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Winter Solstice

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Winter Solstice

Overhead, the sun's faded trail bisects grey sky,
journey shrouded in muting overcasts.
Tainted vermilion circuit complete,
he retires at the dominance of darkness
and submission of light.

Standing against the backdrop of the dirty sunset,
he is poised on the verge of obscurity,
his silhouette disguising the equal but opposite,
the black and white, the yin and yang:
restless, they swirl and shift,
a struggling, dynamic equilibrium.

Reflective among the scattered, anonymous cairns,
his mortality blinds him to the infinite,
fingers interpreting the rutted runes
and characters morbid.

A gothic portrait in silvered greys,
his art feigns life -
metallic expression of contrasts
rapturous in salute to his mistress, the moon.

The vampires of his lineage sleep deep
beyond the reach of sun;
the darkness and loam nurture their bloodless
and perfect pallor.

While above, the analogous monochromes,
framed in display of common reverence,
oxidize yellow with light and time.

Their legacies of eternal and listless ghosts
roam the damp catacombs of his spirit,
hiding themselves from consciousness glare,
appearing briefly in daydream and nightmare,
equal and inscrutable.

Alone and unwary of the supernature of his blood,
he harbors no waters, no crosses, no psalms:
in denying the Holy,
he embraces faith in omen
and spirituality of self.

Surrounded by the swirling mists and fogs,
strange vapors of decomposition,

He kneels upon the frozen composte mound,
reaches a hand to the ghastly, paling limbs,
stretches a finger toward trembling, rubied droplets
suspended from fleshless, flashing fangs,
fallen to whet lean and lecherous lips.

He cloaks himself in the guise of night,
a creature of absolutes,
he becomes indistinguishable
as a cat from the shadows he abhors
for their indeterminate shades.

He makes to dwell on graveyards' hallowed grounds:
intent and earnest in his vigil to attend
the hoarse-whispered utterances of
his darkest ancestors.

K. Lynn Rogers