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He

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He

The wound of his eyes
A dark, smothering emptiness
Weighing on my smile,
His gaze a dark hand
Stealing up my dress-
My throat tight,
Emotions scattering
Like Autumn leaves.

His eyes are parasites
Feeding on my gestures,
My thoughts;
He whispers my name
Luxurious drops of sound
Spilling into my head
Warming memories
Beneath the smothering weight of it,
The moment swirling around me
A torrent of shattered images
Swallowing my world in a dark chaos,
His arms gently pulling the curtain closed.

Kent Lambert