

the comfort of night

poetry belongs to night
silken verses for velveteen darkness

who would dare to speak
the hallowed names
of reverent spirits

let them softly echo through
the chambers, rekindling fires
of this tattered home

crimson songs for summer days
always late-blooming, fearing time

where upon the precipice
will you stumble and fall?

where upon the seabed
will you descend?

amid the barnacles, the coral-laced
hulls, sunk low beneath the white
gulls soaked with valentine smiles

until the moon sets
its bright yellow lantern hid low
beneath the perking dawn

she'll then take flight and flee
skin and walk of vampires

stay cradled here
amid my verse
and ambidextrous
wrapping shade