

running through

the pine needles
feet full of spires

this is where

you fall
your hands
full of pain

your face full

of fright

the moon reflects

your pallid
flesh

my walker of the night

my vampire

feeding on the flesh
of men

draining dry

insatiable

damned for all eternity

begging for the

sun to rise

(begging for the end)

and now

your skin is ash

and now

your skin is sand

folding in the wind

of time

without control

into the air

you fly

a witch's ride

cast off the earth

cast off the sky

becoming-bird

feathers frantic

against the summer

gale

this is what

you wanted!

(to take flight)

turbulent air

isolation before

the open dive

my perfect Icarus

keep on turning

make for greener

lands

(in your imagination)

somewhere beyond

horizons

beyond

gray rainbows

drawn up

in mothers milk

my wicked

princess

drawn up on
the rack of
your own
genealogy

where the shoulder
meets the arm
you break

where the present
meets the now
you quake

until the earth
opens its
gaped, tooth'd
mouth

and swallows
all your morrows

and you
fall into the
magma

and you

fall against

gravity

(suspended)

the force of

light all

your final

perception

can

contain.