

Anne Clark, The Moment

Late april
Late evening
Powder blue sky
Cools and fades
To a neutral tone of grey
No hue
No reflections

Silhouettes
- skeletons of steel
Take shape
On the horizon
Iron takes the places of air
Each breath tasting bitter warm
Like blood

Night descending
In phosphorous little drops
Into my eyes
Sharper than the moment
My stomach tightens
As in acceleration cars
Or at the certainty of sex
And doesn't pass

This is where the day has led me
This is as far as I have come