

Saetia, Some Natures Catch No Plagues

(I)

smiled that kind of icy blue smile of a noontday reckoning, the tied together two of tell-tale pictures i've sketched in sand castle plots and plans. similar starting points, both for sin and shooting blanks. but it's always the unseen sharp pang; the awkward rhythm of the dance like a tick-tock clock in that heart of hearts repeating, "there is no happy here, there is no happy here..." devil may care touches trickled down spine, thigh, and breast may never truly illuminate the finer art of heartwork.

(II)

i was turning over with the sheets, and facing the arched back thinking of how my eyes, half-opened, caught her arm moving from side to side, but never to me. it's all connected by blank words to tell empty promises of clumsy miscommunication. so we say what we will, to see what we may, to find a Biblical knowing enfolded within the next few hours. it's too bad, too tragic... i spent myself choking on the motions leading up to said misfortune.