

Saetia, Some Natures Catch No Plagues

(I)

smiled that kind of icy blue smile of a noonday
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.