

## Repentance

Twilight whispers screams of silence against  
my skull. I lie under the sky's swells and  
swallow the starlight, fizzing and frigid  
against my teeth. Fireflies poke holes  
in the shadows pooling under my eyelids.  
I came for a song, but I stay  
to gather my regrets into a nosegay  
for my mother's table. Soon,  
the moon will beckon with her slender arms,  
pale as winter breezes,  
and gather her children close to her breast  
before she tosses away the key.

Envy trickles between the shards of my torso.  
I can taste her tears on my skin when I smile.  
Remember that when you take your turn. Even  
the last dregs of luminescence gathered  
below the dawn can't bear to  
quench this bitter thirst.

She finds me now between moments  
of leaden leaves and parchment twigs. I  
extend my palms for her to fill. Swirls of  
ink patiently wait to spill across  
the pale blue carpet. I wish for  
their will and curse her aching tenderness.