

Dreaming in Noir

Chapter One hundred twenty-seven

Wounding the night
With the sweetest strings
Mad warbler pleading
The moon for a mate

Darting tongue
Calling out the dark
Stars swirling about
Solitary wanderer

Working late into the hour
Like Keats I stop to note his reverie
Every trill a message sent
Into the vast gulf

That sends a cold
& glittering response
Giving no warmth
Offering no solace

So much like him
I've pleased plaited pain
Two travelers sketching
Out of shadows nothing's gain

Carving out of Time's designs
A momentary joy
A thing imperishable
Still nothing promised

Thó the world be gripped
With self concerns
What's given freely
Must be returned

Thó the world in flames
Spits out chaos
This night is one marked
Out for song

The lines I steal dull trebles
To his golden tones yet
For his silky notes good tidings
Or warnings foretold

Too late in love with this
Bedazzlement he frazzles me
& soon begins to fade

His Song on ice
My Soul in shreds

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