

## **Dreaming in Noir**

*Chapter One hundred eighty-six*

The world is

Not as sweet

As painted out

To me...

Gray skies

Are my new

Blues...

I find comfort

In a few

Small things

These days...

A painting that

I love but

Can't afford...

A poem I salvaged

From a stack yet...

A glass of red

Wine to dull a

Once-a-upon-a-hurt...

An untouted novel by

A friend that makes me

Laugh & snort...

Her face aflame

Seems only days ago

When we first met...

*Vete de mi leave me*

As Diego *El Cigala*

Sings rips the remaining

Heart strings right out

The throat...

Whatever's left

The rain smoothes...

The places hardened

By regret...