

night holds the moon

the trees are charcoal hearts
sickly prison branches scratching
their powdered veins navigating
into fibrous, paper earth
brittle yellow sketches caught
in a languidly beating hue
grappling with the grains
like night holds the moon

their solemn dance growled
by grass plowed howling gray
'fore slowing to a rhythm of decay
a collective, decrepit signature
verifies this malady of the eyes
lies of stars and specks, or sneezes
just the burnt organs spasm of
arrested breath, seized in the breast
like night holds the lungs

found injured in the forest
babbling and lost in metaphor
take this sinewy, sniping animal
to the delusional veterinarian
as it's suffering from reality
it tries to remedy with symbols
cradling its own furry sanity
stuck in its teeth, but sweet
like night holds the moon
or alphabet holds the soup