

## she the sky

competing, she  
the sky and the summer breeze.  
for what timid night prefers concealed  
is revelation in her crescent smile.  
while her scattered suitors creep in guile  
and can only echo what they see.  
wind's anticipation fondles clumsy  
canvassed stars, like pointillism.  
connected random joints and limbs  
painting lurid stories, swirled like galaxies.  
her kiss releases beasts, like feral hope  
or pretense kicking dust, in urgency  
with feet faster than her lips can keep.  
night's clouds form a second range  
mountains you could almost climb, to reach her.  
all curves and light in silhouette  
that ripples in her waning.

she births secrets from her mouth's womb  
like a dream in breath's repeating.  
her milky white scream, which spills  
inside out, releasing mine like rain.  
reversible reign coat, trade control  
emptied pockets, hollowed minds.  
fulfilling madness with new mysteries  
by the light of she  
the sky, or the evening's freeze.  
who'll be first to wash over me?

rushing the sky on a chariot  
whipping horses to mark the pass of time.  
but alike, the moon has buoyed lady  
lovers, and dreamers aloft  
on prayers of what the day may be.  
can we want any less than, she?  
stars competing in sheer lunacy  
for the sky, released  
in summer breeze.