

Untitled

by David Ackley

The colors of the night
are malignite and char
are dead mothers

they lick the cellar floor for emphasis

preparing to speak dead tongues

the colors bind together impenitent

a priest's fingers dipped in ash

a cack-cack of crow

the colors howl for pity

even as they tear out your eyes

they bleed tranquility

under the dirt laden roof

