

Out of sync

by Deborah Oster Pannell

I've been floating dear
adrift
I could not see you clearly
through the tattered, hazy scrim
the boundary between us
might as well have been
a canyon
you reached for me and
a vice tightened
around my head
I wanted to merge with you
my heart wished for a
brilliant explosion of limb
between limb
but the flow was cut
and my eyes ached
throat caught
and I lost all sight

* * *

In the desert,
life becomes very small
a bug, a rare fruited plant
precious drops of water
just one caress from you
and I would thirst no more
I am raw, exposed
skin shorn and
bared to the sun
I have no armor,
I am fair
splayed open
carrion for the circling birds

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under no illusion of safety
my flesh ready to be picked
from my bones
any second

* * *

I would like to know
where the nourishment is
the fruit and honey,
the juice-filled bounty
the textured excess
tantalizing patterns
of harmonious angles
and shapes
feeding my mind
and spirit
I tried to smoke my way there
and imagine my path
through the mandala
but the doors kept closing
and I was left breathing
fine bits of dust
because the thoughts came too fast
and I could not catch them
before they dissipated
they tore the hope right out of
me with their
fleeting illusion of greatness
It was dark
and sad
and damp
with tomorrows
and I did not know
where you were
and there was no
revelation

only
gray hunger

If only I could have felt you here
next to me, I
could have enjoyed this moment, now

