

Twilight, Nov. 07, 05:50am

by Lola E.

Light spreads its way
across the sky like a

drop of ink
on dry cotton sheets:

starts at one point
and expands

as wind shuffles
over bodies, seas

hoist your sails
and I'll throw this one

over
the night can have it

now
hear the waves

how they seem satisfied
with their hour's catch

and the dawn smells
so strongly

of copper
and of iron ore

the clouds
are flowers, hyacinths

to be touched lightly, caressed
by your delicate fingers

*Written 2017, November 07
05:50 am*

