

A Noir Celebration

by sara t.

What if there was no rainbow at the end of the tunnel
What if instead there was only a slow narrowing
Moving away from light into smoky grey
A kind of sucking darkness into
A kind of noir celebration of despair
Complete with an exploding champagne bottle
Of golden tears and a warm terrible enveloping
Which seems oh I don't know
.....comforting in a way-
like a heavy coat or a hiding place
Horribly inviting as the light dims
What if I walked towards the end of the tunnel

