

Divine dreams

(i)

Beneath the velvet pearl skies
you lay;
your thoughts
convoluted constellations;
far beyond the paltry quantum of
intricacy I could fathom.

Beneath the patched quilt of stars
you stood,
your hands
warm to touch;
your mere utterance turning to dust,
your ironic decisions stiff yet
dulcet.

Beneath the stillness of the night air,
we sat,
a universe of distance
between us both –
in a façade of repose,
in a final moment of solace.

(ii)

Surreal fascination,
the concoction of violet, blue and black
on the sheets of once pure fibre –
you loved drawing the sky,
a slight daydream about the galaxy,
a humble depiction of perfection;
the closest you ever felt to the empyrean glamour.

An odyssey into the firmament,
a trek along the passionate flames of white innocence,
a masquerade amongst the mystique of celestial gems,
a run alongside the pearl seas of vacuum nullity;
the sole wish you would leave swirling in the hasty pace of
time as the ignited path of a

shooting star flashed

before your hazel eyes as the stories
they held within remained
a beautiful conundrum.

(181 words)

