pixel dust

(under the fluorescence,
in pastures
blue and green)
lockets, like
golden creases of
whispering curtains
buried in our hearts;
the eyes
iridescent
its corneas laced
with diamond
tears

/

point – blank
breaths
of aurora zephyrs:
standard candlelights
; lampstands of
our slumbering

dreams

{
the flood of watercolours,
tidal dunes on
our sandpapered
skin
each wave like
sweet sounds of our
saltwater
reminiscence
}

starbursts :
burning holes
right through the
dark ,
on which we
stenciled our
powdered hopes
- “i loved the silent gospels we would write,
those streaks of chords that lit the sky ;
to the man on the moon
to the man on the
moon”
and as
you lock my
shadowed fingers
between yours,

we evanesce into
the jade meadows

our silhouettes like
rainbow flames that
guide us
home