

An angelic mistress tiptoed completely into a shadow
cast to the ground by two suns behind a cave.

Clouding began to fog her head like a bathroom mirror; her eyes dilated and
allowed the darkness to settle more comfortably into long-term memory;
It coated synapses with an oily resin and altered her skin tones.

She learned to slink from the surface
to avoid the light of positive – misleading – energy.

It was October a number of years before Russia
turned un-red, and warmed a cold country.
The shade felt good. It played her like a harpsichord.

For a moment to a minute she could not
continue the repression of her Barbie-doll past life;
it came out, loud; screaming through pink fingernail polish.

Her hands played the parts of pedestals for a posed face.
Slowly her fingers curled into fists supporting a heavy head.

She allowed the volume to be de-tuned
removing the 40-watt brightness of a non-passive voice.

She interjected pauses between sentences, then between her words
And then between l e t t e r s.

An overfilled heart dimmed her, eternally eclipsing her formerly bright eyes.
Her emotions ran freely down her high cheekbones.

All that was left, the befuddled mass of crumpled tears and pointed fingers,
pulled her through the to join in the dance of the dead.