

Drawing Blood From Silhouettes

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On an eighty-eight foot rock protrusion at twelve thousand feet on the continental divide,
pure is your everything held dangling on ten little pigs. Pure is the breeze that rips over
the top of the world, slightly swaying you. You feel it in your chest and arms. Your
body loving the immediacy of the moment, and for the last extra stretch you twist out
over the flat Midwest.

The beach of middle America.

The notion of terminal velocity toys with you as your fingers get tired.

I'm pretending to write on the face of millions of years.

I don't worry,

~~do I cross my legs this way or that, how exactly should I tip my hat? I don't want to be
obvious and by obvious I mean I don't want to give anything away, not to the slightest
clue into my bright-eyed barricade~~

Any possible weight I have has to be left down with my Merrells. That extra ounce could
be deadly. I have no room for the baggage of love up here.

I'm a solitary warrior, a lone hunter on a mission; love in remission. I'm a sole survivor
of the viral voice of reason. The reason I read on is because no one can reach me. I'm
lonely, lonesome and loving it. And, as long as I continue to disbelieve myself, I'll keep
staring up into that corner, with you in the corner of my thoughts, trying to stay out of the
corner of your eye until

to release the kinetic energy of attraction

I turn the corner and jump.

The attraction of your silhouette shadowed in front of me, and of your arm creaking,
arching over your neck to your shoulder. Your short, feathered, burgundy hair leaves
the room your neck needs to demonstrate its beauty in strain.

Your arms down to slender wrists are gateways to graceful movements by learned fingers.

A slow twisting, rolling your uncapped pen up and down your thigh, resembles the delicate touch of the lover under cover.

You rub your shoulders, relaxing the muscles, and you in the eye of the hurricane have no idea of the twisting turmoil your form feeds my soul.

I can't help but slip my sight sideways, drawing you into view.

I am a predisposed spectator of you.

I want to look to see something I haven't picked up yet,

crows feet at the edge of your eye

or that particular twinge in your lips that ionizes your magnetic smile.

But I will not allow you to meet me and shatter the image of such a dark and fortified spirit, the inside of me that's protectively untouched, unbridled and raw.

Grabbing on to a horn of granite has never been a problem. Or to have a hold slip out and allow rocks to tumble, crushing fingers and drawing blood. The flesh being torn from the bone is sometimes a comforting feeling, but when the shivers run up my spine from a brush of a finger on my shoulder I quiver with fear and blood is drawn from my silhouette.