

Ghost of Wonder

From a faraway slumber in a distant isle,

I awoke to the neon strips between my curtains.

The night kissed me upon my chest, and in the chasm between my lips-
an attempt to comfort me.

That distant isle calls to me,

offering promises of warmth and desires fulfilled.

How can I refuse?

Skin longs for skin, yes;

But refuse, I do.

And for now,

I will dance with a ghost of wonder.

A ghost of sensuality.

In this darkness I will meet my creator

(in limited glory).

The sun rises, yet the only song to greet it is

a chorus of mist.

Rain comes upon the day, without the imprints of light.

As I step out, the wind reminds me of my ghost, long gone by now,

and her kiss.

My body ignores the choir from

that distant isle.

I am at ease with the dullness of today.