

A Farewell to the Falling Sky

Nocturnal Beach Moonflowers blossom proudly
for Selene,
Iceland Poppies hang their head in shame once their petals fall,
praying for execution,
& *Celastrus*,
Bittersweet Nightshades slowly twist up the Iboga Tree,
a delicate suffocation.

See, it is unhealthy
to turn away, disregard large silence
& not want answers.

I couldn't be
lost, freezing atop grounds of violet sea,
or listening for whose beliefs are hard to leave,
taking the old for knowledgeable,
or growing my forest,
browning.

For none,
these are tortuous
never changing seasons.
So sit upstairs & tangle your tan legs in my sheets.
Rub your eyes until intense shades of blue cure your sleep deprived body.
With the silence low on your skin,
we wait for dusk to swallow our phosphenes.

Let us test the night:
on a discredited theory of the light in your eyes,
on a falsification of fake virtue.