

THE DUSK AND THE DAWN

The Dusk

your name is Depression
and you are my magical transmuter
disguising yourself
as an oasis of obsidian quicksand
mirroring the shadows of crows.
my skin surrenders as I sink
further into you.

I seek silky azure skies
cradling milky dove feathers
because I live in midnight
with hope that warms a molten-gold star.
its rays leak into my dilated pupils
rippling the quicksand's whispers
from an irresistible tongue to seduce
my eyes shut.
your toxic taste is my favorite flavor.

you saturate my conscience
with the weight of looming moons.
I am whirling on a desolate asteroid desert
in your galaxy without oxygen
but with the exquisite constellations
of your illusions.

you are a sorcerer's cloak
composed of sleek fur endowing
my naked corpse
with invisibility.
each tear
you absorb drains my purpose
to an infinite abyss.

you evolve
into a still sea and submerge
every shard of my soul.
I yearn to plunge into the bliss of your deepest depths
aware that rising is impossible.
swallow and soak me in your riptide

like an anchor down below
forever
where the sun and stars are forbidden.

then finally
extinguish me
and end this war
so I can rise as wisps of smoke.

The Dawn

I have emerged a phoenix,
a blazing inferno
incinerating shadows
and kindling souls
with my wings alone.
watch me soar above
the sea
the sand
and the stars.
feel this scorching sensation and melt.
I dare you
to try to extinguish me.

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