Silver with Red

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Silver with Red

Loneliness: so loved that she doesn’t need a mirror to know her soft albedo. Why should anyone write poems before or after?

In the metaphor’s darkroom mud and intelligence meet. If a princess and prince enter it, they might invent a way of wearing pearls without piercing them.

After glow should they lick the chocolate from their fingers, or commit suicide by inhaling the scent of the flowers he has cut for her?

Loneliness divines herself in the window pane: growing into a pear tree under the mercury sky in which the gods’ peephole has become visible.