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Tarnished

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Tarnished

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TARNISHED

poetry by

DESTINEE PAYNTER

A zombie of a man
sheltered, by his empty icy cavern.

A pool of water casts shadows...
from the moon,
this light is his sun.

His pool wasn't created
from melting from warmth,
but ice melted from emotions...

...or perhaps his empty tears?

Fueled by anger, and motivated by hate;
Death is always knocking at his door.

But it never enters,
a heart, a body
preserved and frozen in time
– by ice.

One enters his haven,
a stranger to the labyrinth.
Tunnels to the unknown
and paths to answers
all ways are dead ends.
And he gazes upon the stranger,
like he does dirt.

The color of his eyes...

Deep brown eyes, once pools of warmth.
Now clouded and black like coal.
His world is spinning from this enigma...

Futile attempts, he lashes out with words.
Silky like velvet,
but sharp as a blade,
a blade wielded to keep others...
away.

Marshmallows with hot chocolate in a cup;
his eyes sparkle like stars.
But all that glitters is not gold,
his angry soul is more of a tarnished copper.
Swirling together into an endless abyss of nothingness,
Medusa! Twin black holes on that face.
PERSISTENCE!

he keeps pushing the stranger away,
and eventually, the world stops spinning.
All he can see of her,
nothing more than a fading reflection in the water.
Those last ripples...
empty echoes...
of her fast fading footsteps.

For the first night in a long time,
he can see puffs form from his breath.
And he notices knuckles locking up
and fingers burning from crisp air.

And for the first night in a long time,
he feels warmth leaving
and he longs to escape too.

A lone tear falls into the now calm pool.
It ripples and spreads,
like the grief throughout his body.
Lonely...
his heart is aching. And nobody knows.
Water calming in a world
only he exists in.