The Painting

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The Painting

The haze burns blindingly through my mind, 
penetrating to the depths of my pounding heart. 
Throbbing; filling me with its black oozing droplets 
until their pain soothes the tender membranes of my mouth. 
Grateful for this pain, my tongue licks the salty beads 
of blood from my lips. 
A cry resounds from the innermost recesses of my body 
with sobs of laughter reaching out, searching.

ROSE LYNN BLACK

The Hollow

I have chosen the longest short cut, 
A gloved alley of green mortar and bark 
That lies whispered beside the paved moat, 
Strewn with broken pillars and bracken doves.

Beneath the limpid gaze of shallow moon, 
I embrace the garden’s muted spell. 
Fragile splendor arrayed in innocence, 
Its ancient fountains carve lichen runes.

The moist incense of dreams and daylight 
Still leads me gently to that shadowed glade. 
Nature’s playmate beckons from wired leaves; 
She touches both the senses and the Sight.

Though wrinkled branches whimper as callow 
Spiders sway on lame vines in the breeze, 
A golden sconce hangs within clover shrine, 
Guiding the weary to yearnings grown.

H.B.DILL

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