

Night Fall

She waits for the night and the piercing scenes,
Where white is black and the psyche runs free.
The glitter in the dust and the soot in the dew,
The black comedic landscape weaves its tune.

Nursery rhymes of an abstract time,
The chilling remembrance of what's passed by.
The slice and twist of a tarnished kiss,
The misanthropic touch of the men she's missed.

To wake with the feeling of a viscous skin,
The long denied comfort she finds within.
To stumble through the day in a dopamine daze,
This post-modern Sleeping Beauty seeks the end of her days.

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