2016

I Feel Time As Hues Branded Behind My Eyes

Emily Matthews
Some days ease warm yellowgold
When orbs of light sneak through leaves
And hot breathes of air hug across bodies

Some days drag deep blue
Like sinking currents
With soothing depths pulling back and forth

Some days scrape sharp white
Where heads crisscross above clouds
And bodies are left behind

Some days pulse red
When everything burns
Words thoughts touch

Some days burn icy black
Like a cave with crumbling walls
And a tunnel without an end