

the blissful dawn of
darkened
interstices
rose
thick
in
preparation
for there was trust

bursting skywards
and
bathed in firelight,
light poured.
sparsely
in a
place possible
to imagine.

'This is nothing!'

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She ran through
the gloom in
luminous
shafts of light
her love
covered his
defenses
in silken
lustres

drawn against the dark
she sits
rising higher
in
a world
built by
his words.

Some things
had changed
But that was okay
with enough planning—
he was
still able to
get
Lost in thought

in some
new form
You could write
po-etry
flaming and ferocious