

Wed the night

A date with the night.
It curled around the laugh.
It told me it wouldn't bite.
But it was crude, elated, a farce.

The swirling motion of its mystical robe.
Oh Prosper, Prospero in the globe.
Eat me up from the inside, black night.
Force me to the dirt and hold me, sleep tight.

In dense motion, gobbling up the door
That you opened and enclosed me onto the floor.
Shouldering moments, the swift Aura,
The night is decaying for aurora.

She is sung in blowing trumpets.
Cry! Cry for the Night.
Persephone felt the fight or was it
The fright. Delight.
My glowing, devastatingly old, breezy, enchanting, daft, clumsy, sifted,
ogling, oaty, idle, blasted eN-I-G-H-Tee.
Spell me. Pronounce and articulate every calamity.
I am now the Night. I laugh at my own indecency.