

Saetia, Endymion

I am forgetting typewriter handwriting, and how to embrace in a storm of haloes...
To watch the floor melt,
to know I melt with it.
I secretly opened one eye,
and watched Selene move beyond my horizon.
Secrets tend to tell themselves, I find.
I find I will not miss...
clandestine heartaches buried years deep in stagnant days.
Writing lullabies across the moon
I have rescued dreams dying on yesterday's embers
fashioning flowers from fancy.
Skipping stones across april showers.
We will dance upon days time has forgotten.
To let dawn's drapery enfold us.
Gazing at angels through the eyes of a second.
Gazing at angels through the eyes of a second.