

Black Stars in a Blue Sky

Autumn

More ultra violent fire on my retina, scanning the sky for vital signs.

In a world that turned so negative overnight.

In the anti-light,

Avoiding shadows, burning bright.

Shine, shine, my stars in a universe.

The lines combine.

New constellations taking shape above me.

All shades of blue pulsating, alternating where the night sky used to rule.

Black stars join the orange retina moon.

Shine, my stars in the universe.

The lines combine.

New constellations taking shape all the time.

My nights and days reverse.

The stars align and offer little consolation to me.

Bathing in the anti-light,

Avoiding shadows, burning bright.

Bathing in the anti-light,

Avoiding shadows of ultra violent white.

Dismal stars.

Like my aching hunger for change, they linger.

They remain.

I may cry on the cold shoulder,

Scan the sky for comfort, colder.

Lift the veil and kiss the crying,

Leave a trail to leave it dying.

The stars align.

The lines combine

In anti-light

All the time.