

## Some Natures Catch No Plagues

Saetia

Smiled that kind of icy blue smile of a noontday  
Reckoning, the tied together two of tell-tale pictures  
I've sketched in sand castle plots and plans. similar  
Starting points, both for sin and shooting blanks. but  
It's always the unseen sharp pang; the awkward rhythm  
Of the dance like a tick-tock clock in that heart of  
Hearts repeating, "there is no happy here, there is no  
Happy here..." devil may care touches trickled down  
Spine, thigh, and breast may never truly illuminate  
The finer art of heartwork.

I was turning over with the sheets, and facing the  
Arched back thinking of how my eyes, half-opened,  
Caught her arm moving from side to side, but never to  
Me. it's all connected by blank words to tell empty  
Promises of clumsy miscommunication. so we say what we  
Will, to see what we may, to find a Biblical knowing  
Enfolded within the next few hours. it's too bad, too  
Tragic... I spent myself choking on the motions  
Leading up to said misfortune.