

Crystallizing

by Yoko Chase

When
the wings of the mirrored autumn sky
stream an impression of silken threads
in the incensed air
a stranger sits
in a chamber, invisible and cool

Dreams of alien eyes, coiling throats of alleys, boiling sky, entangled hair,
twangs of steel,
and poisoned seas
all entwined tremble
into the wind
of silent gray wilderness

Purple flowers inflamed by moon beams in a tropical topography
shed their red pain

Memories dismember themselves into azure void

A scent of blue ice curving space
creeps into the stealthy moan
of that stranger's presence

Condensed in my absence, I am ablaze
in the vibrating glacier

Neither shadows of fury
nor mist of humility
can be contained in their white breaths
in this chamber
between blue and crystal

