

Dalí's Dream

by Jennifer Aikman

Wind spoken
the eye of the sphynx
bleeds
into the coming darkness

Haunting
Hulking
Indolent
grotesque

The moon her muse
and twilight her torturer
A moral turpitude
sticky-sweet
settles the choking mist

All shrieks and no whispers
and the rat is in the temple
a seed grow/straining in the crack
-asphalt desert-
barren all round

Where is the green?
all is black/orange and
increments of ice.

The season of decay
Three-pronged thoughts
alien scratching claws the brain

The dream ends
but the darkness continues
cruelty bred beside the genius