

Once More

Once more to see the bold colors bleed slowly into the darkness
Hues of red orange and yellow, blending on the horizon
As if god's grasp had wavered and Her pallet had fallen onto the drop cloth beneath her feet
Oh to witness the birth of potential one last time before slipping into mystery
I am not so bold as to wish to see the adolescence, maturity and inevitable demise of the day
I want only to witness the glare between my glowing fingers as I fight the urge to look away and let the dawn be only something I know in rumor
As a promise none is more contentious than that of tomorrow
As a gift it is unsurprising until the eve of the day you believe is the last

Once more to have arms constrict me squeezing out the despair of loneliness or containing the anger
Herculean strength of emotion dispensed through the most gentle touch
Oh to hear that whisper crescendo into a cascading roar of words literally raising my skin
One more affirmation of my impression, importance and a hint towards immortality
The anguish of farewell salved by opportunities for closure
Asking for a hearth, a feast, a reunion if you will is far to grand for pondering
A hand held a year shed and lips in motion shaping I love you and goodbye

Once more to grip the grass beneath me tugging the roots from the dirt trying to fight back against the pain
Awakened fingertips, muscles contorting and wounds serving hell's fire to my brain
One more unconscious repetition of oxygen and carbon dioxide exchange places
To have my blood taking the route of reinvigorated repeating rather than a stain on my skin and a pool on the ground
Miraculous recovery mending feeling moving standing running home beyond reasonable requesting
Once more to.....

Matthew Hart

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