

Carlo C. Gomez

Exiled to Dusk

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In loving memory of Gunney Lee Veasley II

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Everything Dissolves into Flowers

the bantering of rain
the insinuation it might snow
the mirage of moonglade on still waters
the mountain drink
the desert thirst

everything
dissolves into flowers

a withered realm
a crestfallen kingdom
their copper queen withdrawing
from the bitter harvest
in the silent fields of Persephone

everything
dissolves into flowers

I Am Lambent

I want to ride the sky,
make believe
the stars are closing in on me,
and in so doing
become as them.

The glow from me,
a night light to some
off-world pier,
where children read
their storybooks untroubled.

An overhead visitor
to their lovely soul's dying wish,
the centrifugal force
keeping amusement park days
aligned with one another.

A tunnel at the end of the light,
cave of sweet
innocent dreams,
from which streams
of merry laughter emerge.

Dreams of a Sleeping World

Sweet coma canopy,
brain bath in solemn loops,
a gentle washing away
of handprints,

Makes the bed,
blanketed by dreams,
rest upon reimagined partitions,
instead of the jagged edge,

But there are holes
in the architecture,
pliable infrastructural tunnels
to navigate through,

Lucky termite splinters
the mind, this delicious library,
and feasts upon before all acquired
souvenirs settle into books,

It's then a young turtledove lifts
off toward October next,
searching for the dry twigs
with which to build closure.