

Felt

Dust covets surfaces
of sun faded satin. This is the
texture touch is left with: felt.
It's suede-plush as some doe
just brushing one's fingers before disappearing,
becoming a glade.

Here intricacy flourishes
like shavings of thin metal.
Ages smooth them. Light sifts.
Through the very air stagnancy is ignited,
revealing details, depths, the gleaming myriad layers...

Dawn comes to such facets, a room sheeted, its
furniture, its paintings boxed
under wraps. This is a sigh-
settled setting and it waits
either for the day when some move
shall take place or for those
who have gone to come suddenly back.

The impression is classic goth,
steeped in the intrigue
of any closed off residence.

Listen. Look.
Feel breath stirring images?
They are invisible but shocking
with sensuality's understated spark charge,
that static current, and the stories it is full of.