

siren in silk

everything silk about you,
everything soft,
blinking in the night.

twirling back and forth in those floral sheets
giggling girls
hiding like pixies in pillowcases, tooth-fairies at twilight.

sweat dripping down my face, my legs,
sun beating on my forehead, I burn bright red,
knocking at the sky each evening to visit you.

picture us dancing across billow clouds
playing hide and seek in each nook and cranny of them
the sun setting, turning us iridescent, golden.

soaking you in, the sunlight drowning us,
the light hit your face perfectly that night.
the softness of you swaddles me, a newborn draped in silks.

something about the idea of you
smiling back at me softly,
then wandering back into the darkness. it kills me.

it frightened me, those grey clouds accumulating,
I had a premonition of an Incubus
ran home and slept off my adrenaline.

I wake up on the ground, sickly summer scents
invade my nostrils. I smile at the memory of us tangled, writhing,
the heat between us, sour air now.

rabbits swim amongst the swans in the loch.
I sit cross-legged, feet dipping in the water,
waiting on you to come skinny dip with me.

you never answered the door to me, a silly selkie,
and I vowed to never swing and trip across the clouds again.
the petrichor haunts me.

it will never smell as perfect
as the sweet sickness you left in my mouth.
that lifelong illness you gave to me.

