

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Now it's Dark

by Lauren Holstein

Now
 it's dark
Hello,
 darkness,
 dear
 friend
 suspending
 my thick
 misty
 mass,
 thank you.

The ghosts are out.
What a blessing.

There is naught to see
 so all is felt

 the brushing tail of a familiar
 against my naked thigh
 the fluttering of wings
 so breakably soft
 emerging from my
 lower ribs
 a black fruit
 seeping soft blood and mould
 from my tongue
 a diadem of razors
 sheering my laden scalp

The Tingle
The Flight
The Release

my hair flies with the others

And now
all is inward

Dark shapes sift at the bottom
Sparkling excrement of sea creatures
 settle
 settle
 kick up
 and settle
Gases bubble upward
small souls released from gravity
 empty of mass
 full bellies of relief

Inhale the witchcraft
Exhale the known

I fall blindly
into your arms