Night city scene: shadow play

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shadow play

by thom pigaga
english and speech, soph.

the tolls of darkness have fallen,
their echoes leaden, tokens on the shroud
of night. this sullen corpse in his hugeness
lies, harsh ragged wounds torn and bleeding
luminescence from the screaming mouths
of the carnival dogs.
the bones of cruel fate are thrown,
the future written, the garments scattered
to wind. the flaming gasps of the hoarfrost
breath, corpse-webbing threads taut and tightening
directional chargers strain at the cords
of the festival death.
impaled and pinioned to the earth,
the dancers surround, their daggers in hand
to spring. the scarlet snow in its silence
falls, soft glowing wounds torn and bleeding
acquiescence to the mourning throats
of the carnival dogs.