Departure

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Departure

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Abstract

We sat Powder white, As wind blew our heads In little wisps Set in motion by The night-moths’ wings...
Departure

by

Paul Iasevoli
Spanish 4

We sat
Powder white,

As wind blew our heads
In little wisps
Set in motion by
The night-moths' wings.

A shriek.
A bolt of white.
Falling through black;
Setting the clock latch spinning

You roll away,
Wet and cold,
A piece of carrion;
You explode into flame.

The moths' wings melt
and drip. A corrosive sting.
You crumble into ash,
and fade

Powder white,
Into night . . .