Red Sky Morning

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Red Sky Morning

Head tilted back
Catching beads of southern style comfort
On the tip of my slighted tongue,
Allowing the soft percussion
To replace metronome days.

Raindrops flooding the body,
Filling empty chasms to the brim,
Drowning freshly skinned scars
That were perhaps about to heal-
Until the threat of another storm.

And I shied away
Devouring warm, deceitful security
Through hollow, lifeless veins...
The sweet soft current dulling edges,
Rounding corners,
That were too sharp
To let you get close anyway.

The flux of liquid therapy
Numbing a hyperactive mind
Seducing screaming inhibitions
   To a murmur
   A bad dream, a dance
   A whisper
   A thought

A memory
Then not at all...

And finally it is quiet,
I can sleep-
The calm before the storm...
Unaware of the somber horizon
That tells of unspeakable truths.

Then all at once trapped-
Tidal waves that ebb on empty shores
 Denied even an explanation so
I stand alone in the wake of nineteen years
With eyes that turn down in shame.

Remembering hands that weren’t yours,
Invading a body that wasn’t mine,
And I do not recall
Coming or going
Progressing—regressing—undressing...
Simply minds-eye snapshots
Of you with her
And a dizzy sort of sickness
Head spinning, waves crashing-
Salt stinging soul deep wounds.

Your hands-
On her
Your eyes-
On her
Your mind-
Busy peeling away
What little was left to the imagination.

Thrown overboard to conflicting currents
A collision-
Body stretched on jagged rocks
I find a safe corner to bleed in
(Some things take longer to heal)
Eyes that remain vapid
For fear the shores might flood again
And I then must learn to swim.

Too tired to make connections
Or build bridges-
Wading knee deep in troubled waters
Still seeking southern style comfort
Waiting to feel something,
Anything.

Drinking down room temperature lullabies
That warm icy limbs-
Returning stolen smile to discounted face
And sleep to weary sailors
Tired from chasing horizons
That can never be met.
While I seek guidance through dark nights
Chasing faded stars
Until crimson mornings
That bear the threat of tomorrows storms
Which will once again
Invade blameless shores
Heather Dennis: I wrote this piece after one of those too-much-fun sort of nights when things that I should have been aware of previously suddenly became blatantly obvious. For example, when I went out one night with one of my best friends, and she ended up getting on the guy I thought I was with. The metaphor I chose to depict such an event was a storm. The storm and conflicting currents are the mix of anger and rage felt when I wanted so desperately to be angry at both of them, and still, somehow managed to blame myself for the whole thing. The title itself is a play on the saying "Red sky at night, sailors take delight; red sky in the morning, sailors take warning," a foreshadow of the storm.