

Reality Dream

by mirazelle

We all have them, once a winter.

I.

Chapter 1 of 1

We all have them, once a winter.

I dreamt you alive
from birch branches to bones
sun-baked honey hair
(the Cheshire cat grin should have tipped me off)
built you up,
my shadow-lover
drunk on caresses that cradled like a fall breeze
stirring up the earth
destruction
I buried you, gone
can't chase phantoms forever
can't begin where you end and
winter's coming early this year