

Mordant Wind

Aura Noir

the tangible fabric
of your magnificence
truly fictitious
like your tender clasp
rusting shut

revisited on dark terrain
the silver underneath the moon
like a sardonic
undercurrent
seeking out your frigid heart

looking down from the crypt
on your past transgressive thrills
crawling on charnel ground

the beckoning quarry
of your stone plight
sliding rancid down the valley

from the ravishing heights
so lavishly adorned
by soaring graves

the vulture murmuration
observing..
eyes, like flashes in the dark

looking down on your crypt
on the gleaming
charnel ground

mordant wind!

how your lips peek
back from your teeth
towering guilt and fear
up the mordant wind