

midsummer snow

gravel pelting
skin
enmity
piercing through
the intimate layers
of
a cordial brew
soft as a loveless cuddle
pure as indifference
such is
the sparkle
in the distance
at the end of the breath
of our
existence
can you see
the gleam
the subtle twinkle
the shatter of glitter
shimmering
glinting
illuminating
shades of water
streak of life
aperture of hollowness
dripped onto an empty paper
without meaning
without context
without a sense of coherence or purpose
call out
or wait to be
overborne
or don't
and wait
for the
insipid accumulation
the rise
and fall
of belief
of being

