

Gone

By Sammy Baldwin

Frosted glass, sharing the world of a crystalline jungle.
Ice hangs on the branches like mildew on your pillow
Icicles drip and freeze above the fireplace.
which doesn't warm me any longer

Twilight isn't for many hours
but the blackness has already dissipated in the mist.

A lady, tinted like an emerald that has lost its sparkle
Bestowing images of you glassy eyes
after being dealt the cruel fate of the red

Her face is sad. Her emotions trapped under the rapture of her surface.
She flows over the floor
a mere cocoon of her old self

The old self that is now only a remnant in photographs
Her velvet hair is ratted and tangled
For this ghost, heaven is only a reverie
For this ghost, is you, and you belong with me.