

The Sylph Bride

By Madison McCarty

There is a sacrifice
to be mourned,
a compact
shadow,
in the cinnamon
embers,
a quiet
triumph
to be born.

Burnt sugar crystals
glisten across the floor.
Caramel pulling
like plasma,
reaching out
from under a door;
a twinkle through
the impenetrable
smoke--
is her essence
her

allure.

Iridescence,

cloaked in black,

swathed in sable,

dripping

in dusk--

smoldering, resplendent

radiating incandescence,

ivy covered and decrepit;

her beautiful,

ragged revenant

reeks of a cardamom musk.

She hinges her jaw to speak,

her words

a requiem of creaks.

Her soul has no bed to sleep,

it swims in old perfume bottles

too potent for the living to breathe,

it leaks between the wooden floorboards

as innocent as a squeak.

Permeating

a danger,

a bewildering

smog of lust,

a slow,
sultry,
somber
air of trust.

A demonic sylph
with a lover's embrace,
electrifying fingertips
as they reach her face,
her feigned
fragility
to tenderly trace,
she binds and blinds
with elegant grace.

She was the conduit,
the liminal space,
the death
from a past
she must
out pace...

And as a vessel
needs wide open space,
she wouldn't spend eternity
ordered back

to that place.

For centuries unabated
she walked
through walls,
burnt rubble scented halls.

She stumbled
as a child
in fear,
survival
as hazy years
became miles
to meander...

Lacing her crispy
white dress
alone,
donning that ivory veil
on her own,
she fell in love
with the silent
cold
how it crawls up
inside her
and makes her

home,
like a spider
freely roams
webbing her insides,
decaying mold,
her organs tangled
she's in too deep,
immersed
mature,
saturated,
in heat
her womb
mushroomed
her body breathes...

The cosmic winds simply cease,
at her levitating feet
coursing through her
bittersweet
underneath
the weight of grief.