

Wind

By Mark Low

What can't wait
at the edge of darkness,
chases the tail of the setting sun?
It swirls –
tarnishes all that it touches,
rolls silver clouds
gun metal gray.
Whispers
at thorny vapors
as they rise and scatter,
blind as moths,
brittle as leaves.

Why must I reach for
each tangled shadow
before it falls from the curtains –
the tiptoed rocker's haunted release?
Always the rattling door.



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