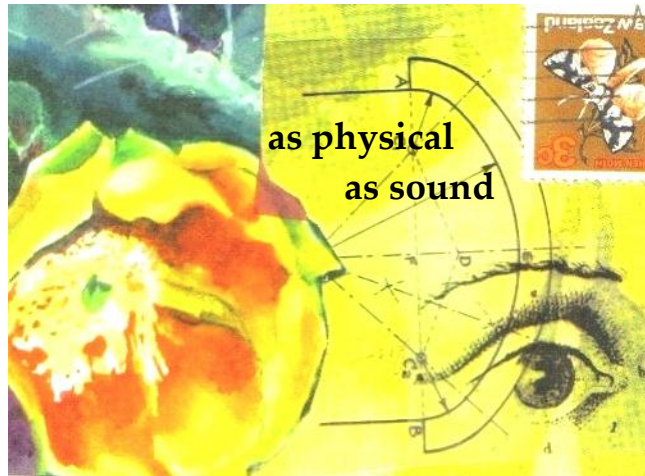


Insomniac Confesses from the Solarium

Does the sun burn a green valley
in my mind or does light,



as physical
as sound

wait for a slim sonata before
opening within me?



The solarium

is nothing more than a plan a cracked
architect spun in wet light. Gleaming
illogic, gleaming adventurer,
a moth at the edge of the glass wall flurries
towards constellations.



I call back its wings
but in that moment, ghostly
swarms of seraphs flutter—
if a space I can never fill
guards my blank song

