

Faded

Annalee Zenkner

No one's picking up the phone—
But the walk is always nice—
Imagine tackling this path at night
as primeval as life has become—
spectrally numb in the moonlight—
the snake has charmed—flames—
glided in my heart—flames—
small green flames – red flames—
white flames—crossing each other—
pursuing—overtaking—
these bastards—separating too slowly—
or hastily—
And life—like a sleepless river—
flowing and tripping—whirling— slipping too fast
into the deepening night—
slithering—
slithering—
temptress—like a snake—
marked with all the colors of the rainbow—
a vast amount of red—a duece of blue—
a little green and a smear of orange—
not to forget the purple patch—
fascinating deadly—
we came to love you—
introducing—
introducing constantly to the unknown—
scrutinizing the cheery, foolish faces
with unconcerned old eyes—

and those she looked upon never saw her again—
like jezebel—
wanting to leave the hollow place inside—
contemplating an enigma – slipping away—
there is a place in the corner of my mind—
But I don't know if I can let you see—
the wild vitality—
as of an over heated catacomb—
bordered by a dangerous surf—
becoming acquainted with how insidious he could be—
more dangerous than evident—and he calls it insight—
pretending—
weak-eyed devil of rapacious and pitiless folly—
we came to love you—
like bastards—standing there
once again—smiling—frowning—inviting—grand—
mean—
insipid or savage—
and always mute with an air whispering
“come and find out”
what do you think of these faces—
like grotesque masks—
The mystery— the amazing reality of its concealed life—
If you want peace then live alone—

I wrote it to make you crawl—
Now go—leave me be.