

Melanie Flores

Drifting

Madness comes in a crescendo
not a lonely whisper
or careless caress
But with cantankerous squirrels
on sequined sidewalks
Liquid nightmares
painting psychedelic dreams
Flickering flame on a wickless candle
burning with song
Moon calls my name—
we dance together
on dew-dipped slivers
when blackness
bathes the sky
Pelted with stones
that melt into oblivion