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Shedding the Myth

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The Promethean

Kiss

jenna mason

Lids slide quiet shut
Noses nudge and tuck
Lips give and take
Breath mingles
Kiss

Shedding the Myth

koty zelinka

Luscious dream, essential to sleep,
Aches to manipulate part of me,
It’s mad trip a sordid whisper

Images of passing day
Become one with night,
A mosaic of truth and fiction

Greek god with slick black hair,
Finger outreached, beckoning me to believe,
His apparition a sensual sleep-aide.

I fight the impulse to submit, and although the dark weighs me down,
Lethargic notions of casting of my comforter remain,
The resulting cold a remnant of my tattered self.

Fitful sleep, eyes rapidly scanning though trapped in their shades,
I at last surrender to my summoner,
To the facade of a life lived for the light.

The night becomes a subjection of senses,
Soul oozing out through lids shut in a land
Not understood, yet cherished and loathed, imagining
The emperor, fully unclothed.