

Chokehold

I'm staring at your hickey
And trying to define innocence
But all I see is that ugly purple bruise
Above your collar bone.
I hope it hurts when you touch it.
You thought it was because it felt good
The truth is it was all I could do
To keep myself from strangling you.
But oh Achilles, I know you well,
And with the sweetest of smiles I'm sure,
Someday it will be you on your back
Gasping for breath that you do not deserve.
I'm staring at that stupid hickey,
The one you wear like a gold goddamn chain.
And I'm thinking about the day you'll be wearing
Matching bruises all around your neck
From my pretty little fingers.

To Become Undone

They always said blue was my color,
But I prefer to drive late at night
In the inky black of the witching hours.
Where the lines blur together,
And the clock on the dashboard
Ticks like a time bomb.
"Rid yourself of demons," the devil told me,
And the second hand sped up.
I thought about the evil hanging there,
Like stars in my soup.
When the angel in my backseat whispered
"Don't think, just be thoughtful,"
So I let the night creep inside,
And my thoughts fell miles behind
On this empty highway.
Leaving me,
A wax girl melting under the gaze of God,
Unwinding the wheels in my watch.

The Exorcism

They're getting close now
To the light at the center of you
Which I have tried to shroud
In self doubt and insecurities.
My fortress has fallen.
My lies have unraveled.
Smoke and mirrors are not enough
To keep you mine.
You don't need my hand
On your back guiding you.
You don't need my traps
Or my diversions,
My twisted stories.
You are free of me.
Your darker half
Burnt up in your own light.
You are wicked no longer.

Small

The horizon is aflame
With blue fire burning behind the treeline,
The last remnants of the day fading softly.
The glitter of stars shimmers down onto me
And I breathe.
The air heavy with the perfume of
Fresh cut grass and salt air.
And right now is like a page
From a favorite childhood book.
The story embedded in me with magic.
I listen to the creaky of swing set
And the slow whoosh of traffic into Jamestown.
Overhead, satellites and airplanes blink by
Only to be outdone by a shooting star
Streaking out over the water.
Like a child I stand in awe.
Wylnken, Blynken and Nod.

Angel Stern

Spun in from the universe
The world aglow,
Not a thing to my name
Save for a smile
With no reason or rationality.
I pass the time,
Grabbing at ropes of light,
Climbing to higher elevations.
Encircled by pinpricks of color,
We are chaos at its finest.
Polaris winks from the center
Of the night sky
Daring me to think of a wish.
Morning light creeps quietly
And as the night begins to fade
I reach up and slip the
Guide star into my pocket
So I am never lost.



by Erica Knowles

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Origami Poetry Project

Either Side of Midnight
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