

Loss.

- Scott Delaney, 2002

NOURISHMENT

In its deepest, darkest hues of light -
radiating through bodies of young and old,
swallowing thoughts before they are born,
wetting skin, parching mouth, stealing breath -
this nourishment takes more than it will ever give,
but gives more than it ever needs.

It doesn't last forever.

It lasts until the body rots and the mind forgets if eyes were blue
or brown
or green.

When it ends,
guts are spilled across the floor
and smashed with a shovel buckling under the weight of its handle
and matted metal.

Hands, heavy as lead,
vocal chords, still as the dead,
and mind preyed upon by phantoms
prowling through shadows of memory.

I still wake up in the middle of the night and scream.

Who slept beside me
is gone when I awake.
The dawn of day despised.
Comfort found in blanket's warm embrace.

Find it once, you are a rich man.
Find it twice, and you have never found it at all.