

Invitation

Shadows wear disguises,
Invite you into sunshine-dappled fields,
Lure you with irresistible beauty,
And shroud you with sweet nectar and silk.
For shadows are light's kin.

And so it is that you wander
Amongst beatific palettes
And sweet-scented breezes
Barely noticing the ice that travels your veins—
The bristle of latent terror and trauma
Whispering on your arms.

This is the underworld's secret,
Her portals drawn with wispy threads,
Sibilant drones guarding her gates:
She resides here,
Her mantle long ago easing
through her natal caul,
Drawing strength from the sun.

