

WAKE

Robyn Perry poetry

Shrouded by the screen of heavy night sky,
I rage in the moonlight.
Overwhelmed by an emotion
too heavy for my hands,
curling up into fists and
spreading into wings,
I throw them up to the stars and shout,
 “Is this what you want?”
I expect the night to swallow me in response,
with its angry and seductive darkness,
to consume the final traces
of the incessant questions
fumbling from my blue lips,
strong with a facade of confidence
well beyond my years.
I expect it to revolt,
to spit back in my face the force of power
held swelling in its galaxies,
to fixate the evening
and bind the dawn
in a never-ending loop of mature black sky.
For perpetual night to come, violent and chaotic,
and repeat,
and repeat,
and repeat.
In my ardency, I'll fight back every time.
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But the sun still rises in all its foolish adolescence,
 and I follow in its wake with mine.