

Shadow

as the mask melted down the face of the mystic
the husband moaned from his bed
and the wife lay down on the altar of their marriage
the lights of Las Vegas illuminating her nude body
in garish curves of neon

the heat from the desert rolled across the motel road
in waves of fear and infidelity
coating the backs of their throats and the pillow
of their sleeping child

and from her position face down in her thirties
she saw the mystic's mind begin to glow
from behind the iris of his one blue eye
while simultaneously her husband cried out
and stuffed his mouth with sheets
already damp with sweat

the night magnified the hallucinations of dreams
like the terrors of a feverish child in sleep
while the hand of love hovered over them all
waiting for the moment to stroke their faces
and twist her fingers in their gentle curls

and trucks rolled like windstorms
down the sleeping interstate
carrying unseen cargo around the darkest bend