

Too much gray

Neglect caressing everything within, sight.
On window a lacquer of dog spittle. dog pawing
closed window opposite an overcast sky clutching noon.
Perchance, is my fogged mirror just obscure. Just rise,
feathered smoke, shower mist, panned out clouds;

palled with clichés
touch of spheres
orate to the angels
still one descends
light core revealed
held to visible light
found vulnerable
gray emotions

- Micheal Amado