

Pursuit

In the satin ocean, night crests against day.
An infantile cherub, soft-pink as the dawn, unfurls
a fist to grasp the polished red promise of an apple.
Knowledge.

Pierrot's blanched mouth trills an anomaly
— an orange bird loosed into the drama.
A protest? A Saturnalia of color?
It is molasses-winged, enigmatic.

Careful, oh tender cherub.
Unseen, under the flurry of youth and restive flight
Lurks Death. A holster of hues, nestled on a flowered platter.
Porcelain patterns are deceitful.
An insidious still life.

Death is rainbow skulled, from razéd red to the last
incipient traces of an indigo oblivion.
Carnival guises beneath lifelike inflorescence.
Does the plated wreath mock life or court the specter of Death?
Spotted Lantern Bugs and feathered serenaders join the danse macabre.

Our players are encircled, wreath-bounded by a tapestry alive
— a carnival of petals, furred creatures, and winged tiny divas.
Lifeforce spirals in loops around innocence and rot,
the fresh and the forlorn, the winged joy
And the chalky specter sitting in serene finality.

Between dawn-pink cherub and indigo death,
the Pierrot coughs out its surprise.
Defying palettes, the improbable orange bird splits the anxious air.
Flights of Venetian folly, sculpted out with Plath's unstitching urgency.
Only the apple knows; being caught between youthful reach
and the turbulent symphony of impending cataclysm.
In this way, we wake; we are awoken.
Haven't you also tasted the other side of apple-red knowledge,
the sour and sweet cadence of understanding?

Haven't you also perceived the orange-feathered paradox
of freedom under Death's immovable gaze?