

Leaves, eyes, whispering, drifting through the air, atmosphere Whispers... I turn the tide, the other cheek, Whale swallowing submarine Past tense Caught beneath my feet behind my ears, Pouring my hair A flock of crows, swirling around the dove And the forest so dark stood still, greedier and greedier, it takes over and sets back Something is... lurking... behind the bushes... A monster? A man? I bump my head, kiss the soil, roots tangling my feet, climbing up my legs I try to scream, my lungs cramping - the forest... smiling, opens its maw, taking what is his Darkness swallows me and in my nightmare I howl the moon