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Lauren Pike

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Reverie from a Barstool

Lauren Pike

Taverns of golden brown flicker
against the light of your ash.
A memory has passed again
and I wish I could freeze it behind
my eyes,
to gaze out to the world through you,
through a foggy mist of unforgotten,
misspoken,
jumbled words.

A smooth line of anger and heated
heartfelt coos against
up-turned ears,
as I listen to the music
of singing violets and baby cries.

I don't know where I have been today
but I'd like to stay here.

Yesterday, to relive
the molten lavender of an amber
rock, a tilted chair pressing
on my neck.
I run terrified by the heat that hunts
me down.

Accompanied by
the unbearable likeness of you
and a smooth ale
sliding against my throat
scratchy from screaming
for some meaning
to this offbeat romance.
The scribble scrabble
of a pen gone mad.

A little portion of Imperial meanings
burning out my existence,
leaving skidmarks,
a trail of dark somber dreams
that fall over your eyes and
into a not-so-silent other.