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Carvings of a Pumpkin

ELYSE BROWNELL

your golden colors
from the leaves turning shades,
curl into the shavings on the inside
you're like a dark cave, with deepened slits
of eyes, nose, and a mouth.
The flicker seeps lightened shadows
making forms on the walls
creeping past the existence of the blue black nights.

i wish i could sit on the softness of you,
inside you, like the burning flame resting,
looking above, and seeing the thick walls
carved into the different shapes and textures,
creating the personalities of my ideal.

don't you feel invaded?
aren't you worn out from the poking and the tweaking
the tugging and the digging,
doesn't it bother you that
someone, somewhere
has parts of you under their finger nails?
they will soon eat the insides of you
sprinkling the grains of salt
over the exposure of you
spreading you out on the silver sheets
adjusting the position you rest in.

truthfully,

i envy you.
the hollowness of you now
the elated display of perfection
nothing inside but the tiny flicker
slowly eating away at you.
completely drained and invaded
with love.