

Scorpio Moon

by jaylin Saturday, May 22 2010, 10:44am

international / prose/poetry / literature

i take each step with my eyes
my feet follow
hesitantly;
(at other times sure-footed).

i rub my uncertainty
to garner courage;
stairs spiral down
to darkness
strangely warm,
offering promise
yet with a hint of foreboding.

fading echoes
of the past diminish,
i leave them behind.

future plans are like a web to a spider
delicately and precariously strung
from one point to others that appear
within reach
always fragile,
tenuous,
though never pointless;
easily remade
in the event of failure,
reconnecting anew.

reflecting on these things
the world seems less grey
there is hope,
always.

the scorpion moon
hangs high
in the sky,
every night she
appears the same;
it is me waxing and waning
changing,
growing
slipping, sliding

crying, dying;
and so,

where do we go from here;
what do two such as we, do?

🔊 [\(I want to know\) Is this Love - Bob Marley](#)

Cleaves Alternative News. <http://cleaves.lingama.net/news/story-1987.html>