

## 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](#)

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