Harness Night

Embers and grey ash pantomime this remembrance of smoke. There won’t be flogging dreams from now on. As it lifts, every moment becomes your anthem, and a reflection in the mirror is no longer a redundancy. You’ve learned to put yourself at the beginning of a sentence wherever it’s spoken, while remembering that Whispers are still a part of you. Shivers of light wake you up, finally, but the departure is never easy. You’ve done the subtraction and it doesn’t add up, Resulting in a gorgeous grip. Let it go.
Keep wearing the night and you’ll never solve the equation. The smoke becomes less and less. Now, you see a falling star is this tragic mystery’s birth. You know you’ll receive the answer Only when the question is worded right.
And can you ever ask that question without the promises dripping out of your mouth? It’s still dark, but you begin to feel the release. Exhale… it means forgiveness. As certain as the sun rises There’s no hurry for it this time.

—Michael Twomey