

FLECKING

And how is this different to
Dancing on your bed?
Time slips between toes and
Folds of skin stretch to the sky
Eyelids catch the flecks of snow that
Speckle the mood
And below the waves
A brood of rumour toys with intuition

I perch on history's face, study the attrition of
Tide and its adversary layering down periods
Like a storybook in debris
The coat I wear is weighing me down
I scurry to the caves to wait out the snow

Is it my eyes that view in monochrome?
Or is this day so bleak
That colour has abandoned it
Gulls once more flecking the clouds
Grey on grey
I pray for an artist's palette
To re-paint my pallor
Fleck some colour through my lucidity.