

## Soft Effects

I am lying

in habits, brutal & lonely  
this dynasty of crimson curtains shares  
with me secrets & nightmares  
interlaced with pearls

moonlight, even at quarter  
can easily be understood / seen  
even at 3 or further, in rain

lines of mockingbirds offer truth  
seems foreign with death bare at my feet  
fresh flowers of ivory & gold

I reckon , am alone here with only  
ghosts of old habits, broken  
emotions, some flickering

dig a heart in left ankle  
leave a footprint of rubies

in a room full of strangers,

I curtsy

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