

Come in, said the man

Come in, said the man, whose face was a scar
Come in, he said looking back and smiling
His mouth void of teeth, a gaping vacuum
The alleyway was dark, wooden doors all closed
My heart was galloping, no one astride
Filled with emptiness, a trapped goldfish
Going round and round, like an old record, stuck on a line
There are no answers, there is no reply
My eyes are welling up but I don't want to cry
People are asleep or are they all dead
Passing a blue mosque and a falling star
His back all hunched up, cheeks bare to the bone
His nose crooked, brows overgrown
White beard all grey, dusty as a moth
Flying in my hair, creeping me out
Rising in my spine something all purple
Something like lava or poisonous froth
He stops by a door of solid stone
Complex writings, threatening and harsh
Letters legible but meanings are unknown
Wheezing and huffing, his breath slow and heavy
He pushes the door, creaking creepily
A sudden breeze blows, out of the dark hole
He chants a prayer, I pass out sleepily

Face

Butterfly wings, flower petals
Rose dew and crushed silk
Cherries and peaches, blood and tarragon
Shiraz and Evian, honey and milk
Green silence and screaming purple
Hearing blue, laughter and tears
Love and passion, kindness, compassion
Running mascaras and lipstick smears
Bathing in the moon, baking in the sun
Walking the desert with blistered feet
Calling in the night, echo of nothing
Hallucination in burning heat
Spring rain and winter snow
Midsummer flush, midnight glow
Nights on red alert, bombs and gunshots
Burning books and torn up poems
Dark alleyways and blind spots
Love and hatred, broken dreams
Leaving them behind and starting new
Finding your feet and finding your tongue
Rewriting poems in all shades of blue
My face, my friend, my companion of fall and
glory
With all your tell tale scars and lines
Telling the mirror my life's story