

THIRD PLACE, YOUTH POETRY
AIDA SIMON

Atrium, Wind, Grandiose, Haunt, Decline, Menace

Iron Honey

Your love haunts me at night
As the moonlight spills over the angles of my lovesick face
I absently circle the space where your body belongs
As I stare into my curtains of of lace
I imagine walking with you through a museum
Through the atrium made of marble and stone
Feeling something solid beneath us
Crucified lovers turned into bone

Wind travels through your hair
Savoring a scent of orange and sage
Darling, you're glowing in this light
But I refuse to be your cage
Iron pools in my mouth from the bars
That hold me in the brisk comfort of your grasp
Heat licks my face as I come too close
To your raging fire as I rasp

I will not be the woman you gaze at
In this grandiose love I treasure
Where the wind catches us in the whirlwind
That I can't help but measure
I taste the tears on my cheek
Ashes of sweet salt
I'm sticky from the honey
I swear it's not my fault

Light is spilling out from the cracks in your back
I'm burning from the rays
Looking into your eyes of shattered stained glass
I'm pinned by your fleeting gaze
You threaten the beat of my heart
My dreams are the shape of your kiss
This love is in decline
As a fall again into the abyss

I said you were a garden
Of orange poppies and honey bark
But perhaps rather a menace
Dragging me down into dark