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Wandering Legacy

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Wandering Legacy

Brittany Lyons

The endless flights producing a stranger,
Who only lets cracks of emotion...escape.
The cracks become pointed with self-consciousness.
The shell is fully formed, room for one.

The occupant may be leaving soon, but I haven't even packed.
The cracks have become fissures as I've grown out of my own shell.
A space that has given serenity that I hope to share with this fellow wanderer.
The anger for the shell to crack has finally had an impact.

The wish has been granted, but there is no triumph.
No sweeping sense of pride at this victory, only
Sadness for a truth belatedly realized.
The only companion to me is my new space as I see my wanderer edge her way to the sea.

Melted Queen

Bottles from an unknown land.
Frosty hair that sits over a knife of a nose.
An ice queen that we must somehow melt.
If the pit of hell couldn't how can we mere mortals?

Words spoken like our own, yet veiled with some unknown meaning.
A meaning easily interrupted back in her home.
A place unreachable and unfathomable yet linked by the oppressive heat of childhood.
The only heat emanating from her is the fudge that she magically made.
Sweets, the witch used to seduce and trap.
A common practice among the forgotten women with their unfathomable tricks and the greying hair.

She tries to fight this passage of time and the taboo of silence around the aging years of flesh.
Yet she cannot hide the ice that the fudge can only slow down.
The children, sticky fingers covered with darkness can only look at this loss.
The chocolate footprints they leave are the only consolation.
Reminders of short company, the only kind she can have.

Swallowed Keys

Hide as thick as the humidity that coats her domain.
Content with this pressure that cocoons her in a world that waits.
The coolness of familiarity is a bandage to the past.
A barrier that cushions the needles of lost motherhood.

A cast away on a beloved island.
Flowing the with the slow crawl of the tide and the cycle that never breaks the shield of heat.
Shaking waves form an image that sends a greeting and holds a promise.
The grey eyes are not bewitched by this illusion.
The crocodile knows the games of this flashy fish.
Shimmering with beauty and deceit.
The crocodile rests her head on the surface of her bed and continues to watch.
Vigilant sentry of this kingdom that she keeps locked.
Keymaster of the discarded.