

the quiet one

you are the quiet voice
the silent one
beckoning me
from below
a reflection of narcissus
luring me
into black
lake i dive
deceived
by the smooth dark
promise of the deep
my desire
to know
what's passed
the patchwork of yellow
aspen leaves
floating garishly
in the sun i plunge
into a thundercloud
cross currents
collide spark fears
that grow
like weeds from the lake bed
tie themselves
around my legs

hold me

the lake
feeds me
darkness

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