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Nighttime Lights

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DECADENT SKY

Safia Hagi

The sky shattered into fragments of red, orange and yellow.
 We were the ones that fractured it with our broken dreams.
 The tastes of lingering fantasies were on the tip of our tongues.
 But the ends of our fingertips were caressed by hollow winds,
 Not quite grasping the melody of accomplishment.
 Tessa stood staring at the horizon of Scarborough beach,
 The decadent sky of artistry was an intact example of aspirations.
 Cities were now becoming more hipster.
 “My, that Tessa bird’s a reet bobby dazzler!” was yelled from the distance.
 But as Gin Rummy always said, “The absence of evidence is not the
 Evidence of absence.”
 The color orange reminded her of death.
 Tessa will die eating an orange.
 The rainbow colored dog stared at her silently before he started to talk,
 “Je T’aime.”
 Effie watched silently as Tessa flew away into the distance with her
 Multicolored friend.
 The sky shattered completely and was embraced by ebony black.

NIGHTTIME LIGHTS Taylor Roseberry