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An Angel Under Streetlight

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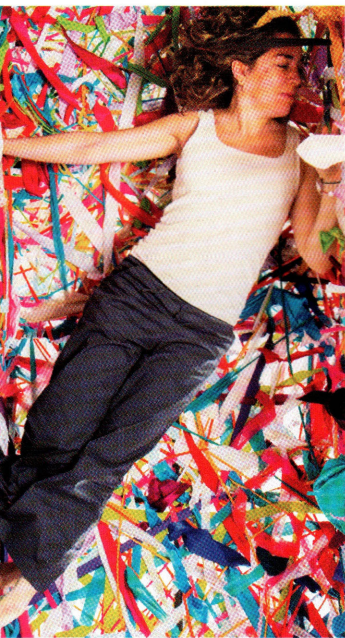
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AN ANGEL UNDER STREETLIGHT

Aaron Ly

In silence, seen, forgotten
With fingers interlocking
Twining versed rhymes of vocal lines
She unsheathes them from her pockets

Soft and simple, bittersweet,
Cylindric candlelight that brightens up these concrete streets
They greet the ones still plotting silhouettes of shadows stopping in their place
dancing juxtaposed to contrasts in the light,
Tonight they dance and jig and sing and swig beneath that candle bright
When power outage is the fright that strives
to curtain call those sweeping silhouettes of candid borealis paradox in warmth
Instead it signals stripes of black and yellow light
that canvasses the painting on this Siegfried situation where the dragon is the night



UNTITLED

Maria Alejandra Ramos

So that Dragon slights his head, because complacency is dead
Will they prevail or will they fail or worse: Forsaken land; Forsaken tread
We squint our eyes and see the prize is predatorial, now lust is dead
Unto the living we sacrifice a pain that won't suffice, like sacrilege
The crippled streetlight topples over
And the sound that is produced vacates the air of its pollution
The whistling sound of wind snuffs away the fire from the candle before it fades into the moment
The outage subsides and the air is alive with only buzzing of the broken streetlight
as she treads toward the scene and steels her heart inside her head

An Angel in the night, she casts a streetlight in its stead.

Now a feather falls softly like snow toward the ground
Feathers that never fell before
White Wings are now stripped with every step,
And when she enters center stage they are already ripped apart
She shifts her hands and grips the mic
And it resounds within your cells
Now those feathers that have slipped away from where her wings once were
In a damnation to the name of Lucifer she tipped the mic and flipped the switch
Channeling her body, her soul, to her lips she allowed her voice to bridge the gap
Between her slender neck and those fallen feathers
Neither the bass nor the treble clef are enough to contain the overture

She flies but you don't see wings

The noir of lights and darks retreated
I am left shaken at my core
From the Sonata of the Angel in the Streetlight
Who is a normal girl no more